THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. XII.

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XUM

THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XII. Part I.

Art. I.—*The Plays acted before the University of Cambridge.*

The prejudice modern readers have taken against every thing earlier than the productions of their own century, by giving us a proof of their indolence, affords a still stronger one, that their attainments are superficial. Those precocious wits, who say better things than they know, and write more than they read, furnish congenial food for this numerous class, who are either unwilling or unable to submit to the laws which justly impose on man the labour of penetrating into the mine, before he is permitted to possess the metal. Perhaps, indeed, the contracted ideas of some former antiquaries, who have launched indiscriminate condemnation against pursuits differing from their own, and their conclusive dogma that estimates value by age, have conduced in no small degree to injure the very cause they wished to advocate. The acrimony of a Ritson has probably deterred many from drinking at a purer stream, than the one newly cut from the parent river. But, without justifying the moroseness of these laborious writers, it is impossible not to censure those who affect to ridicule pursuits, the utility of which they are not qualified to appreciate. '*Qui non intelligit, aut taceat, aut discat*, was the motto the astrological Dr. Dee put to his *Monas Hieroglyphica*; upon which Queen Elizabeth declared with unusual liberality, "that if he would disclose unto her the secrets of that book, she would *et discere et facere*." Whereupon her Majestie had a little perusal of the same with him; and then, in most heroical and princely wise, did comfort him, and

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encourage him in his studies, philosophical and mathematical."* To many who study only the ephemeral hot-pressed† authors of our own age, we might apply the quaint but nervous expressions of Stephen Gosson, "You know it is a notable point of folly, for a man to toast himself by his neighbour's fire, and never bestir him to keep any warmth in his own chimney: as great a madness is it in many readers, when they are taught, not to seek to maintain it of their own; which is, to content themselves with the glorious blaze of another man's knowledge, whereby they outwardly get some colour in their cheeks, but within they are dusky, dark, and obscure." Still less can any justification be offered, for indulging in abuse against the pursuits of others, because we can unfortunately instance many eminent men, who have committed themselves upon similar occasions. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have sneered at Dr. Bentley, and Bishop Hare, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play book. Warburton has commented on the fact, in his preface to Shakespeare.

Such censures are among the follies of men, immoderately given up to one science, and ignorantly undervaluing all others. It is in this all-pervading spirit of illiberality, that the drama itself has been at different periods assailed, from the era of Tertullian, and the Fathers, to that of Jeremy Collier, and the Puritans of our own times. William Prynne, its most voluminous antagonist, affirms in his elaborate book, to Scourge Stage Plaiers, that he has therein cited against them no less than fifty-five Synods and Councils, seventy Fathers and Christian writers before the year 1200, one hundred and fifty foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors since, and forty heathen Philosophers and Poets. In despite of it, the drama still continues to instruct and amuse us,

> "———There have been more, in some one play,
> Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
> By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
> And foppish humours."

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* *Life of Dr. Dee*, appended to *Hearne's Joann. Glaston. Chron.*

† "*Octavius.* ———Yet all admire
Author. The paper?
Octavius. Yes; ten shillings every quire;
The type is Bulmer's, just like Boydell's plays:
So Mister Hayley shines in Milton's rays.
In one glaz'd glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets vie,
And hot-press'd nonsense claims a dignity."

Pursuits of Literature, p. 229. Ed. 1808.

So fully impressed with this opinion is a Cambridge divine, that, not twenty years ago, he preached four sermons in the University Church in support of them.—Before his day, Archbishop Tillotson was not backward to give testimony in their favour, by declaring, they put some follies and vices out of countenance, which could not be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, any other way. A history of the stage (says Mr. Burke) is no trivial thing to those who wish to study human nature, in all shapes and positions. It is of all things the most instructive, to see, not only the reflections of manners, and characters of several periods, but the modes of making their reflection, and the manner of adapting it at those periods to the taste and disposition of mankind. The stage, indeed, may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history, as the history of that state. In our own times, we find how closely it is connected with the prevailing taste and fashion, and there is no doubt, but that it has always been so, from the days when comedy and tragedy were no higher than the exhibitions of our itinerant mountebanks, until those of Tom and Jerry, where imaginary sprees upon the stage are practically imitated in the streets.

A just theatrical representation is the best picture of human nature; with this peculiar attendant advantage, that in this instructing academy, the young spectator may frequently learn the manners of the world, without encountering its perils. Besides, as pleasure is the object in view of the greater part of mankind, (and most justly so, whilst this object is continued under the guidance of reason,) all well-regulated States have judged it proper, both in a political and moral sense, to have some public exhibitions, for the entertainment of the people. In tracing the rise and progress of the drama, the purposes to which it has been applied, and the important consequences that have arisen from it, a source of investigation is opened alike instructive to the philosopher, and gratifying to the feelings of the poet. Our limits, indeed, will only allow us to give that general account of it, which is more particularly connected with the subject of the present article, THE LATIN PLAYS ACTED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

In the opinion of Voltaire, religious plays came first from Constantinople, where the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented, till the fourth century. About this period Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop and poet, with a view of banishing pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, composed many sacred dramas, taken from stories in the old and new Testament, intended to be substituted for the Greek tragedies, with hymns in lieu of choruses. These have not survived the inimitable compositions over which they triumphed

for a time: only one of them, a tragedy, called Χριστος πασχων, or Christ's passion, is now extant.*

In the prologue, it is said to be in imitation of Euripides, and that this is the first time the Virgin Mary has been produced on the stage. Warton, in his history of English poetry, † has, however, given us a more early and singular specimen of the representation of sacred history.—Some fragments of an ancient Jewish play, in Greek Iambics, are preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus: it is on the Exodus, or departure of the Israelites from Eygpt, under their leader and prophet Moses. The principal characters are Moses, Sapphora, and God from the Bush, or God speaking from the burning bush.—Moses delivers the prologue, or introduction, in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this piece is Ezechiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews: whether a theatre existed among them, is a curious speculation.

These compositions, passing first into Italy, suggested the writing of mysteries, which, from thence, found their way into France, and the rest of Europe.—They appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics; and were, most probably, first acted, at least with any degree of form, by the monks. The only persons who could read, were in the religious societies; and they were glad to have in their own hands the direction of a popular amusement, capable of rivalling the scandalous pantomimes and buffooneries exhibited at fairs, by the itinerant minstrels, whom the merchants carried with them for the purpose of attracting customers.

It is not the province of this article to enter into the comparative degree of antiquity that the English Stage possesses over those of other countries of Europe. A difficulty must always attend the inquiry, from the doubts that exist, whether the earliest recorded performances of each country were accompanied with dialogue, or were mere pantomimical exhibitions. The language of Matthew of Paris, however, when speaking of the plays acted in the Abbey of Dunstable,‡ and in London, in

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* See *Greg. Nazianzeni Opera*, l. ii. p. 253, &c. edit. Parisiis, fol. 1630; there is opposite a Latin version by U. Roilletus: the Tragedy of Grotius, called *Christus Patiens*, is quite different.

† See vol. ii. p. 371, 372.

‡ The earliest writer of Latin plays, after the fall of the Roman Empire, was Rosiritha, a Nun, A. D. 970, whose dramatic compositions are published in a very rare and beautiful book, printed at Nuremberg, about 1500. See *Vade, Trithemius, &c.*

Reuchlin, a learned German, was the first dramatic writer of that nation: he is said to have opened a theatre at Heidelberg.

Gulielmus Drurœus wrote plays, that were acted at Douay, the

the twelfth century, can scarcely be deemed equivocal, but as referring to written compositions. One argument, in favour of their having been united with dialogue, is grounded on the circumstance, that a specimen of the Corpus Christi Pageant, instituted at York, early in the thirteenth century, is yet in existence amongst the archives of that city. These early spectacles were called miracles: the Play of St. Catherine, acted at Dunstable, about the year 1110, by the boys of the Abbey School,

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beginning of the seventeenth century, called *Aluredus*, *Mors*, and *Reparatus*. See Edit. Duaci. 12mo. 1628. Josephus Simon also wrote plays that were acted at Douay, at Rome, at Naples, at Seville, and other places: the edition of Rome, 1748, 8vo. contains *Zeno Tragœdia;* and *Mercia Tragœdia*, acted at the English College, at Rome, 1648. It was represented six times with great applause. *Zeno* exists in *MS.* in the Harleian Collection, 5024; and in the University Library, Cambridge; (Ii—6—35,) it was acted before the University, in the year 1631. Dramatic pieces on scriptural subjects were written by Nicholaus Caussinus, a Jesuit, called *Solyma*, *Nabuchodonosor*, and *Felicitas:* he also wrote *Theodoricus*, and *Hermenigildus*.—see edit. Parisiis, 12mo. 1629. Nicolaus Vernuleus wrote ten Tragedies, called, *Conradinus*, *Crispus*, *Theodoricus*, *Henricus Octavus*, *Joanna Darcia*, *Stanislaus*, *Ottocarus*, *Thomas Cantuariensis*, *Eustachius*, and *Gorcomienses*. See edit. Lovanii. 8vo. 1631. Nicodemus Frischlinus wrote six comedies, *Rebecca*, *Susanna*, *Hildegar*, *Julius Redivivus*, *Priscian Vapulans*, *Helvetio Germani;* and two Tragedies, *Venus*, and *Dido*. See edit. Argentorati, 12mo. 1621. Grotius wrote *Sophompaneas*, a tragedy, and *Christus Patiens*, a Tragedy. See edit. Amst. 1635. 12mo.—Joannes Jacomotus wrote *Agrippa Ecclesiomastrix*, a tragedy, printed at Geneva, 8vo. 1597. Christopherus Schonæus wrote a Christian Terence, *Terentius Christianus*, containing the two tragedies of *Tobœus* and *Juditha*, to which is added *Pseudostratistes, fabula jocosa ac ludicra*, Lond. 8vo. 1641: but the best edition of his plays is that of Plantin, 8vo. 1598, divided into three parts, the first containing *Nehemias*, *Saulus*, *Naaman* and *Josephus*; the second part printed at Coloniæ, 8vo. 1609, containing six comedies, *Susanna*, *Daniel*, *Triumphus Christi*, *Typhlus*, *Pentecoste*, and *Ananias:* and the third part containing *Baptistes*, *Dyscoli Pseudostratiotæ*, *Cunæ*, and *Vitulus*. Vincentius Guinisius wrote a tragedy called *Ignatius*, printed by Plantin, 12mo. 1637.

Coriolanus Martiranus wrote *Christus*, a tragedy: printed at Naples, in 12mo. 1556. Xystus Betuleius wrote *Judith*, a Tragi-comedy: printed at Darmstad, by Balthasar Auleander, 12mo. without a date. Theodorus Rhodius wrote sacred Dramas, *Simson*, *Agagus*, and *Hagne;* a tragedy, *Colignius;* and two comedies, *Debora*, and *Thesaurus:* printed at Franckfort, in 12mo. 1615; also another Tragedy, *Josephus:* printed at Darmstad, in 12mo. 1619. Others may be mentioned, but these will be perhaps sufficient.

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and written by Geoffrey, a learned Norman, was, perhaps, the first of the kind that was ever attempted, and the first trace of theatrical representation which appeared in England. To this succeeded the Chester Mysteries, so called, because acted in that city. The researches of Mr. Markland,* upon this head, enable us to date them before the year 1328. They, as well as the Coventry Mysteries, afford various proofs, that their composers did not adhere too rigidly to the text of Scripture, but introduced many licentious pleasantries, calculated to relieve the solemnity of the plot, and amuse the audience. In a play of the old and new Testament, Adam and Eve are both exhibited on the stage naked, and conversing about their nakedness; this very pertinently introduces the next scene, in which they have coverings of fig-leaves.† In the *Deluge*, the quarrel between Noah and his wife forms a prominent feature: After some dialogue between Noah, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and their wives, we find the following stage directions. "Then Noe, with all his family shall make a signe, as though they wrought uppon the shippe with divers instruments; and after that, God shall speake to Noe." "Then Noe shall go into the arke with all his familye, his wife excepte." But his wife declares she will not stir

"Out of this toune;
But I have my gossepes everich one!"

At length, Shem and his brethren put her on board by force; and upon Noah's welcoming her, "welcome, wife, into this boate," she gives him a box on the ear: adding,

"Take thou that for thy note."

In the *Millere's Tale*, of Chaucer, when Nicholas is confering with John the Carpenter, he asks him,

"Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
The sorwe of Noe with his felawship,
Or, that he might get his wif to ship."‡

It is impossible to trace this absurd dispute, except to the stage: plays of miracles were the common amusement in Lent; § and the Carpenter would be more likely to draw his notions of divinity from them, than from his Bible.

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* "See *History of the Chester Mysteries*," privately printed for the Roxburgh Club.

† See Malone's *Hist. of the English Stage*.

‡ See *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3538. ed. Tyrwhitt.

§ See Chauc. *Wife of Bathe's Prol.* v. 6132, &c.

Our Universities soon adopted this popular species of amusement. In the year 1350, William de Leune, and Isabel his wife, gave, at their admission into the Gild of *Corpus Christi*,* twenty shillings, in alms, twelve-pence for wax, and expended, in *Ludo Filiorum Israelis*, half-a-mark. This is the earliest example we have of theatrical exhibitions in the University of Cambridge; though, from the wording of the above extract, it would appear they had existed before that time. The murder of the Innocents was undoubtedly a very favourite plot in the age when these performances prevailed. It occurs among the religious plays of Coventry and York; and in the Townly MS. a play with a similar title was acted at Constance, in the year 1417; and in Hawkins's origin of the English Drama, we have a Mystery, entitled *Candlemas-day, or the killing of the Children of Israel.* See *Retros. Rev.* vol. i. p. 339, 340.

It was a custom, not only then subsisting, but of very high antiquity, to act tragedies and comedies in the University of Paris: and not forty years after the representation of the *Filii Israelis*, in the year 1386, in the fragment of an ancient accompt roll of the dissolved College of Michael-House, Cambridge, the following expense is entered: "*Pro pallio brusdato et pro sex larvis et barbis in comœdia.* For an embroidered pall, or cloak, and six visors, and six beards, for the Comedy." There can be little doubt, but that Cambridge occasionally had its share in hearing some of the numerous moralities and interludes, that were written in the two next centuries, especially since the Bilious Bale, one of its members, was a voluminous writer of them, and translated into Latin the next we shall notice. But all information concerning these academic amusements ceases until the year 1544: from which time, down to the usurpation of Cromwell, Latin plays were annually (as there is every reason to suppose) acted in the different Colleges. The most celebrated actors were the men of Trinity, St. John's, and King's Colleges: with the exceptions of two Plays at Christ's, [*Pammachius*, and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,] three at Queen's [*Lelia, Senile Odium*, and *Valetudinarium*,] and two at Clare Hall; [*Ignoramus* and *Club Law*,] no other Colleges acted them. Masters of arts, bachelors, and under-graduates, without any distinction, were the performers. The practice was well known to Shakspeare, who notices it in Hamlet, Act iii. Scene ii.

"*Haml.* My Lord, you played once in the University, you say?
Pol. That did I, my Lord; and was accounted a good actor.

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* See Masters's *Hist. of Corpus Christi Coll.* p. 5.

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Haml. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me."

The Play of *Julius Cæsar* was performed at Christ Church, Oxford,* in 1582: and several years before, a Latin play, on the same subject, was acted in the College of Beauvais, at Paris. The Oxford one was written by Dr. Gedes, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. He is said, by Ward, to have spent his younger years in poetical fancies, and composing plays, mostly tragedies.—There is a play, without a date, bearing the same title, privately acted by the students of Trinity College, Oxford.—Thomas May wrote one, which still exists in manuscript.

At this time, 1544, Bishop Gardiner was Chancellor, and Dr. Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Vice-Chancellor, when a matter fell out, (to use the words of Strype,†) which gave the said Chancellor great disgust, and made a great dust for some time in the University, and likewise created the Vice-Chancellor no small trouble to execute the orders sent him down from his Chancellor. The cause was this. An interlude was played at Christ's College publicly, (but, as was suggested, against the mind of the Master and President,) wherein the Popish manner of lent-fasting, and the ceremonies, were exposed. Somebody soon carried the tale unto the Chan-

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* Many Latin Plays were acted in the University of Oxford; the most celebrated are *Vertumnus*, and *Bellum Grammaticale*. But we know of no less than twenty-one others to have been represented,—*Absalom*, *Alba*, *Archipropheta*, *Dido*, *Kermophus*, *Marcus Geminus*, *Meleager*, *Nero*, *Pharamus*, *Progne*, *Regicidium*, *Rivales*, *Spurius*, *Theomachia*, *Thibaldus*, and *Ulysses Redux*. To these may be added *Homo*, *tragœdia*, written by Thomas Atkinson, fellow of St. John's; and dedicated to Laud: it exists in MS. in the Harleian Collection, No. 6925. Wood says he was a Cambridge man, but see *Athen. Oxon.* edit. Bliss, Fasti, p. i. pp. 239, 386, 450, 456; and *Atalanta*, *comœdia*, written by Phillip Parsons, 1612, and dedicated to Laud: it exists in the Harleian Collection, No. 6924. To these may be added *Amoribus Perinthi et Tyanthes*, a Comedy written by William Burton, 1596; see *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* viii. p. 155.—*Nectar et Ambrosia*, a tragedy, by Edmund Campian, see *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* v. i. p. 475; and one in English, *Technogamia*, or the *Marriage of the Arts*, by Barten Holiday. The most celebrated actors in the sister University were the men of Christ Church, St. John's, and Trinity: we are not aware that any were represented in other Colleges, unless we take into the account the Christmas festivities at Merton, mentioned in Anthony Wood's Life.

† See *Life of Archbishop Parker*, v. i., p. 35, 36, ed. Oxford, 1821.

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cellor; and he made a heavy ado about it. He would have come down himself, as he said, if his occasions had permitted him, to examine into the matter But he required Parker, his Vice-Chancellor, to assemble the Masters and Heads of Colleges, with the Doctors of the University, and declaring this matter, he should require them to assist in the trial of the truth, concerning the said tragedy, that that order which was established in the church might not by any be presumed to be contradicted, nor that to be reproved, which by the King's Majesty was allowed. He added, 'that Oxford lived quietly with fewer privileges; and that there were, that would that Cambridge had as few as they.'

The acting of this Latin play, *Pammachius*, would naturally be offensive to the Popish Prelate; being a most dangerous libel upon the Papistical ceremonies, then unabolished, and of which he was a most bigotted advocate. The Catholic worship afforded a much better hold for ridicule, than the religion of the Reformers. The Papists seldom answered these attacks made upon them; and when they did, it was generally by calling to their aid the miracles worked by their saints, or by the legends that related how the incredulity of those who did not believe "that God was in form of bread," had been overcome by the personal appearance of Christ.—There exist many tales of this kind in verse, unpublished, some of them by no means destitute of merit, either in plot, or in composition; and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, an interlude was written, called *Every Man*, in defence of the church of Rome.

The tragedy of *Jephtha*, taken from the eleventh chapter of the book of Judges, dedicated to Henry VIII. and written both in Latin and Greek, by a very learned divine in 1546, John Christopherson, one of the first fellows of Trinity, afterwards Master, Dean of Norwich, and Bishop of Chichester, was among the shows exhibited at Christmas; it was the last of a religious nature.—Buchanan has a tragedy on the same subject: there is an Italian one, by Benedict Capuano, on the same subject: and a third is mentioned by William Prynne, in his *Histriomastrix*, by Du Plessis Mornay.—The subject was probably introduced on the English stage, which may account for three lines in *Hamlet*, Act ii. Scene 2—

"*Haml.* *O Jephtha, judge of Israel*,—what a treasure had'st thou!
Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?
Haml. Why! *one fair daughter, and no more;*
The which he loved passing well."

Upon Saturday, the fifth of August, 1564, Queen Elizabeth

visited Cambridge:* after having been welcomed by a notable speech from the Public Orator, presented with four pair of Cambridge double gloves, edged and trimmed with two laces of fine gold; and six boxes of fine comfits and other conceits; she went to King's College Chapel, and "thanked God, that had sent her to this University, where she, altogether against her expectation, was so received, that, she thought, she could not be better." On the *Sunday* morning, she attended worship there again, and heard a Latin sermon. In the evening, the chapel was fitted out at her own cost, for the *Aulularia* of Plautus;† a stage was erected the whole breadth of the chapel; upon the south wall was hung a cloth of state, with the appurtenances and half path, for her majesty. In the Rood-loft, another stage for ladies and gentlewomen to stand on. There was, before her majesty's coming, made in the King's College Hall, a great stage. But, because it was judged by divers to be too little, and too close for her highness, and her company, and also far from her lodging, it was taken down. The building was lighted, by each of the guards holding in his hand a torch staff; "no other lights were occupied; and would not suffer any to stand upon the stage, save a very few upon the north side. And the guard stood upon the ground, by the stage side, holding their lights." During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. Hence, Strype, in his additions to Stowe's *Survey of London*, says, these plays being commonly acted on Sundays, and other festivals, the churches were forsaken, and the play-houses thronged. The license granted by the queen, in 1574, to the celebrated actor, James Burbage, (whose concise epitaph of *Exit Burbage*, is well known to all,) allows them out of the hours of prayer. We have, therefore, not so much reason to be surprised at this circumstance; particularly when we know, that she not only witnessed a Play of Plautus in King's College Chapel, on a Sunday, but did not scruple to be present at that of *Marcus Geminus*, on the same day of a subsequent year, in Christ Church Hall, Oxford.

On the next day, Monday, she heard the tragedy of *Dido*, coming about nine o'clock, as on the night before. Mr. Warton has described it as a performance in English; but it ap-

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* Peek's *Desiderata Curiosa*, fol., l. vii., p. 34, &c.

† Roger Kelke, D.D. Archdeacon of Stowe, 1563, Master of Magdalene College, is said to have acted in this play, and to have transferred beauties to it unknown before. He died 1575, and was buried in St. Mary's Church, in Cambridge, with an epitaph long since defaced, but preserved in *Willis's Cathedrals*, v. ii. p. 130.

pears from an account of her Majesty's visit, composed in Latin, by Nicholas Robinson, afterwards Bishop of Bangor,* that it was written in Latin: "*Virgilianis versibus maxima ex parte compositum,*" by Edward Haliwell,† a Fellow of the College; and different from the *Dido* performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1583: no doubt, Oxford could have furnished poets enough, without being indebted to a rival University. It is called by the learned Welsh prelate, *Novum opus sed venustum et elegans, et doctorum calculis comprobatum, nisi forte sua longitudine, delicatos et morosos nonnihil offendat.*—It was acted by King's College men only. There is one on the same subject, written by Nicodemus Frischlinus. On Tuesday, at the accustomed hour, she heard the play of *Ezechias* in English verse, written by Nicholas Udall,‡ and "handled by King's College men only." The same prelate says, "*Mirum vero quantum facetiarum, quantum leporis in re tam seriâ ac sanctâ, et veritatis tamen certâ serie nunquam interrupta,*" and worthy for a queen to behold.

Great preparations were made to represent the *Ajax Flagellifer* in Latin; but whether the queen was "weary with ryding in the forenoone, and disputations after dinner; or whether anie private occasion letted the doinge thereof, was not commonly knowen." So she departed early the next morning, and did not hear it, "to the great sorrow, not only of the players, but of the whole University."

This visit occasioned the well-known controversy concerning the antiquity of the two Universities: the Cambridge public orator, in his harangue, unfortunately decreed the superiority to his own; and Dr. Caius wrote a book in defence of the

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* Extant in *Baker's MS. Collections*, see x. p. 181, and printed in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, v. iii.

† John Ritwise, it would seem, had nothing to do with the composition of this play. Mr. Hatcher, who collected an account of all the provosts, fellows, &c. of King's College, Cambridge, now in MS. in the Bodleian, expressly says it was written by Edward Haliwell. Hatcher's account was deemed of such value and accuracy, that Thomas Hearne was at the trouble of transcribing the whole of his work.

‡ He also wrote *De Papatu*, probably acted by his scholars at Eton; for that they used to act plays in the Christmas holidays, appears in the following *Status Scholiæ Etonensis*, 1560.—"Circiter Festum D. Andreæ Ludi Magister eligire solet pro suo arbitrio scenicas fabulas optimas et quam accommodatissimas, quas pueri Feriis Notalitiis subsequentibus non sine ludorum elegantiâ, populo spectante, publice aliquando peragant, &c. Interdum etiam exhibet Anglico sermone contextas fabulas siquæ habeant acumen et leporem."

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assertion. Bryan Twynne appeared against him, with a book quite as large, and quite as angrily written. After each had resolutely maintained facts, which no human records could possibly prove, the opinions of all remained unchanged, and the world, without entering into their chimerical speculations, are now content to know which produces the most eminent men, not which was first founded; or if they enter into a comparison at all, it is the one made by Professor Porson, "that they are two children, both of them old enough to become better than they are." In return for all the expense Queen Elizabeth had caused the University, she made them publicly a Latin speech in St. Mary's, wherein she promised to build and endow a College, which promise she never performed. The only benefit she conferred upon it, was bestowing a pension of twenty pounds per year, with the title of "her scholar," upon Mr. Thomas Preston, then Fellow of King's College, afterwards Master of Trinity Hall, who pleased her by his disputing with Mr. Cartwright,* and by his excellent acting in the tragedy of *Dido*.

In the year 1566, a second play was acted in Christ's College; the original title of which runs thus: A ryght pythy, pleasant, and merrie comedie: intytuled *Gammer Gurton's Needle*;† played on the stage not long agoe, in Christes Coledge, in Cambridge; made by Mr. S., Master of Arts, &c., 4to. black letter, 1575.

The bursar's book of Christ's College contains the following entry:—"1566. For the carpenter's setting upp the scaffold at the plaie, xx*d*." In the investigation that was made concerning the Latin play of *Pammachius*, it appeared, that the expense of acting it was twenty pounds; and from a passage in Dr. Rainold's *Th' Overthrow of Stage Playes*, composed, with considerable learning, against the representation of certain Latin plays,—*Ullysses Redux*, *Rivales*, and *Meleager*,—written by Gager, a student of Christ Church, Oxford, we learn, that amongst other enormities objected to in them, was the sum

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* Cartwright had dealt most with the Muses, Preston with the Graces, adorning his learning with comely carriage, graceful gesture, and pleasing pronunciation. Cartwright disputed like a poet, Preston like a gentle scholar, being a handsome man; and the queen (upon parity of deserts) always preferred properness of person, in conferring her favours. His epitaph is in Trinity Hall Chapel, nearly defaced, in these words,

"Conderis hoc tumulo Thoma Prestone, Scholarem
Quem dixit Princeps Elizabetha suum.

The canopy carried over her head is now in the Register Office.

† For a full account of this comedy, we refer to our 3d No., Art. IV., one of the series of articles on the *History of the Early English Drama*.

of thirty pounds "for trimming up a stage, and borrowing robes out of the revels." It seems strange, that Rainolds should have attacked the sister University, when the same evil, if it was an evil, prevailed in an equal, nay, greater, degree in his own. Though his work may be called, "*A notable Looking-glasse for Colde Christians*, and coming from a man of rare and incomparable gifts, envied and yet admired of his very enemies for his learning, judgment, and pietie," it does not throw any information upon the state of the drama at this period. There is little argument in the book, for the author disputes Gager's positions *seriatim*, citing in the margin a long list of authorities, Christian and Heathen. The printer of it says, in the preface to the reader, "That Maister Gager, upon the last rejoinder of Maister Rainoldes, let goe his holde, and, in a Christian-like modestie, yeelded to the truth;" but in the latest accounts on the other side, the Oxford student tells the Cambridge Puritan to forbear writing any more.

The early practice of performing plays in the Universities was a circumstance highly instrumental to the growth and improvement of the drama. Whilst the people were amused with interludes of Skelton and Bale, the scholars were composing and acting plays in imitation of Plautus and Terence, and hence ideas of a legitimate fable were imperceptibly derived. It is well known to all, that the first moveable scene was at the comedy of *Vertumnus*, acted before King James, in 1605, at Oxford; but not when the stage had attained nearly its summit of perfection,

"Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major."

We find, in some of the Colleges, statutes framed to regulate the tragedies and comedies exhibited in the halls at Christmas. About the middle of this sixteenth century, in the original draught of the statutes of Trinity College, one of the chapters, according to Mr. Warton, is entituled, *De Præfecto Ludorum qui Imperator dicitur*, under whose direction and authority Latin comedies and tragedies are to be performed. Another title to this statute is, *De Comœdiis ludisque in Natali Christi exhibendis.*

"Novem domestici lectores, quo juventus majore cum fructu tempus Natalis Christi terat, bini ac bini singulas comœdias, tragœdiasve exhibeant, excepto primario lectore, quem per se solum unam comœdiam, aut tragœdiam exhibere volumus. Atque hascæ omnes comœdias, seu tragœdias, in aula privatim vel publicè prædictis duodecœim diebus, vel paulo post pro arbitrio magistri, et octo seniorum agendas curent: quod quidem si non præstiterint, pro unaquâque comœdiâ seu tragœdiâ omissâ, singuli eorum quorum negligentiâ omissâ sit decem solidis mulctetur."—C. xxiv.

This is the statute as it now stands in the printed copy in Trinity College library; but Warton, who had consulted the manuscripts of Tom Rawlinson in the Bodleian, has preserved us some farther information upon the subject. He says, "With regard to the peculiar business and office of Imperator,* it is ordered, that one of the masters of arts shall be placed over the juniors, every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions at that season of festivity. At the same time, he is to govern the whole society in the hall and chapel, as a republic committed to his special charge, by a set of laws, which he is to frame in Latin and Greek verse. His sovereignty is to last during the twelve days of Christmas, and he is to exercise the same power on Candlemas-day. During this period, he is to see that six *Spectacles*, or DIALOGUES, be presented. His fee is forty shillings." In the Colleges at Oxford, there was established a Christmas Prince, Princeps Natalitius, or Lord of Misrule: indeed, in all the Inns of Court, at this time, Masters of the Revels were appointed. There is much very curious information concerning these shows and pedantic absurdities, in Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. We should be astonished at the present day, to hear of a lord chancellor aking an active part in these uncouth ceremonies; yet the Earl of Leicester, the Lord Chancellor Hatton, with the judges of the King's Bench and Court of Common Pleas, no doubt, found infinite pleasure (such were the ideas of the age) in beholding "the huntsman come into the hall with a purse-net, and with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting hornes; and seeing the fox and cat set upon by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire."† These festivities, lasting for the same number of days, are exactly similar to the Saturnalia;—then the masters waited upon the servants, like the Lord of Misrule. They were now common, and well known to foreigners as a heathenish peculiarity belonging to the English. Polydore Vergil, in conjunction with William Prynne, inveighed resolutely against such fantastic mummeries only remaining in England; and said, that all pious Christians ought eternally to abominate them.‡ However, neither the Peter-penny collecting historian, nor the crop-eared lawyer, could, by their arguments, prevail upon the Universities to

* In Hunneshagen's Latin poems, 12mo. Darmstad, 1619, there is an epigram addressed to Henricus Rinckins, *Ludi Moderator Seeheimensis*, v. p. 27.

† Dugdale's *Orig.* edit. 2nd., p. 156.

‡ *Polydore Vergil*, l. vii., c. 2.

relinquish them; for, about this time, the heads of Colleges consulted "to debar the students this liberty allowed them at Christmas; but some grave governors mentioned the good use thereof, because, thereby, in twelve days, they more discover the dispositions of scholars than in twelve months before."* It is certain, they were productive of some licentious enormities, and incompatible with houses of learning and religion; and, in consequence, more regular representations were now made before the different societies. The occult philosopher, Dr. Dee, in his life, written by himself,† says he was the first to reform them, "and caused their Christmas magistrate first named and confirmed an emperor. The first was Mr. Thomas Dun, a very goodly man of person, stature, and complexion, and well learned, also."

He, also, further informs us, that he exhibited in the refectory of his college before the University, the Ειρηνη, or *Pax*, of Aristophanes, accompanied with a piece of machinery, for which he was taken for a conjurer; with the performance of the Scarabeus, his flying up to Jupiter's palace, with a man and his basket of victuals, on her back; whereat was great *wondering*, and many *vain reports* spread abroad, of the means how that was effected. "The plays acted in Cambridge were acted in the halls, with the exception of those at King's College, which were acted in the chapell." Roger Ascham, while on his travels in Flanders, says, in one of his epistles, written about 1550, "That the city of Antwerp as much exceeds all other cities, as the refectory of St. John's Hall, Cambridge, exceeds itself when furnished, at Christmas, with its theatrical apparatus for acting plays." *The Hospital of Lorers* was acted in St. John's College, Oxford, in the refectory, before the King and Queen, Aug. 30, 1636.

In the year 1579, the tragedy of *Richard the Third*, written in Latin verse by Thomas Legge,‡ LL.D. Master of Caius College, was acted in St. John's College.§ It still exists in MS. in the University library. Sir John Harrington, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, prefixed to the translation of Ariosto, says, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that

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* Fuller, his *Meditations on the Times*, Lond. 12mo. 1647, p. 139.

† See *Dr. Dee's Life*, appended to *Hearne's Joann. Glastoniensis Chronica.*

‡ He, also, wrote another play, called, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, acted with great applause. There existed a portrait of him in Caius library, a few years ago. He was buried in the chapel, where his monument may still be seen.

§ Comitiis Baccalaureorum.

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which was played at St. John's, in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous-minded men from following their foolish ambitious humours, seeing how his ambition made him kill his brother, his nephews, his wife, beside infinit others; and, last of all, after a short and troublesome raigne, to end his miserable life, and to have his body harried after his death." Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions this play as acted in St. John's so essentially, "that had the tyrant Phalaris beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at the sight of his inhuman massacres." The play still exists in manuscript in the University library, and in Emmanuel College library; each copy divided into three parts, with the original actors' names in the Emmanuel copy.

In the year 1586, a childish imitation of *Richard the Third* was acted at Trinity College, written by Henry Lacey, one of its fellows.* From a passage in Nash's *Have with You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey his Hunt is up*, it appears that one of the fellows cried, '*ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*,' when his whole part was no more than,—*urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." Shakspeare's *King Richard the Third* first appeared, according to his best editor, in 1593. Richard Burbage is introduced in the play acted at St. John's, in 1605, called, *The Return from Parnassus*, as instructiug a Cambridge scholar how to play the part of King Richard the Third, in which Burbage was greatly admired. That he represented this character, is ascertained by Bishop Corbet, who, in his *Iter Boreale*, speaking of his host at Leicester, tells us,—

> "——— When he would have said, 'King Richard died;'
> And call'd, 'a horse! a horse!' he *Burbage* cried."

In the year 1590, or a little earlier, the comedy of *Pedantius* was acted at Trinity College. It was certainly acted before

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* "Let here the lyke noyse be made as before, as soone as the Lord Stanley hath spoken, who followith the rest to the field. After a little space, let the Lord Northumberland come with his barde from the fielde, at whose speache lett the noyse cease."

This is among the manuscripts in *The Harleian Collection*, Nos. 2412 and 6926. It contains many curious stage-directions, like the following:—"After the lyke noyse made agayne, lett souldiours runne from the fielde over the stage, on after on another, flinginge of their harness, and, at length, some come haltinge, as wounded."

The second stage-direction Reed attributes to Lacey's plays. Both of them are in Legge's *Richard the Third*.

1591, being mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*,* prefixed to Ariosto, printed in that year. "Then for comedies," says Sir John Harrington, "how full of harmless myrth is our Cambridge *Pedantius*, and the Oxford *Bellum Grammaticale?*" Nash, in his book called *Strange News*, printed in 1593, ascribes this play to Matthew Wingfield. It was printed in 12mo., 1631, and is seldom met with having the frontispiece, where Dromodotus is said to be a portrait of Beard,† Oliver Cromwell's schoolmaster. A manuscript of it is in Trinity College library. As this play is a work of much humour, and has attracted, from the supposed personality of its design, more notice than the generality of these plays, it may be well to give a brief analysis of its fable and characters. The plot of it, as detailed in the Argumentum prefixed, is sufficiently simple.—Crobulus, formerly a servant of Chremulus, was in love with Lydia, a slave of the old man, Charondas. Lydia had another suitor, in the person of the pedagogue Pedantius; but Crobulus is the favoured admirer. Charondas, however, her master, insists upon thirty pounds, as a condition of the manumission of his slave. Crobulus, at last, by a hoax played off by himself and his friends, induces Pedantius to pay the money, while he obtains the girl for himself.

The characters are painted with a great deal of spirit; more, as may be guessed from the above outline, in the style of broad farce than of genteel comedy. The play is opened by a dialogue between Crobulus and his servant Pogglostus; in which the former, who, from ancient experience, may be supposed to be an adept in the science, endeavours to open to the latter, who is a mere tyro in the school, the mysteries of servitorship, and its necessary qualifications. The next person introduced on the stage is one not alluded to in the sketch of the story, but one who plays notwithstanding a very prominent part in almost every scene,—Dromodotus, a philosopher. His peculiarities are worthy of attention, as they show the turn which philosophical investigation took at that day, and the light in which it was looked upon. The debut of Dromodotus is sufficiently characteristic.

"*Dro.* Zenith.
Cro. Rivalis mei Ped: familiaris est, Dromodotus philosophus.
Dro. Nadir.

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* Reprinted in *Essays on Ancient Poetry*, v. ii., p. 135.

† By some he is mentioned as the author.

Cro. Vel frater potius germanus.
Dro. Horizon.
Cro. Nam certe has utrasque eadem dedit orbi Maria mater.
Dro. Ursa major.
Cro. Quos ego ambos hodie dolis doctis meis docebo quanti sit sapere.
Dro. Κοσμος, μακροκοσμος, το παν, Universum."

Dromodotus proceeds to inquire of Crobulus where he can meet with his friend Pedantius; and, after a long burlesque argument upon the merits of philosophy, Crobulus retires, and makes room for the hero Pedantius. A tedious disputation ensues upon the nature of love, in which Dromodotus endeavours to rid his friend of a passion so hostile, as our readers are well aware, to the advancement of philosophical research. Pogglostus cuts short the argument, by committing highway robbery upon the persons of both combatants; and thus the first act concludes.

In the succeeding acts, which it is unnecessary to go through minutely, the peculiarities of the two literati are sometimes contrasted with each other, sometimes brought out in dialogues with their respective pupils, or with Lydia, the heroine of the piece, who is as pretty, and as pert, and as willing to be married, as any chambermaid pictured by Hooke or Moncrieff. The character of Pedantius will remind the reader sometimes of a few touches in the colouring of his better-known friend Dominie Sampson, especially when the pedantry is softened in the play, as it is frequently in the novel, by a slight admixture of pathos. "O Clotho!" he exclaims, when he is deceived into a belief of the death of his mistress, "O Clotho, Atropos, et tu fatum!—(dictum quidem a *fando*, sed nefandum fatum, cui irascor ex animo,)—O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemq: fortunam!" The play abounds with bad puns, and with allusions to particular University studies and customs, which will be, in part, payment for the labour and weariness attendant on many of the scenes. Dromodotus and Pedantius are still, perhaps, to be met with, under different modifications, at either of our sister Universities.

The next in chronological order is *Roxana*, a tragedy; perhaps the best written play that was performed before the University. If it does not equal the more justly celebrated comedy of *Ignoramus*, (represented in the ensuing reign of James the First,) in the variety and admirable issue of its contrivances, it far surpasses it in the beauty of its language, and the elegance of its latinity. Speaking upon this play, Dr. Johnson says, in his *Life of Milton*, "That he once heard Mr. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remark, that Milton

was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few. Haddon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they have succeeded in prose, no sooner attempt verse than they provoke derision. If we produced any thing worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was, perhaps, Alabaster's *Roxana.*" His *Pentaglott Lexicon*, and his tragedy, justify the high character the Oxford antiquary has given him. "He was," says Anthony Wood, "the rarest poet and Grecian that any age or nation produced." His play was acted several times in Trinity College Hall, and so admirably and so pathetically, that a gentlewoman present thereat, upon hearing the last words, *sequar, sequar*, so hideously pronounced, fell distracted, and never after recovered her senses.* The first edition was a surreptitious one, in small 12mo., 1632, which induced the author to publish a correct copy in the same year, having a well engraved frontispiece, and the title of, *Roxana tragœdia a plagiarii unguibus vindicta, aucta, et agnita ab authore Gulielmo Alabastro. Londini, excudebat Gulielmus Jones*, 1632. This is followed by a Latin dedication to Radulphus Freeman, Eques Auratus, wherein he complains, that after his tragedy, the work of two weeks, had, according to his wishes, died a natural death, some plagiary brought it out from its obscurity, and caused it to be acted as a performance of his own. To which he added so many more faults, that he seemed to strive with him which of the two should commit most. He then says, "Quid facerem? An paterer vagari librum sceleratum, qui nomen meum si non à fronte, tamen à tergo gereret? Vel se ıex septuagenario propior, Musas juveniles procarer, ingenio jam moriente, et conditione vitæ abhorrente vicit paterna indoles, et fetum juventutis à curâ senis non deponerem. Revocari igitur ad calculos plurima quæ admisisset crimina, vel ex ingenio proprio, vel pravo amanuensium consortio." Both editions are very scarce: the later one, the *true* edition, is seldom, or ever, to be met with. A manuscript copy exists in the University library.

It may be reasonably supposed, from the practice the

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* *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 789. This book was written by Winstanley, but a different author from the writer of *The Lives of the English Poets*, and of a book called *English Worthies*, printed 1687. In the copy we consulted, formerly the learned Thomas Baker's, a manuscript note, in his hand-writing, says, "The author of *Anglorum Speculum* has borrowed freely from Dr. Fuller: what he has added, I have not observed."

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students had had in these exhibitions, that they had attained a considerable degree of skill and address; we accordingly, from this time, find the University adopting them as a part of the entertainment at the reception of princes, and other eminent personages. And prefixed to a map of Cambridge, in the second part of *Braunii Civitates, &c.*, is an account of the University, by Gulielmus Soonus, 1575, in which curious memoir we are told, that even Plautus, Terence, or Seneca, if they could have witnessed them, would have been delighted and astonished at the grace and elegance displayed by the students in these spectacles: Januarium, Februarium, et Martium menses, ut noctis tædia fallant in spectaculis populo exhibendis ponunt tantâ elegantiâ, tantâ actionis dignitate, eâ vocis et vultus moderatione, eâ magnificentiâ, ut si Plautus, aut Terentius, aut Seneca revivisceret, mirarentur suas ipsi fabulas, majoremque quam cum inspectante populo Romano agerentur, voluptatem credo caperent. Euripidem vero, Sophoclem, et Aristophanem, etiam Athenarum suarum tæderet.

Rainolds was the only author who dared to attack the plays acted before the University; even that excessively rare, and nervously written book, called, *The Schoole of Abuse; containing a pleasaunt invectiue against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth: a Discourse as pleasaunt for gentlemen that favour learning, as profitable for all that will follow virtue, by Stephen Gosson, Stud. Oxon;* says no more than that, "Sundry are the abuses, as well of Universityes as other places; but they are such as neither become me to touch, nor every idle head to understand. It is not good for every man to travell to Corinth; nor lawfull for all to talk what they list, or write what they please, least their tongs run before their wits, or their pens make havoc of their paper, and so, wading too farre in other men's manners, whilst they fill their bookes with other men's faults they make their volums no better than an apothecary's shop of pestilent drugges, a quackesalver's budget of filthy receites, and a huge chaos of fowl disorder." And in his other book, equally rare, called, *Playes refuted in fiue actions,** written against Thomas Lodge's *Play of Playes,* (in defence of them,) he only says, "That so subtill is the devill, that under the colour of recreation in London, and of exercise of learning in

* Although Gosson wrote against plays, he had first written three, called *Cataline's Conspiracies, The Comedie of Captaine Moris,* and *Praise at Parting,* a morality, none of which were ever printed; and for this effusion of Christian ink, he gives us no better excuse than that "Semel insanivimus omnes."

the Universities, by seeing of playes, he maketh us to join with the Gentiles in theire corruption." And Prynne* says no more concerning theatrical exhibitions in the University than "That our Universities, though they tolerate and connive at, yet they give no public approbation to their private interludes, which are not generally received into all Colleges, but onely practised in some private houses, (perchance, once in three or four yeares,) and that by the particular statutes of those houses, made in times of popery, which require some Latine comedies, for learning-sake onely, to bee acted now and then; which playes, as they are composed, for the most part, by idle brains, who affect not better studies, and acted by gentle bloods and lusty swash-bucklers, who prefer an ounce of vaine-glory, ostentation, and strutting on the stage, before a pound of learning; or by such who are sent to the University, not so much to obtain knowledge, as to keepe them from the common ryot of gentlemen in these dayes; like little children whom their parents send to school, the rather to keep them from under feet in the streets, which careful mothers greatly feare." Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, says, "That in the time of his residence at Cambridge, he had seen tragedies, comedies, histories, pastoralls, and shows, publicly acted, in which *graduates*, of good place and reputation, had been specially parted. This was held necessary for the emboldening of their *junior* scholars, to arm them with audacity against they came to be employed in any public exercise, and make them bold sophisters, to argue pro et contra, to compose their syllogisms, cathegoricke, or hypotheticke."

Milton can hardly be said to attack the plays acted before the University, since all he says against them is comprised in one sentence He objects to the system of academical education as it then existed, because those *designed for orders* were permitted to act plays, "writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antick and dishonest gestures of Trincalos, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which they had, or were near having to the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles." This is little in character with the sentiments he expresses in his *Elegiacs to Carolus Deodatus*, where, at some length, he relates the pleasures arising from the theatre. But his defenders will probably say, that he considered plays only criminal when they were acted by academics.

Whether or not these books corrected the evils they complained of, we cannot now ascertain. From the outcry

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* *Histriomastix*, pp. 490, 491.

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against the drama, loud as it was, and long as it continued, some good effects resulted, as there did from a similar outcry, which was raised by Collier, against the stage, in more modern times. However, whilst this academical controversy was carrying on, the more dreadful *scourge* of the plague rendered it necessary for the vice-chancellor and heads of Colleges, on July 17, 1593,* to address the Lord Burleigh, and state their objections to shows and plays as likely to increase the dangers of such a pestilence, as, from the life itinerant performers led, they were more likely, from their visiting various towns, to spread the infection. On July the 29th, a letter was sent to both Universities, prohibiting such spectacles during its continuance. That to Cambridge sets forth, that "As common players do ordinarily resort to the University, there to recite interludes and plays, some of them being full of lewd example, and most of vanity, besides the gathering together of multitudes of people, whereby is great occasion, also, of divers other inconveniences; we have thought good to require you, the Vice-Chancellor, with the assistance of the heads of the Colleges, to take special order that hereafter there may be no plays or interludes of common players be used or set forth, either in the University, or in any place within the compass of five miles, &c. Moreover, because we are informed that there are divers inmates received into sundry houses in the town, whereby the town doth grow overburthened with people, being a thing dangerous in this time of infection, and that causeth the prices of victuals, and all other things, to be raised,† and doth breed divers other inconveniences."

These letters, it will be seen, were not directed against the plays performed by the students, and, accordingly, those were continued; for, in 1595, there were comedies acted at King's, but what they were we have no means of ascertaining. From a paper‡ in the Register Office, it appears there were great disturbances at one of them, occasioned by the exclusion of certain members of the University, whose indignation manifested itself by their breaking the windows, to the amount of fifty-eight shillings and two-pence. The rioters being summoned before the Vice-Chancellor, were reprimanded, and discharged upon the payment of the glazier's bill. Upon

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* MS. Lansdown, 75, v., printed in Strype's *Annals*, vol. iv., p. 163.

† "Where rye was at 18*d.* or 20*d.* the bushell, and wheat 8 groats; now it is risen to 3*s.* 2*d.* rye, and 5*s.* 4*d.* wheat."—Blakeway's *History of Shrewsbury*.

‡ Nos. 13. 12.

the third of January, 1596, the comedy of *Silvanus* was acted, in what College we cannot tell, neither by whom it was written. In the same year, *Hispanus* was acted, "in die comitiali." Of this we are in the same ignorance as the other. In 1597, *Machiavellus* was acted, probably at St. John's, as it was written by D. Wiburne, a fellow of the College; in which play there is a Jew,* but very unlike Shylock. He is a shrewd intriguing fellow, of considerable humour, who, to obtain possession of a girl, puts a number of tricks on the Machiavel of the piece, and generally outwits him. In one scene, he overhears his rival despairing of success with the father of his mistress, and expressing a wish that he had some instrument wherewith to put an end to his misery. On this, he lays a knife in his way, but first takes care to whet it. To *The Merchant of Venice*, or *Gernutus*, the Latin play was indebted. These three are in the possession of Mr. Douce, who, it is to be hoped, will some day publish them. In this year, also, as Fuller† affirms, but, according to other authorities, in 1599, the comedy of *Club Law* was represented. Dr. Farmer was in possession of a manuscript play, without a title, which, from its tendency to abuse the mayor and corporation of Cambridge, has been supposed to be *Club Law*. Mr. Hawkins, in his edition of *Ignoramus*, thinks, that as it is wholly founded on the expectation of a visit from King James, and refers to events which happened in his reign, it does not seem probable that it was the *Club Law* that was performed in this year. Fuller has preserved some information concerning this play:—it is to be doubted whether it now exists. He relates, "That the gownsmen conceiving themselves injured by the townsmen, the particulars whereof," he says, "I know not, betook themselves, for revenge, to their wits; and having procured a discovery of some town privacies from Miles Gouldsborough, one of their own corporation, composed in English a merry but abusive comedy, which they called *Club Law*, and which was acted at Clare Hall, in 1597-8. The mayor and his brethren, and their wives, were invited to see it, or, rather, to see themselves abused in it; for the scholars had not only enabled themselves to imitate and ridicule the habits, gestures, language, jests, and expressions of the townsmen, but had even borrowed the townsmen's own best clothes to perform their respective parts in. At the performance it was so contrived, that the townsmen, being rivetted in on both sides by scholars, should have no opportunity of departing till the play was over, and should, therefore, be com-

* *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, v. i., pp. 260. 265. 266.

† *History of Cambridge*, p. 156.

pelled to sit out the whole performance. The mayor and townsmen complained to the lords of the privy-council, of the insult thus offered to them, but obtained no further redress than a promise from some of them, that they would shortly come to Cambridge; and, in order the better to judge of the subject of complaint, and to proportion the punishment to the nature and degree of the offence, would direct the comedy to be again performed before themselves, and in the presence of the townsmen. Rather, however, than submit to a second representation, the townsmen thought it prudent to drop all further thoughts of redress.

Party feelings between two honourable rivals are always bad; but much more so when they outstrip the bounds of moderate controversy, and shew themselves in violent assault and outrage. Two centuries ago, such paltry jealousies existed in an eminent degree: we have, in our day, the satisfaction of knowing, that they exist no longer. The retrospective view of them in the nineteenth century, will, therefore, excite a laugh against them, rather than a participation from any one in such illiberal and absurd ideas. The disturbances at King's were nothing more than what would be now called, in the underivable slang of the day, *a row:* there was then no other ill blood evinced by the excluded gownsmen, than a breakage of the windows; but in February 1600, a premeditated attack was made by the men of Trinity at their comedies, upon those of St. John's. The case, sufficiently puerile, was investigated in the vice-chancellor's court: one can scarcely tell which party deserves most censure, the school-boy malevolence of the one, or the absurd irritability of the other. But all will now be more inclined to ridicule and laugh at the folly displayed by both, than to embrace the monstrous opinions which prevailed at the period. The fellows and scholars of St. John's exhibited "a bill of complaint against certayne injuries and outrages committed against them, by the stage-keepers of Trinity College."* From the evidence of sixty witnesses, the assault was clearly proved. The chamber-maid at the Sun† declared upon oath, that she heard some Trinity men say, "that if the two cooks of St. John's came to the comedies, they should come badly off;—and upon the previous Tuesday, Carre, a scholler of Trinity College, pupil unto Mr. Bartin, counseylled Sir Probeyn,‡ a student of St. John's, to beware how he came

* *MS.* in the Register Office. 6 104.

† Lord Clarendon in his life, written by himself, speaks of sleeping at the Sun, opposite Trinity College.

‡ The writer of this article is informed by a very learned antiquarian, that he remembers when Bachelors of Arts were always called Sir.

amongst the crowds the night following, and thereat he gave this reason;—that their *skulls*, by the appointment of some of their fellows, had gathered and layd up in the tower as many stones as would fill a large studye. The goodwife Freshbien deposed, that upon the Wednesday night, four schollers, more or less, of Trinity Colledge, coming into her shopp for tobacco, at what tyme she knew not, spoke to her of the provision of stones layd up; and also of some bucketts to be provided to fetch water from her conduyt, to poure downne upon St. John's mene. Then comes the testimony of six boys who carried up the stones, and that of divers others. Pratt, of St. John's, standing facing Trinity, by the trompeteres, received a grievous wound, from a stone cast from the touere; and Mr. Massey, master of arts, upon being brought in by one stage-keeper, was turned out by another; and, as he descended the hall steps, was felled to the ground by a club: upwards of twenty-five proved that clubs were used, and that the stage-keepers, during all the time of the comedy, walked the court, inquiring for men of St. John's." The case, from the number of witnesses examined, must have occupied a considerable length of time: the records consulted give us no information concerning its decision.

Most of our early dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of inns, in which, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage. The spectators viewed the performance from the galleries or corridors, which, at that time, generally ran round the court-yards at inns: many of which may still be seen in the City of London, and the Borough, and some slight remains of them exist in the Eagle Inn-yard, and the Falcon-yard, Cambridge. In the latter, there are remains on one side of two tiers of railed galleries, of one tier on the opposite side, and one tier at the end: the stage, we may reasonably suppose, was on the fourth side. The Falcon Inn ceases to exist there, but the area still bears the name. There are slight vestiges of a gallery of this nature at the Black Bear Inn-yard, Cambridge; where, upon May the 28th, 1600, an interlude was performed, at which one "Dominus Pepper was seen with an improper habit, having deformed long locks of unseemly sight, and great breaches, undecent for a graduate or scholar of orderly carriage; therefore, the said Pepper was commanded to appear presently, and procure his hair to be cut or powled, and which being done, the said Pepper returning to the consistory, was then suspended *ab omni gradu suscepto et suscipiendo*."* In this extract, two

* *MS.* in the Register Office. 9, 78. In October 1812, an order was made by St. John's and Trinity College, that every young man who appeared in Hall or Chapel in pantaloons or trowsers, should be considered as absent.

prevailing fashions of the beginning of the 17th century are mentioned,—the long hair, and the large breeches or trunk hose: each of these peculiarities are frequently noticed by the writers of that period. Stubbe, in his rare book called the *Anatomy of Abuses*, says, that the new-fangled breeches were of Parisian origin; they were made ridiculously large, and stuffed out with rags, until they were brought to an enormous size. "A lamentable complaint of the poor country men against *great hose*," * exists in the Harleian collection, and an act passed to restrain such absurdities. A picture of them is in the frontispiece to the Latin play of *Pedantius*.† The practice of wearing long hair afforded a pretext to the learned puritan, William Prynne, to write a book (his scarcest) upon the *Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes*:‡ like most of his works, it contains hundreds of quotations, and fully justifies that part of his severe epitaph, where he is called

> "This grand scripturient paper-spiller;
> This endless, needless, margin-filler."

His work was followed by Hall's *Comarum* Ακοσμια: *The loathsomenesse of long haire*;§ a small book, equally scarce, and much more curious. In this we are told, that "periwigs of false-coloured hair ‖ (which begins to be rife, even amongst scholars in the Universities,) are utterly unlawful, and are condemned by Christ himself; that the wearing of long hair is condemned and forbidden by the word of God. From Ezekiel lxiv. 20, they shall not shave their heads, nor suffer their locks to grow long, they shall only *poll* their heads. Both the extremes are here forbidden; shaving, on the one hand; and long hair on the other. But polling, as a mean between both, is commanded; and, that not a light kind of *polling*, or a *polling* at large of some part of the head, but it must be a strict *polling* or rounding of the whole head. Look abroad into the world, and see whether the vilest men do not usually wear the longest locks. Tell me whether ragged rascals, nasty varlets, raggamuffian soldiers, tinkers, crate-carriers, gaol-birds, &c. &c. are not partakers with thee in this ruffianly guise? and if so, I should think one

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* Part printed in Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, v. iii., p. 85; and Boswell's excellent edition of Malone's editionof *Shakspeare*, v. ix. p. 53.

† 12mo. 1631.

‡ Lond. 4to. 1628.

§ By Thomas Hall, B.D. and Pastor of Kingsnorton. Lond. 12mo. 1654. Appended are divers reasons and arguments against painting, spots, naked backs, breasts, arms, &c.

‖ See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii., Scene 3. "And her hair shall be of what colour it please God;" and Act iii., Scene iv.; and the variorum notes upon those passages.

need not bid thee change thy fashion." He afterwards writes, that "the gravest and godliest divines and Christians in our nation, whose examples the younger sort should imitate) do still wear, and formerly did wear the shortest hair: witness Cartwright, Perkins, Reynolds, Rogers, Abbot, Dodd, Brinsley, Hildersham, Herring, Fen, Whately, Prideaux, &c. In their works, they plead for it; in their lives, they practised it; (as many now living can testify) and the effigies of many of them which are to be seen at this day in Oxford Library."* Stoughton, another divine and Trichotomist, says, that Absalom's hair was his halter, and that our long-haired gentlemen ought to make use thereof; besides, how strangely do men cut their hairs; some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short like cootes, or Popish priests, and friars; some have long locks at their ears, as if they had four ears, or were prick-eared; some have a little long lock only before, hanging down to their noses, like to the tail of a weasel; every man being made a fool at the barber's pleasure, or making a fool of the barber for money to make him such a fool.†"

Having brought the Latin plays down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, we shall now lay before our readers the names of some to which we have been unable to assign any date, and concerning which we possess but scanty information.

Clytophon. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge: at the end is written Gulielmus Bretonus possessor Georgius Ainsworthius scriptor: whether scriptor applies to the author, or the transcriber, we shall leave our readers to decide.

Parthenia. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge.

Euribates. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge, written by Crouse of Caius College.

Pseudomasia. Manuscript, in Emmanuel College Library, Cambridge, written by Mewe, a fellow of the College.

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* See pp. 15, 17, 59, 75.

† These were not the only books written upon this absurd subject; another, entitled "A testimony against Periwigs and Periwig-making, and playing on instruments of music among Christians, or any other in the days of the Gospel, being several reasons against these things, by John Mulliner;" was printed in 1677, 4to, without the name of the place: the author himself belonged to the town of Northampton. In the first page, he states "the reasons why he left off his employment, and how it was with him as to his inward condition before he joined the people called Quakers."

XUM

Zelotyphus. Manuscript, in Emmanuel, and Trinity College Libraries, Cambridge.

Pastor Fidus. Manuscript, in the University Library, acted at King's College.

Leo Armenus, tragœdia, sive ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus. Manuscript, in the University Library: prefixed is the argument: "Leo Armenus orientis imperator sacrarum imaginum hostis acerrimus cum diu multumque rem catholicam vexasset tandem impietatis pœnas persolvit. Nam Michael Balbus detectâ conjuratione ad flammas damnatus, ipsa Christi nascentis nocte vincula perfringit, cæsoque per amicos Leone imperator eligitur totamque Leonis familiam evertit."

Herodes. Manuscript, in the University Library, written by Gulielmus Goldingham, and dedicated in a Latin epistle to Thomas Sackeville, Lord Buckhurst. Daniel Heinsius wrote a tragedy of the same name, *Herodes Infanticida*, printed by Elzevir, small 8vo. 1632.

Fucus; sive Histriomastix. Manuscript, in the Bodleian; the prologue contains this line, which establishes the fact that these plays were acted annually,

Ut Academiam comœdias quotannis parturientem.

Leander. Manuscript, in the University Library; another copy, with the actors' names, exists in Emmanuel College Library. When this play was acted, or by whom it was written, is unknown: it appears to have considerable merit, though very long: two lines from an old prologue show that it was held in esteem by the poets who flourished at the period it was performed;

"You must not here expect to-day,
Leander, Labyrinth, or Loyola."

Tomumbeius; sive Sultania in Ægypti imperii everso? tragœdia nova: anno Salutis, E. Salterno Bristovensis. Manuscript, in the Bodleian.

Confessor. Manuscript, in the Bodleian: it bears the name of T. Sparowe: the *Cantabrigiæ Graduati* has a Thomas Sparowe admitted B.A. of Trin. Coll. 1673; this may be written by him; though we recollect, when we consulted the manuscript, it appeared, from something in the prologue, to have been written before 1666.

Hymenæus. Manuscript, in St. John's College Library, Cambridge.

Catilena Triumphans, a comedy, in Trinity College Library.

One, imperfect, without name, date, &c. in Trinity College Library.

Another, imperfect, without name, date, &c. in Trinity College Library.

The following plays we are able to arrange chronologically, and affix the names of the Colleges where they were represented, and those of the authors by whom they were written.

Names of Plays.	*Authors.*	*Printed*	*Manuscripts.*	*In what College.*	*Acted.*
Ludus Filiorum Israelis	....	..	.....	Corpus Christi	1350
Pammachius	....	..	.....	Christ's	1544
Jeptha	J. Christopherson	..	.....	Trinity	1546
Dido	E. Haliwell	..	.....	King's	1564
Aulularia Plauti	....	..	.....	King's	1564
Ezechias	N. Udall	..	.....	King's	1564
Gammar Gurton's Needle	J. Still	..	.....	Christ's	1566
Pax Aristophanis	....	..	.....	Trinity	..
Ricardus Tertius	T. Legge	..	Emmanuel and Univer. Lib.	St. John's	1579
Ricardus Tertius	H. Lacey	..	Harleian Coll.	Trinity	1586
Pedantius	Beard	1631	.....	....	1590
Roxana	Alabaster	1632	.....	....	1590
Lelia	....	..	.....	Queen's	1590
Silvanus	....	..	F. Douce, Esq.	....	1596
Hispanus	....	..	Ditto	....	1596
Machiavellus	D. Wiburne	..	Ditto	St. John's	1597
Club Law	G. Ruggle	..	.....	ClareHall	1599
The Return from Parnassus	....	1606	.....	St. John's	1606
Scyros	Brooke	..	Trin. Univ. and Emman. College Libraries	Trinity	1612
Adelphe	....	..	Trinity Coll. Lib.	Trinity	1612
Æmilia	Cecil	..	.....	Trinity	1614
Ignoramus	Ruggle	5 edits.	.....	Trinity	1614
Albumazar	Tomkis	1615, 1634, 1780	.....	Trinity	1614
Melanthe	Brookes	1615	.....	Trinity	1614
Sicelides	Fletcher	..	.....	King's	1614
Worke for Cutlers	....	1615	.....	....	1615
Lingua	Brewer	6 edits.	.....	Trinity	1616, 1620
Fraus Honesta	Stubbe	1632	Trin. & Em. College Lib.	Trinity	1616, 1626
Loiola	Hackett	1648	Trinity Coll. Lib.	....	1622
Stoicus Vapulans	....	1648	.....	St. John's	..
Cancer	....	1648	.....	....	..
Labyrinthus	Hawkesworth	1636	University Lib.	....	1622
Senile Odium	Hausted	1633	.....	Queen's	1630, 1633
Rival Friends	Hausted	1632	.....	....	1631

Jealous Lovers....	Randolph	1632 &c.	.....	Trinity	1631
Zeno.....	Simon	1648	Brit. Mus. and Univer. Lib.	....	1631
Senilis Amor	....	..	Bodleian.	....	1635
Valetudinarian....	Johnson	..	Saint John's, Queen's, Emmanuel, and Univer. Lib.	Queen's	1637
Cornelianum Dolium	Randolph	1638	.....	....	1638
Naufragium Joculare	Cowley	1638	.....	Trinity	1638
Paria	Vincent	1648	Emmanuel Lib.	Trinity	1641
The Guardian	Cowley	1650	.....	Trinity	1641
The Grateful Fair .	Smart	..	.....	Pembroke	1747

The Returne from Parnassus, or Scourge of Simony,* was acted by the students of St. John's, in 1606: of its author we know nothing more than that he was certainly a poet, and that he has written a very pleasing comedy. He censures with great ease and severity the poets and actors of his time; and upon the hints thrown out against the clergy, Dr. Wilde laid the foundation of his play called *Benefice*.

In the prologue we are told, as the fact really is, "that what is presented, is but a slubbered invention; and if our wisdom obscure the circumstance, our kindness will pardon the substance." The plot will be best given in the author's own words;

> We only show a scholar's discontent.
> In scholar's fortunes, twice forlorn and dead,
> Twice hath our weary pen erst laboured:
> Making them pilgrims in Parnassus' hill,
> Then penning their return with ruder quill.
> Now we present unto each pitying eye,
> The scholar's progress in their misery;
> To you we seek to show a scholar's state,
> His scorned fortunes, his unpity'd fate:

beyond these there is nothing to excite interest: though the comedy, for the light it throws upon English manners and feelings at the period it was written, and for the occasional strains of poetry and humour it contains, is well worth a perusal.

In 1612, Prince Charles and the Count Palatine of the Rhine, (who, early in the ensuing year, married the Princess Elizabeth his sister,) visited Cambridge. The University received them with the same kind of entertainment as that with which they had received Queen Elizabeth,—scholastic disputa-

* Reprinted in Hawkins and Dodsley.

tions in the morning, and Latin plays at night. They remained in the University two days, and took up their abode at Trinity College Lodge.—Upon the first night, the comedy of *Adelphe* was performed: it still exists in manuscript in Trinity College Library, without the author's name, bearing upon it the date of 1662, which will authorise the assertion, that it was again acted in that year. It commenced at seven o'clock *aut circiter*, and continued until one in the morning; we have, therefore, no reason to be surprised when the unpublished record consulted* tells us that the Count Palatine slept the greater part of it. Prince Charles was very attentive, and "notwithstanding it was so long, seemed to listen with very good patience and great contentment." However, both of them, upon their return to Newmarket, complained of its immoderate length and stupidity.† The next night the *Pastoral of Scyros* was represented; this exists in manuscript in the same library; there is also a copy in the University Library which gives the actors' names: amongst them are those of Hackett, afterwards bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and author of *Loiola;* and of Stubbe, author of *Fraus Honesta.*—The scene of *Scyros* is laid in the island of that name in the Ægean Sea, in the valley of Alcander, and the time is twelve hours. It was written by Brookes, a fellow of Trinity, who wrote another pastoral, *Melanthe.*—A third copy of *Scyros* is in Emmanuel College Library, having the 30th instead of the 3d of March 1612, for Prince Charles's visit.

In 1614, Cambridge received another royal visit; it was this time visited by King James. It appears rather surprising that he had not curiosity to come to it earlier, as his winter hunting excursions from Royston brought him within so short a distance. He was entertained in a manner befitting his character, and, indeed, upon this occasion the University seems to have outdone the hospitality, magnificence, and scenical exhibitions, displayed towards his predecessor. The learned antiquary, Mr. Pegge, has given, in the twenty-sixth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine,* ‡ a minute of what passed during his stay: this paper affords another proof of the accuracy with which Rapin wrote the history of our nation. "The king made his entry upon the seventh of March, attended with as much solemnity and concourse of gallants and great men, as the hard weather and extreme foul ways would permit. The prince came along with him, but not the queen, by reason as it

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* Apud Coll. Caii Cantab.

† See *Winwood's Memorials*, v. iii. p. 240.

‡ Extracted from a *MS.* in the possession of Sir Edward Derring, *Gent. Mag. sub anno* 1756.

was said that she was not invited; which error is rather imputed to their chancellour than to the scholars, that understand not these courses."* We choose to express ourselves in the words of the writers we consult, rather than in our own, because the simplicity of their language is better suited to the circumstances they narrate. The Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer, is said to have kept his table at St. John's at the expense of a thousand pounds a day; whether this account is correct, even his contemporaries doubt, but the expense may be estimated by the proportion of wine that was drunk, no less a quantity than twenty-six tuns in five days. The king and prince lay at Trinity, where the plays were represented: the hall was so ordered for room, that above two thousand people were conveniently placed as spectators. Upon the first night was performed by St. John's men, *Æmilia*, a comedy written by Mr. Cecill, a member of the College. It is uncertain whether a copy can now be found: in its absence we must be satisfied with what scanty information the following sentence contains. "The chief part consisted of a counterfeit Sir Edward Ratcliffe, a foolish tutor of physic, which proved but a lean argument; and though it were larded with pretty shows at the beginning and end, and with somewhat too broad speech for such a presence, yet it was still dry."† Upon the second night was performed the admirable and well-known comedy of *Ignoramus*. We pass over this performance with reluctance; but as it is intended to form the subject of another article, to speak more concerning it now would only be anticipating our future purpose. Upon the third night an English comedy called *Albumazar*, written by Mr. Tomkis of Trinity, was performed: this has been printed in 1615, 1634, and in a more attainable shape in Dodsley's *Collection of old Plays*.‡ It holds a very exalted situation among the English plays, and has occasioned some controversy whether or not it formed the model of Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

Upon the fourth night was acted *Melanthe*, a Latin pastoral, written by Dr. Brookes of Trinity. A fifth play was prepared by Phineas Fletcher of King's, entituled *Sicelides*, a Piscatory: the king departed in the morning, but this play was acted at the author's college in the evening. The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with chorusses between the acts. Perindus's telling Armillus the story of Glaucus, Scylla, and Circe, in the first act, is taken from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, l. xii., and Atyches's fighting with and killing the ork that was to

* See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, from 1501 to 1726, 4to. Lond. 1778, vol. i. p. 394.

† See *Miscellaneous State Papers*, v. i. p. 394.

‡ See vol. vii. p. 125.

have devoured Olinda, is an imitation of the story of Perseus and Andromeda in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, l. ii., or the deliverance of Angelica from the monster by Ruggiero, in the *Orlando Furioso*, c. x. The scene lies in Sicily; the time two hours.*

The king was so highly pleased with the comedy of *Ignoramus*, that upon the thirteenth of May in this year he visited Cambridge again, to hear it a second time. The play now received some few alterations and additions: it began at eight o'clock, and ended about one: the king laughed exceedingly, and oftentimes with his hands, and by words, applauded it. Trinity College Hall was again fitted up for its representation; at the lower end of the stage the doctors were placed; next to the stage, the regents and non-regents in gowns; in the body of the hall other strangers according to their qualities; the upper end of the hall, beyond the stage, was wholly reserved for the king and prince's followers, and for the courtiers. The Earl of Suffolk at the former visit is said to have expended, in five days, the sum of five thousand pounds; the king, probably wishing to cause the University little trouble or expense, remained in it at this time but two days, during which period only one comedy was performed.

The *Returne from Parnassus* was called by its author a *Show*. In 1615 another was performed, entitled *Worke for Cutlers*; or, a *Merry Dialogue between Sword, Rapier, and Dagger*: its author is unknown, and the interlude itself almost equally so; it may be classed among the very scarcest of the early English dramas.

Between the years 1616 and 1620, the comedy of *Lingua* was acted at Trinity College. The play itself has been reviewed in a former number of the Retrospective, vol. ii., 270. An extraordinary anecdote concerning it has been preserved by Winstanley, the authenticity of which there is little probability of knowing. He says that, when this play was acted at Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell performed in it: in consequence of this part of his information, we have assigned it to the above period. But he further states, that his acting the character of Tactus gave him his first ambitious ideas: having obtained the contested coronet, he makes this spirited declaration:

> Roses, and bays, pack hence! this crown and robe,
> My brows and body circles and invests;
> How gallantly it fits me! Sure the slave
> Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.
> They lie, that say complexions cannot change.
> My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd

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* See *Biographia Dramatica*, v. iii. p. 368.

Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Licking my feet, &c. &c.

It is absurd enough, to attribute the part which Cromwell took in the agitations of the times, to any occurrence of this sort, though the fact of his having performed in the play may not be improbable.

The two objections urged in the review of *Lingua*, to this anecdote, may thus be obviated: the play was published first in 1607, whence it does not follow that it was only acted in that year: we have had examples of the same play being performed twice, and it is natural to suppose that so excellent a play as this would have a second representation. The objection urged by its reviewer, "that as Oliver Cromwell belonged to Sidney College, and it was exhibited at Trinity College, a circumstance that alone controverts the fact," certainly does not controvert the fact, because, from consulting the names of the actors placed opposite their respective characters in the different manuscript Latin plays, we find performers from all Colleges.

In the year 1616, Phillip Stubbe's comedy of *Fraus Honesta* was performed at Trinity, of which College he was a fellow. It was printed in 12mo. 1632. Trinity College Library has a manuscript copy, and the Emmanuel one has the actors' names placed opposite their characters. It bears the date of 1626, though, a few lines above, it bears the date of 1616; it is immaterial which year it was acted in, and, therefore, we assign it to the earlier date. It is a play of very little merit; it has no character which fixes the attention of the reader; but abounds, like a bad French comedy, with "*Lepidi servi*," "*juvenes amasii*," "*avari senes*," and all the other paraphernalia of common-place intrigue. There are several parts in which indecency is made to supply the place of something better, and none which induce us to turn it over again for the purpose of analysis or quotation.

Upon February the 28th, 1622, Bishop Hacket's play of *Loiola* was acted before King James, and again before him upon March the 12th, in the same year. It was printed in 1648, together with *Stoicus Vapulans*, *Cancer*, and *Paria*, all supposed to be represented at the same time: the two first probably were, but the latter was performed before King Charles, and will be noticed under his visit to the University. *Loiola* is a play, as may be supposed from the title, written in ridicule of the Jesuits and their founder. Much of the humour of it of course

is lost to us; it is in a coarse and common-place vein of satire. It contains, however, some very curious and interesting passages. In one, *Loiola* introduces, in *propriâ personâ*, all the Jesuitical virtues "*Cæca Obedientia*," "*Pseudo-miraculum*," "*Regicidium*," "*Index Expurgatorius*," "*Equivocatio*," "*Arrogantia*." We recommend this scene entire to the notice of young debutants on the Catholic question. In this play we find the introduction of the rhyming songs, which are to be met with in the *Paria* of very considerable merit, and in some other plays. At the conclusion of the third act, *Loiola* is threatened with immediate suspension to a tree, and a song is chaunted on the occasion.

"*Jo.* Hem autem epicedium, nihil unquam scriptum est magis lamentabile,
Titulus sic se habet; "Jodocus et seculares Monachi
Valedicunt Loiolæ pridie ante suspendium."
O vos Monachi et fratres, &c. p. 120.

In *Stoicus Vapulans*, we have a substantial representation of the passions. *Appetitus*, *Concupiscibilis*, *Irascibilis*, *Lætitia*, *Voluptas*, and many others of the same family, successively are introduced whipping and scourging the *Stoic* in every variation of circumstance and metre. Like most other allegories, it is heavy and uninteresting, and disposes us to join heartily in the observation of the Epilogus;

"*Spectatores, vidistis jam satis Stoicum Vapulantem.*"

Of the *Cancer* we have nothing particular to say; and the attention of the reader has been already too long claimed for scenes which are now almost as completely forgotten as those of Brutus or the Apostate.

Probably at the second visit of King James in March, 1622, the play of *Labyrinthus* was performed: a manuscript copy in the University Library ascribes it to Hawkesworth, a former fellow of Trinity College; this copy contains the actors' names, among which the author himself is one. The fable of the play is very obscure, and occasionally so decidedly *contra bonos mores*, that we may almost wish it were more so. There is, however, much talent displayed in the conduct of it, and parts of the dialogue would not disgrace writers of a far more classical age. The following auto-biographical sketch of Tiberius, the character played by the author himself, may serve as a specimen.

Tib. "Sat est in vitâ ægritudinem, sola quæ advaniant ultro:

Ne queras: Vitam æquam, certam, mediam, nec luxu obsitam
Nec depressam sordibus, (hah) rem ego, Jupiter, quantivis duco pretii.
Æris alieni nihil habeo, ne nummum: mei habeo
(Dii illud sospitent) quantum sat est et mihi,
Et amico forsan in loco (est Diis gratia.)
Deos colo, ut par est:—templa non fatigo,
Litigant alii quibus est animus:
Non ego me foro leviter crediderim.
Amore, comitate, et benignâ imprimis operâ
Res agi satius est, quam lite et querimoniâ.
Sim exul; et sum: an propterea de somno, de risu quid dempserim?
Ne tantillum.
Hor.—Lepidum senem!"

In this, as in many other of the plays, we are amused by a curious jumble of dialects and dates. We find, in the *dramatis personæ* for instance, after Tiberius, Lepidus, Cassander, Horatius, and many other gentlemen of undisputed classical lineage, "Don Piedro Paches d' Alcantara," who, we suspect, would find considerable difficulty in making out a title to his place.

In 1630, the festivities at Christmas entirely ceased: a broadside printed this year, and issued by order of the vice-chancellor, commands that "*Nemo in festivitate natalitiâ cum lychnis aut larvis, neve cum tubis aut tympanis exeat è Collegio suo.*" January 7th, 1630; that no one shall go out of his College upon the festal of the nativity with torches or masks, or with trumpets and drums. This was the first blow the annual spectacles received: in a few years after this period, the more polished exhibition of comedies was fated to cease likewise. *Senile Odium* was acted between 1630 and 1633: it has a copy of Latin verses prefixed, written by Milton's friend, Mr. Edward King of Christ's College, which places it after or in the former year, and it was printed in the latter year. The title is, *Senile Odium, comædia Cantabrigiæ publicè Academicis recitata in Collegio Reginali ab ejusdem Collegii juventute. Autore P. Hausted. Lusimus innocui. Cantabrigiæ: ex Academiæ celeberrimæ typographiâ* 1633, 12mo. After Mr. King's commendatory verses, come some written by Kemp, and Rogers, both of Queen's College, where it was acted: from the former set, we learn it was the author's first production. The scene lies at Frankfort: the time is twenty-four hours. Peter Hausted was born at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was a violent loyalist, and adhered to the royal party in all their engagements until his death. He was chap-

lain to Spencer, Earl of Northampton, and was with him in the Castle of Banbury, in Oxfordshire, at the time when it made so vigorous a defence against the parliamentary army. At this place he died, and is supposed to be buried either within its precincts, or else in the church belonging to Banbury.* Cambridge, formerly more fortunate than within the last century in receiving royal visits, entertained, in March 1631, King Charles and his Queen Henrietta. The particulars of what passed during their stay, no printed or manuscript state-papers disclose: at least, a most diligent search on our part has not brought them to light. In their absence, our readers must be content with the very scanty materials we possess. Two comedies were certainly acted before them; the one, Peter Hausted's *Rival Friends;* the other, Thomas Randolph's† *Jealous Lovers.* The first play was printed in 1632,‡ and bears testimony to the author's uneasiness under censure. He states, that it was "acted before the King and Queen's majesties, when, out of their princely favour, they were pleased to visit the University on the 19th day of March, 1631. Cried down by boys, faction, envy, and confident ignorance; approved by the judicious, and exposed to the public censure by the author." His dedication is in the same style, being a copy of verses inscribed to "the Right Honourable, Right Reverend, Right Worshipful, or whatsoever he be, or shall be, whom I hereafter may call patron." Though it appears from this, that he had been roughly criticised, yet it is commended by a copy of Latin and two copies of English verses. The other play, the *Jealous Lovers*, was printed in 1632, 1634, 1668, and in all the subsequent editions of Randolph's works. The title page sets forth, that it was presented, before their majesties, by the students of Trinity College. It is commended by four copies of English, and five copies of Latin verses; the last, written by Thomas Vincent, author of *Paria*, alludes, in the following lines, to its favourable reception before King Charles:

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* See *Wood's Fasti Oxonienses*, p. ii. p. 50.

† See *Biograph. Dramatica*, v. iii. pp. 209, 210.

‡ It was during this visit, that what Oldys relates, passed between Randolph and Queen Henrietta Maria: she upon some occasion pleasantly objected to Randolph,

Pauper ubique jacet;

to which he wittily replied,

In thalamis, Regina, tuis hac nocte jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset, Pauper ubique jacet!

I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, et aures,
Censuramque ipsam sub jugo mitte gravem.
Qui meruit Carolo plausum spectante, popello
Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.

It is esteemed the best of Randolph's works,—but it is useless to draw comparisons between his writings, all of which are deserving the highest praise for their knowledge of human nature, and for their poetry. He is ingeniously supposed, by Mr. Douce, to be the author of *Cornelianum Dolium*. As we know not when it was acted, this will be the fittest place to notice that comedy. It is "*inter rarissimos*," and our book-collecting readers may congratulate themselves upon the possession of a copy. The title-page is, *Cornelianum Dolium, comœdia lepidissima, optimorum judiciis approbata, et Theatrali Corypho, nec immeritò, donata, palma chorali apprimè digna. Auctore, T. R. ingeniosissimo hujus ævi Heliconio.*

Ludunt dum juvenes, lasciviunt Senes,
Senescunt juvenes, juvenescunt Senes.

Lond. 1638, 12mo. A neatly engraved frontispiece, by Marshall, represents Cornelius in the sweating-tub, undergoing rigorous discipline for his irregularities.* Adjoining the tub, stand his three female acquaintances; to whom he utters a most sincere farewell,

"*Valete O Veneres Cupidinesque,*
Sedeo in Veneris Solio, in Dolio doleo."

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* The cure of Cornelius's complaint was formerly effected by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close. In England, they used a *tub* for this purpose; on the continent, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And, as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days; and during this time, three was, necessarily, an extraordinary abstinence required. Hence Shakspeare says,

Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For *tubs*, and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
To the *tub-fast*, and *the diet*.

Timon of Athens, Act iv. Scene 3.

Some account of the sweating-tub, with a cut of it, may be seen in *Ambrose Parrey's Works*, by Johnson, p. 48. The inquisitive reader will learn more, upon consulting the notes to the above passage from Shakspeare, in *the best edition* of his works, vol. xiii. pp. 371, 372.

After a dedication to Alexander Radcliffe, *Baiensis Miles*, come two and a half pages *omnibus et singulis*, and then the Argument. Being in a learned language, we may venture to notice it, as giving the plot of the comedy, and a specimen of the Latinity. "Cornelius ex nimiâ licentiâ suâ ægrè se habens, et jam morti (nec minus quàm omnes expectant) appropinquans è grabato se paululum sublevans, omnes dehortatur ab iis lenociniis, quibus ipse in adultâ ætate indulserat: meretricias artes et earum astutias apertè narrat. Cornelius in extremis positus, à Peregrino Neapolitano, præter omnem spem, pristinæ incolumitati restituitur. Suadet interim Neapolitanum, ut eum pro mortuo daret; quò fama ipsius mortis per totum oppidum increbesceret: et eo hoc facit, quò emeritam altionem caperet de iis pellicibus et latrunculis, qui tantam sibi injuriam intulissent: Quod quidem (nec sine magno periculo) præstat: Sepeliri enim se mandat, uno cum ingenti thesauri mole: Quem eâdem nocte quâ ipse sepultus est, Lurcanio et Latrunculus, duo egregii latrones, uno cum consilio et consensu meretricum, effractis sacrarii portis, eruere et eripere quærunt. Removentur saxa, reseratur cista, in quâ positus est Cornelius: quâ reclusâ, et se super pedes erigente Cornelio, tanto metu perculsi sunt, at sacris ædibus relictis, dementes excurrunt; eâque dementiâ correpti, insolentius se gerunt, donec communi voto et voce, ne eorum rabies aliis etiam vim inferret, Fatuano, vulgo Bedlam, sunt traditi; et pellices, quæ consciæ consules erant facti, Plagiario, vulgò Bridewell, sunt mandatæ. Residuum temporis fructuosè expendit Cornelius, multum distribuens æris publicis Gymnasiis."

Valetudinarium was written by William Johnson, a fellow of Queen's College, where it was acted, February the sixth 1637. The scene lies at Bartholomew's Hospital, London. There is a copy of this play in Queen's, St. John's, Emmanuel, and the University Libraries. The Emmanuel copy formerly belonged to Archbishop Sancroft. The copy in the University Library contains the stage directions, and thus opens: "after the prologue is spoken, let there be a great cry without of *ignis, ignis, incendium, incendium*, which done, let Mimulus enter with a bucket." A rhyming Latin song, without any merit, at the end of the fourth act, is set to music.

Upon the tenth of February 1638, *Naufragium Joculare* was performed at Trinity College; written by Cowley, before he had taken his B.A. degree: Dr. Johnson censures this composition, for being written without due attention to the ancient models, and, indeed, justly; for, it is certainly the very worst of the Latin plays we have read, and mere prose. It was printed first in 12mo, 1631, with a Latin dedication in verse, to Dr. Comber, Dean of Carlisle, and head of his College; a second edition was

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inserted in the collection of his works, published in three volumes, 8vo., in 1712. As it is not our intention at any future period to notice this work particularly, for, in reality, it is not worth the trouble, having neither the facility of a popular, nor the accuracy of a learned work, it may be dismissed with a few words. The author of the *Poetical Decameron** thinks, very ingeniously, that Cowley took the idea of his play from Junius's book, called *The Drunkard's Character, or a true Drunkard with such sins as raign in him,*" wherein is this passage; "And have you not heard what Athenæus relates, how a tavern was, by the fancy and imagination of a drunken crew, turned into a gally; who having a tempest in their heads, caused by a sea of drinke within, verily thought this tap-house on land, a pinnace at sea; and the present storm so vehement, that they unladed the ship, throwing the goods out at window, instead of overboard, calling the constable Neptune, and the officers Tritons; whereupon some got under the tables, as if they lay under hatches, another holding a great pot for the mast; all crying out, that so many brave gentlemen should be cast away." Or, if Cowley did not draw his plot from this book, he might, with more probability, as the same author conjectures, take it from Heywood's play of the *English Traveller*, printed five years before either, in which the scene described by Athenæus is humorously brought upon the stage. (See *Retros. Rev.* vol. xi.)

Upon March the 12th, 1641, Prince Charles passed through Cambridge, on his way to York, when he was entertained by the representation of *Paria*, written by Thomas Vincent, and by the *Guardian*, a second play, written by Cowley, before he was Master of Arts, and performed like his former one at Trinity College. The author of the *Guardian* says, "it was but rough-drawn by him, yet it was acted with good approbation."

Being printed during his absence from his country, he considered it as injurious to his reputation, and, accordingly, upon his return, he changed it almost entirely, and brought it before the public, under the new title of the *Cutter of Coleman Street*. Though he, at considerable length, in the preface, vindicates the character of it from the aspersions of disloyalty, the play was condemned on the stage, and whatever power of fixing attention and exciting merriment it may possess, it seems now almost entirely to be forgotten. The minute reader will find some interesting information concerning this play, in Dr. Johnson's life of the author; but as it relates entirely to it under its latter title, in which form it was not represented before the University, it does not come within the limits of this article.

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* Vol. i. p. 27.

It may now reasonably be asked, why these performances by Masters of Arts and Students were discontinued? This question cannot be positively answered, since no University record, now existing, expressly prohibits them. This change is to be explained by political events. Our latest was in 1641,* the civil war broke out in the ensuing year, and, as is usual in times of general calamity, all public diversions and recreations were laid aside. By an ordinance of September the second, 1642, it was declared, that, "whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation; this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity; the other being spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity; it is, therefore, declared, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation continue, public stage-plays shall cease and be forborne; instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable duties of repentance, and making their peace with God."† This ordinance caused, without a doubt, the complete suppression of the Academic theatricals: if any one should think otherwise, they must confess, that they were entirely abolished by the year 1647, when a more severe law was passed, "that all actors in plays for time to come, being convicted, shall be publicly whipped; and all spectators of plays, for every offence are to pay five shillings." But the state of the University, during these seven years of tumult and bloodshed, did not admit of its accustomed amusements: when three hundred soldiers of the parliamentary army were quartered in St. John's College, and all the plate of that and other societies lent to relieve the distresses of the king, the few students who remained would be little likely, and from the loyalty many of them evinced, little disposed, to promote their former amusements. The temper, indeed, of the faction was completely changed: a few years before, it presented every where a scene of profligacy and vicious pleasure. But now came in fashion a form of godliness, which, through the means of puritans, precisians, and presbyterians, and under the mask of religion,

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* The fact of *Adelphe* having been performed in 1662, does not militate against this opinion, taking it generally; though one play should have been performed after a lapse of twenty years, we well know that no other was, until the year 1747, when Christopher Smart's comedy of the *Grateful Fair* was represented at Pembroke College. Cowley's *Guardian* was the last play following its precursors in regular order, and according to established custom, and may, therefore, be considered the last that was publicly represented.

† *Rushworth's Collections*, v. i. p. iii. p. 1.

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worked a complete reformation in public manners. It is to these causes, strengthened by the circumstance of our not knowing any play dated after the year 1641, that we say, with the civil war, the public performance of Latin and English plays ceased in the University of Cambridge.

ART. II.—*Two Choice and Useful Treatises: the one, Lux Orientalis; or, an Inquiry into the Opinion of the Eastern Sages, concerning the Pre-existence of Souls, being a Key to Unlock the Grand Mysteries of Providence, in relation to Man's Sin and Misery. The other, a Discourse of Truth, by the late Reverend Dr.* Rush, *Lord Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland: with Annotations on them both. London,* 1682.

In the common Biographical Dictionary, to which alone we have present reference, the first of these works is not enumerated among the writings of its author, the well known Saducismus Triumphatus Glanvill. It is not, indeed, deserving of particular notice for any extraordinary merit of its own; but, in connection with his other works, becomes curious, as a further evidence of the excursive imagination of the writer, whom not even orthodoxy, and preferment, could keep altogether quiet and confiding. Glanvill was a clergyman of the church by law established; that is to say, a rigid calvinist and zealous republican, proud of being chaplain to old Francis Rouse, one of Cromwell's Lords, until the Restoration satisfied him of his error, when he was re-ordained, got a vicarage and a rectory, and the appointment of chaplain to the king. In the opinions of a church so established, and backing its other influential reasons by such *self*-evident merits, we have no doubt he had a most relying faith; he was assuredly an obedient servant, bowing to all its decisions, and conforming to all its directions; but the delight, and almost gratitude, of his mind was refining and speculating upon every thing not so pre-determined and established; and the nearer it approached to, without touching upon, interdicted subjects, the more it satisfied and delighted him. He begins the preface to this work, by observing, "It is none of the least commendable indulgencies of our church, that she allows a latitude of judging in points of speculation;" neither could it have been in the eyes of a man, whose whole intellectual existence was passed in speculation. Glanvill delighted to conjure up "unreal mockeries," and to contend with these shadowy nothings—to feed and pamper his imagination,

until the only realities, to him, were unreal,—the incomprehensible, the only thing he could understand. Though, in some things, and at a very humble distance, not unlike Sir Thomas Brown, they differed in this, that as the pia mater of the one was not stretched with what he justly and expressively calls "wingy mysteries," the pia mater of the other was blown up by such vapours to the consistency of a rapidly ascending balloon. Yet, with all his follies, Glanvill was one that early and strenuously opposed the exclusive authority of Aristotle and the schoolmen, and the then revived artificial and merely logical philosophy; was an early member of the Royal Society; and, indirectly, an encourager of sound reasoning and rational learning. The truth we suspect to have been, that a faith in Aristotle was not one of the thirty-nine articles; and logical precision was not convenient to so excursive and "errant" a genius. More conclusive reasons were, indeed, assigned by an enemy, namely, that he could not construe the one, and did not understand the other: but, as "honest Antony Wood," who reports it, assures us the man was much given to slander, we treat the opinion as libellous, though Wood himself, who professes to have known Glanvill, makes no other mention of his learning than that he was "a great master of the English language, expressing himself therein with easy fluency, and in a manly, yet, withal, a smooth style."

Glanvill was certainly born "an age too late," or many ages too soon. He was, we believe, a quietist,—a mystic,—a disciple of the great Dr. Henry More, "the profound restorer and refiner of almost extinct Platonism,"—a pre-existant,—one of the last educated men who wrote in favour of demonology and witchcraft. As we do not quite comprehend the utility of these abstruse speculations, we shall not presume to offer an opinion on them, lest we should come under the censure passed, in the preface to the last mentioned and most celebrated of his works, on such "narrow and confined spirits, who account all discourses needless that are not for their particular purposes, and judge all the world to be of the size and genius of those within the circle of their knowledge and acquaintance; so that, with a pert and pragmatick insolence, they censure all the braver designs and notices that lie beyond their ken, as nice and impertinent speculations: an ignorant and proud injustice;—hence it comes to pass, that the greatest and worthiest things that are written, or said, do always meet with the most general neglect and scorn; since the lesser people, for whom they were not intended, are quick to shoot their bolt, and to condemn what they do not understand, and because they do not."

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Although, in the very name and title-page of this work, it professes to be an *Inquiry into the opinion of the eastern Sages concerning the pre-existence of Souls*, it would have been very contrary to the habitude and disposition of its author to have troubled himself with any other opinion than his own, or that of his oracle, Dr. Henry More. The eastern doctrine is but a text which he expounds, and his argument is, briefly,—That the continual creation of a soul for each separate body, as it comes into the world, is inconsistent with the divine attributes; for all the works of God bear His image, and are perfect in their kind; and He being pure, what comes from Him, proportionable to its capacity, partakes of His perfection: and how would it agree with divine goodness to put pure and immaculate spirits into bodies that would defile them? or with divine wisdom thus to make and destroy? to give a capacity for nobleness and yet an incapacity of acting nobly, from the gross habitude of that sensual body to which the spirit is bound? or with divine justice to subject a spirit, that came, perhaps, immediately before, righteous, pure, and immaculate, from the hands of its creator, to eternal torments? And yet we are taught, that as soon as born, and even in the womb, 'we are obnoxious to eternal wrath.'" Constant creation being then abandoned, he considers the possibility of traduction, which he holds to be impossible; for if the parent beget the soul out of nothing, it will be pure and clean as if God himself were its creator; for the parents can only transmit their natural, and not their moral, pravities, and if the soul be but a particle or decerption of its parent, then is the last guilty of all the sins that ever were committed since Adam; therefore, it was the opinion of "the Indian Brachmans, the Persian Magi, the Egyptian Gymnosophists, the Jewish Rabbins, some of the Grecian philosophers, and Christian fathers, (this is the Lux Orientalis,) that the souls of men were created all at first; and, at several times and occasions, upon forfeiture of their better life and condition, dropt down into their terrestrial bodies;" which is the more rational opinion; is not contrary to Scripture; and was commonly received in the times of Jesus. These are profound speculations, with which we dare not presume to interfere; but we are curious to know how it happens that souls forfeit their better life and condition just in numbers corresponding with the creation of bodies, and by what law of forfeiture the souls are made to correspond and keep pace with Mr. Malthus's law of population. Then follows a consideration of the objections to pre-existence, which, in some points, is really well argued. Thus he says, if it be

"Urged, that had we lived and acted in a former state, we should,

doubtless, have retained some remembrance of that condition; but we having no memory of any thing backwards before our appearance upon this present stage, it will be thought to be a considerable presumption, that pre-existence is but a fancy.

"But I would desire such kind of reasoners to tell me, how much they remember of their state and condition in the womb, or of the actions of their first infancy. And I could wish they would consider, that not one passage in an hundred is remembered of their grown and riper age: nor doth there scarce a night pass but we dream of many things which our waking memories can give us no account of; yea, old age, and some kinds of diseases, blot out all the images of things past, and, even in this state, cause a total oblivion. Now, if the reasons why we should lose the remembrance of our former life be greater than are the causes of forgetfulness in the instances we have produced, I think it will be clear, that this argument hath but little force against the opinion we are inquiring into. Therefore, if we do but reflect upon that long state of silence and inactivity that we emerged from, when we came into these bodies, and the vast change we underwent by our sinking into this new and unwonted habitation, it will appear to the considerate, that there is greater reason why we should have forgotten our former life than any thing in this; and if a disease, or old age, can rase out the memory of past actions, even while we are in one and the same condition of life, certainly so long and deep a swoon as is absolute insensibility and inertness may, much more reasonably, be thought to blot out the memory of another life, whose passages, probably, were nothing like the transactions of this; and this, also, might be given as another reason of our forgetting our former state, since, usually, things are brought to our remembrance by some like occurrences."

After thus disposing of other arguments that, he conceives, might, *à priori*, be urged against his theory, he proceeds to adduce many in its favour, in which, however, he is not equally successful. There is nothing extraordinary in this. In all such subtle speculations as are necessarily bottomed rather on the imagination than the reason, however guarded, it is almost of course. These arguments are certainly not worth notice, and may be easily inferred from the hypothesis he builds up at the conclusion, and which is imaginative, and beautiful enough to deserve abridgement, and sufficiently conclusive for the gratification of all intellectual idlers. It is briefly, that as nature proceeds, in all changes, by progression and gentle gradations, it is not reasonable to believe that, intimately as the soul is, in this state, mingled with the body, it would, on changing its state, be altogether stript of corporiety; neither therefore, by parity of reasoning, that a pure spirit could have been at once so intimately mingled with the body, on first entering this state.—He, therefore, concludes that the soul hath always a

tenuous and subtle body, though we know not its nature. That it is in the nature of the soul itself to delight only in the contemplation of immaterial objects, as virtue, knowledge, and divine law; but it is equally the nature of the matter with which it is united to delight only in objects of sense, "Now, it cannot, with equal vigour, exercise itself both ways together; and, consequently, the more it is taken up in the higher operations, the more prompt and vigorous it will be in these exercises, and less so about those that concern the body, and *è converso*." It is, therefore, natural to believe that, agreeable to the divine wisdom and goodness, in making all creatures as perfect as their nature admitted, and placing them in situations most agreeable to their nature, "the souls of men were, at first, in the highest invigoration of the spiritual and intellectual faculties," while "the lower powers, or life, of the body was languid and remiss;" so that "the most tenuous, pure, and simple matter being the fittest instrument for the most vigorous and spiritual faculties," it was, at first, united with such, and passed whole ages, probably, in the contemplation of virtue, and in the realms of light and blessedness. But, though thus created happy, it was in its nature mutable; and the *purer spirit*, after long and vigorous exercise, it may be, begin to remit its sublimest operations; in which time of remission, "the lower may advance, and more lively display themselves, than they could before. And now they begin to convert towards the body, and warmly to resent the delights and pleasures thereof." Then the sense of what is grateful and pleasant, gets head over the apprehension of what is just and good; and the lower faculties, having greater exercise, become vigorously awaked, while the higher are proportionably shrunk up, and the æthereal body contracts grossness and impurity; and thus such a change is wrought in the soul, as may spoil its "congruity or celestial body;" and thus, we may be presumed to have fallen from our first state of felicity, that state being only agreeable to the condition of our creation; and thus we proceed in our descent, progressively, through, what he calls the Aërial and then to the Terrestrial state. After this, the progress, either by further debasement or returning, is dependant on the refreshed and returning vigour of the nobler faculties. Where the spirit is sufficiently invigorated and refreshed, it succeeds, by degrees, in mortifying and subduing the body, and becomes fitted for the Aërial state, which is one step on its return; and so *è converso* in its further descent.

We hope that, in this brief extract, the question is fairly stated; but there is, throughout the work, such "a profligate waste of words,"—what Wood, we suppose, calls "easy flu-

ency,"—that it is sometimes difficult to discover the meaning of them.

The accompanying *Discourse of Truth*, is, as stated in the title-page, written by Dr. Rush, the friend of Jeremy Taylor, and his successor in the bishoprick of Dromore. It is another subtle speculation, but less so, and, we think, much more ably argued than the former. The purpose of it is, to show that things are what they are, and that there are mutual respects and relations, eternal, immutable, and, in order of nature, antecedent to any understanding, either created or uncreated, as that, "Homo est animal rationale; triangulum est quod habet tres angulos;" which are not arbitrary dependancies upon the will, decrees, or understanding of God, but necessary and eternal truths; and that the divine understanding cannot be the fountain of the truth of things, nor the foundation of the references of one to another. That denying this would lead to the most gross and horrid absurdities; for, if the mutual respects and relations of things be not eternal and indispensable, then there could be no such thing as divine wisdom and knowledge, which is an apprehension, not by deduction, but intuition, of the natures and mutual respects and relations of things; for there could be no such natures or mutual respects, if such things be only by his arbitrarious imagination; for then he can "unimagine that imagination;" and all that before stood in relation, shall now stand in opposition;—neither could there be any such thing as right and wrong, or any assurance of future happiness to man;—and "lying, swearing, envy, malice, nay, hatred of God and goodness itself, may be the most acceptable service to God, and the readiest way to happiness;" and as to the large and ample promises of Jesus, God could will that they were not promised; or if there be no "intrinsical relation betwixt veracity and perfection," but a mere arbitrarious respect dependant on His will, "then, as an evidence of His sovereign will, He might damn all mankind; or, as the greatest evidence, damn all that have put faith in the words of Christ or the apostles, and take those only into heaven and happiness, who have been the greatest sinners and worst of men."

The annotations, which form so large a portion of the volume, were written by Dr. Henry More himself, although no otherwise named than as one not unskilled in these kind of speculations.

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Art III.—*Acts and Ordinances of the Long Parliament.*

In a former number,* it was attempted to give a general and comprehensive view of the financial measures adopted by the leaders of the Commonwealth, with reference to the forfeited estates of delinquents; in the present, we will give a few instances of the mode in which these measures were carried into execution by the agents interested in the management of them. In order to this, let us first contemplate the portraiture of one of these agents, by the hands of one, who (in his day) was esteemed a master-painter.

"*The character of a Country Committee-man, with the ear-mark of a Sequestrator.*"

"A Committee-man, by his name, should be one that is possessed; there is number enough in it to make an epithet for *Legion*; he is *persona in concreto*; (to borrow the solecism of a modern statesman,) you must translate it by the *Red-Bull Phrase*, and speak as properly: Enter seven devils *solus*. It is a well-trussed title, that contains both the Number and the Beast; for a Committee-man is a noun of multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royal of sixes. Thus, the name is as monstrous as the man, a complex notion, of the same lineage with accumulative treason. For his office it is the heptarchy, or England's fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling prince, only the royalty is greater; for it is here, as it is in the miracle of loaves, the voyder exceeds the bill of fare. The pope and he ring the changes; here is the plurality of crowns to one head,—join them together, and there is a harmony in discord. The triple-headed turnkey of heaven, with the triple-headed porter of hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of regal government, but, like holy reliques, he out-bulks the substance whereof he is a remnant. There is a score of kings in a committee, as, in the reliques of the cross, there is the number of twenty. This is the giant with the hundred hands, that wields the sceptre; the tyrannical bead-roll, by which the kingdom prays backward, and at every curse drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be waved, whose condescending clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the question—better a *Nero* than a *Committee*. There is less execution by a single bullet than by case-shot.

"Now, a committee-man is a party-coloured officer. He must be drawn like *Janus* with cross and pile in his countenance; as he relates to the soldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a justice of war; one that has bound his *Dalton* up in buff, and will needs be of the quorum to the best commanders. He is one of *Mars* his lay-elders, he shares in the govern-

* See vol. ix. p. 122.

ment, though a non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like sectary in arms, as the Platonic is in love; keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves a haggard in the action. He is not of the soldiers, and yet of his flock. He is an emblem of the golden age (and such, indeed, he makes it to him) when so tame a pigeon may converse with vultures. Methinks, a Committee hanging about a governor, and bandileers dangling about a furred alderman, have an anagram resemblance. There is no syntax between a cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand jury and a *Billa vera?* It is a left-handed garrison, where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion; the right-hand fights, while the left rules the reins. The truth is, the soldier and the gentleman are like *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pancha*: one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the government of the island. A Committee-man, properly, should be the governor's mattress to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of war; for his chief use is to raise assessments in the neighbouring wapentake.

"The country people being like an Irish cow that will not give down her milk, unless she sees her calf before her: hence it is, he is the garrison's dry-nurse,—he chews their contribution before he feeds them: so the poor soldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred crocodile.

"So much for his warlike or ammunition-face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face; Mars in him hath but a blinking aspect, his face of arms is like his coat, *Partie per pale*, soldier and gentleman, much of a scantling.

"Now to enter his taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were bleeding over a close-stool.

"Take him thus, and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentic gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the country but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body politic, that swells itself to the consumption of the whole. At first, indeed, he ferreted for the parliament, but since that he has got off his cope he set up for himself. He lives upon the sins of the people, and that is a good standing dish too. He verifies the axiom, *Eisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*; his diet is suited to his constitution; I have wondered often, why the plundered countrymen should repair to him for succour: certainly, it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are picked goes to *Moll Cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty.

"He out-dives a Dutchman; gets a noble of him that was never worth sixpence; for the poorest do not escape, but, Dutch-like, he will be dreyning, even in the driest ground. He aliens a delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away an heretic's kingdom; and for the truth of the delinquency, both chapmen have as little share of infallibility. *Lye* is the grand salad of arbitrary government, executor to the star-chamber and the high commission; for those courts are not extinct; they survive in him like dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth, he is the universal tribunal: for since the times all causes fall to his cognizance as, in a great in-

fection, all the diseases turn oft to the plague. It concerns our masters (the parliament) to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the jack may come to swallow the pike, as the interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right, is his due; but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. There was a time, when such cattle would hardly have been taken upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old proverb were answered,—that the beggars make a free company, and those the wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some threads of charity. But oh! they are termagants in conjunction! like fiddlers, who are rogues, when they go single, and, joined in consort, gentlemen musicianers. I care not, if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt for this grand catholicon.

"Take a state-martyr; one that, for his good behaviour, hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land-piracy of ship-money; next, a primitive freeholder; one that hates the king because he is a gentleman, transgressing the Magna Charta of delving Adam. Add to these, a mortified bankrupt, that helps out his false weights with some scruples of conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his prince with a MENE TEKEL. These, with a new blue stocking'd-justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him, to carry the knap-sack of his understanding; together with two or three equivocal sirs, whose religion, (like their gentility,) is the extract of their acres; being, therefore, spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere juncto. These are the simples of this precious compound; a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

"The Committee-man hath a side-man, or rather a setter, (hight a sequestrator,) of whom you may say, as of the great sultan's horse,—where he treads, the grass grows no more. He is the state's cormorant; one that fishes for the public, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the cormorant's property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A sequestrator! He is the devil's nut-hook; the sign with him is always in the clutches. There are more monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in anatomy. It is strange, physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate fever; he draws far beyond pigeons. I hope some mountebank will slice him, and make the experiment. He is a tooth-drawer once removed; here is the difference—one applauds the grinder, the other the grist. Never, till now, could I verify the poet's description, that the ravenous harpy had a human visage. Death himself cannot quit scores with him; like the demoniac in the gospel, he lives among tombs; nor is the holy water, shed by widows and orphans, a sufficient exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the cat sucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted, with all their terrors, wean the familiars.

"But, once more, to single out my embossed Committee-man;

his face (for, I know, you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a committee of examinations, (and so the spunge weeps out the moisture which he had soaked before) or else he meets his passing-peal in the clamorous meeting of a gut-foundered garrison: for the hedge-sparrow will be feeding with the cuckoo, till he mistake his commons and bites off her head. Whatever it is, it is within his desert: for what is observed of some creatures, that, at the same time, they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A committee-man is the counterpart; his mischief is superfœtation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruins the father, beggars the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity."

(*Cleveland's Works*, 1687, *page* 72.)

It was after this fashion, that the wits of poor Charles's court amused themselves, and each other, in their little world of Oxford, by laughing at the formidable opponents, who were so shortly to become their masters; and, though we would not undertake to display the hidden meaning of half the evanescent allusions with which the foregoing piece of satire abounds, we find it sufficiently intelligible to justify, in a great degree, the opinion of the day, which placed Cleveland at the head of the poets and pamphleteers of the Cavalier party. His character of a London "Diurnal-maker," which immediately follows, is no less remarkable for point and humour; and his bantering correspondence with the parliament officer, who summoned the garrison of Newark to surrender, (though we doubt whether his antagonist had not rather the advantage of him, even in the use of those bloodless weapons on which he most prided himself) afford a most lively sketch of the manners of the times, which we shall gladly insert in another part of our work.

It is to the brilliancy of imagination displayed by such writers as Cleveland and Butler, succeeded by a host of wits cast in the same mould, who came in after them at the Restoration, no less than to the exalted qualities of an historian, possessed by Clarendon, and revived (after the lapse of a century) in Hume, with the same prepossessions and prejudices, that is mainly to be ascribed the prevalence of false and distorted notions respecting the characters, talents, and motives of the great founders of our English commonwealth, from which their memories ought to have been kept sacred by the consideration of the vast obligation we lie under to them for the possession of all that is most valuable in our laws and liberties, and of the ties of descent and affinity by which we are most of us, in some way or other, connected with them. It is difficult to say upon what principle the habitual veneration in which we hold the names of our grand-fathers and great grand-fathers, should be

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taught to fail us at the moment when we reach the most memorable and eventful period of our domestic annals, even though it burst out again (as from behind a cloud) with redoubled lustre, upon our ascending to the fabled glories of the Elizabethan era. The same blood flowed in the veins of the Long Parliament's champions which had circulated through those of the conquerors at Agincourt and the opposers of the Armada;—the same which tinged the waves of Trafalgar, and deluged the plains of Waterloo. Were they not, equally,

> "Those noblest English,
> Who fetch'd their blood from fathers of war-proof?"

Are we not equally bound to

> "Dishonour not our mothers, and attest
> That those whom we call fathers did beget us?"

Or are we permitted, in our zeal for (so-termed) loyalty, and our abhorrence of (so-named) rebellion, to forget that the stiff-rumped Puritans, whom we hold up to ridicule, were, nevertheless, (the major part of them,)

> "Good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England, and who shew'd
> The mettle of their pasture?"

Or that, with all the hypocritical grimace which we are so apt (upon the testimony of their sworn enemies) to impute to them,

> "There were none so mean and base
> That had not noble lustre in their eyes?"

"Some historians," says May, in his preface to *The History of the Parliament*, "who seem to abhor direct falsehood, have, notwithstanding, dressed truth in such improper vestments as if they brought her forth to act the same part that falsehood would; and taught her, by rhetorical disguises, partial concealments, and invective expressions, instead of informing, to seduce a reader, and carry the judgment of posterity after that bias which themselves have made." And, in treating of the history of such a period, it seems that we cannot, even at our present distance from it, too carefully keep in mind what the same historian says respecting it. "The subject of this work is a civil war; a war, indeed, as much *more than civil*, and as full of miracle, both in the causes and

effects of it, as was ever observed in any age; a war as cruel as unnatural, that has produced as much rage of swords, as much bitterness of pens, both public and private, as was ever known; and divided the understandings of men, as well as their affections, in so high a degree, that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any union give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit, unless amongst men of the same side. It were, therefore, a presumptuous madness to think that this poor and weak discourse, which can deserve no applause from either side, shall obtain from both so much as pardon; or that they should here meet in censure, which in nothing else have concurred."

That species of national vanity which feeds and exalts itself at the expense of other nations, conceived to be less favoured by Providence, or less worthy of its favour, deserves, perhaps, no greater commendation than a similar exercise of the same faculty in individuals would merit. There are points, however, which will arise, both in the cases of individuals and of nations, where comparison is alike unavoidable, and not to be censured; and, of all public events of this nature, the Revolutions, of England in the seventeenth, and of France in the eighteenth, century, are those which most forcibly impel, and most triumphantly justify, the proudest estimate of superiority. The one was distinguished by the constant semblance, and by the general observance,—the other, by the utter disregard, and most profligate contempt and abandonment,—of law, and of all social and moral restraint. It would be both curious and profitable to pursue this line of inquiry through all its ramifications, and the result would afford, in every instance, a like cause of honest gratification: but our present business is with the financial part of the system; and here we apprehend, that nothing can more distinctly mark the national character, than the regular and consistent method of proceeding adopted by our victorious parliament with regard to its humble adversaries, compared with the forced and arbitrary confiscations, and exterminating massacres, of the club governments of Paris. For the principles by which the measures of our commonwealth rulers were directed to be regulated, we have only to refer to those ordinances of which an outline has already been given; but for the mode and spirit of the execution, the most direct historical evidence is afforded by that vast and (until very lately) undigested mass of documents collected at the State-paper office, under the title of "Royalist Composition Papers," the bare knowledge of the existence of which, we imagine to be sufficient to prevent any future historian of those times from pretending to the execution of his task without the previous inspection of them. It may be safely assumed,

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that the liberality of government will not refuse access, under proper regulations, whenever sought for so important an object.

For the purpose of biographical illustration, we will leave it to be inferred, from a single instance with which we have been favoured, how much may be gathered from a diligent inspection of these singularly interesting documents. It is the case of Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect—of whom all we learn from his present biographers, with relation to his sufferings from sequestration, is, that, having acquired a handsome fortune under the royal favour, it was subsequently much impaired by his losses during the rebellion—"for, as he had a share in his royal master's prosperity, so he had a share too in his ruin."—To which is added, that, "during the usurpation, he was constrained to pay £545, by way of composition for his estate as a malignant."—(See *Chalm. Biog. Dict.* vol. 19.)

The following entry in the books of the Committee of Sequestrations, will not only supply what is deficient, but correct some important errors, in this commonly received statement; as it will appear from it, that his fine, which was originally assessed at £557. 18*s.* 5*d.*, being the rate of one-tenth upon the amount of his property, as delivered in by him, was increased, upon his own voluntary offer, to £1000, which latter sum appears to have been accepted as in full discharge of all future demands, whether by reason of concealment of property, or of grounds of delinquency not apparent on the face of his submission, does not very clearly appear—although it may, we think, be inferred that a favour was intended to be done him by the acceptance.

"*Inigo Jones, of London, Esq.*

"His delinquency that he absented from his dwelling-house in Scotland Yard, by Whitehall, for about three years past, but hath never been in the king's quarters by all this time, as he deposeth, but in the parliament quarters, and is a very aged infirm man, scarce able to walk abroad.

"He hath taken the national covenant before William Barton, minister of John Zacharyes, London, the 10th of April, 1645, and the negative oath here the same day.

"He compounds upon a particular delivered in under his hand, by which he doth submit to such fine, &c.; and by which it doth appear,

"That he is possessed of a certain messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, new built, upon the north-west corner of a certain court called Scotland Yard, by Whitehall, in the county of Middlesex; holden by demise from one Elizabeth Bazill, late of Blackfriars, London, widow, for the remainder of a term of forty-one years, beginning

the 20th of January, 1630; whereupon £16. rent per annum is reserved, which was before the troubles over and above the rent reserved £30—for which his fine at two years is £60.

"There is owing to him in debts from the king and queen's majesties £2090. 2*s*. 9*d*., and other debts from other persons, mentioned in his particular, £168.

"He is possessed of goods and mathematical instruments, which he valueth to be worth £700; and saith, that he left in ready money and plate, in a friend's hands of his, when he left this city, to the value of £2000 and upwards, which he saith is questionable whether he shall get it again into his hands or not; all which estate last mentioned amounteth unto the sum of £4958. 11*s*. 6*d*. For which his fine, at a tenth, is £495. 18*s*. 6*d*.

"So his whole fine is £557. 18*s*. 5*d*.

"But he saith and confesseth, that in regard he did proffer unto Sir Henry Vane, sen. that, forasmuch as he hath no issue, and so as his sequestration may be taken off, and he may be cleared from paying any five-and-twentieth, &c., that then he would pay in €1000. for to have these discharges; he is yet ready to hold his word, and pay so much in the whole, so as he may be discharged, as he hath now again offered.

"Resolution of the Committee.

"Fine—£1000. He offers it."

Our next specimen of delinquency shall be taken from a no less celebrated personage, whose fame has recently been revived and adorned with all the graces of poetical imagery, in one—certainly not the least admirable—of the historical romances of the author of *Waverley*—the heroic Countess of Derby. The reader (and who is not the reader?) of *Peveril of the Peak*, will thank us for the illustration.

"*A charge of delinquency exhibited against the Countess of Derby, before the commissioners for advance, by Robert Massie, of Warrington.*

"That the said countess was in the Isle of Man with her husband (now in arms, &c.) on or about the 30th of June last; and within a short time she went from thence to the Scots king—and that the said countess did, when Captain Bradshaw (who was a commander under the Earl of Derby,) brought divers prisoners of the parliament's side into the said Isle, *blame the said* Captain Bradshaw, *that he did not cast those prisoners overboard and drown them;* for that they were traitors and rebels, (meaning, in regard to their king,) and that they came from a rebellious place, (to wit, Liverpool,) being bound for Carrickfergus, in Ireland. Allowed, 2d Jan. 1650."

The fairest and most impartial method of ascertaining the effect of the sequestrating and compounding laws upon the bulk of persons of consideration and property throughout the

country, would be, however, by selecting the cases of a few individuals of that class of society, not particularly distinguished for the share taken by them in the troubles of the time; and, if of any historical importance, not as warriors or statesmen, but merely as having being forced by local circumstances into a temporary notoriety, which ceased with the restoration of public order, and a return to the usual course of things in the interchanges of social and domestic life. We have been allowed access to some private papers, which, in addition to the public sources of information already alluded to, will render the task of such a research more than ordinarily interesting, with reference to the case of Sir John Acland, of Columbjohn, the ancestor of the present highly respected member for the county of Devon, a royalist gentleman of great worth and reputation, whom (nevertheless) the casual events of the war alone elevated to a station in which he was (we may presume) unwillingly conspicuous in a certain district, and during a limited period of our great civil distractions.

"At the commencement of the war," (we are now quoting from the Summary of Transactions in the West of England, prefixed by Mr. Lysons to his *History of Devonshire* in the *Magna Britannia*,) "the whole county of Devon was in the hands of the committees, and the majority of the inhabitants, particularly in the north part of the county, attached to the cause of the parliament." In October, 1642, the city of Exeter received a parliament garrison, and became the head quarters of their general, the Earl of Stamford; and, notwithstanding the successes which attended the arms of the Cornish royalists, and the army under Sir Ralph Hopton, during the greater part of the following year, we are told that, "Late in the summer of 1643, the king had no force in the county, except a small garrison at Columbjohn, the seat of Sir John Acland, which was some check upon the garrison at Exeter. Sir John Berkeley was then sent into Devonshire with a regiment of horse, to take the command of the king's forces, to recruit their numbers, and take measures for blockading Exeter. After the capture of Bristol, Prince Maurice was sent into the west as commander-in-chief. He found Sir John Berkeley's forces, much augmented by new levies from the country, straitly besieging Exeter, with his guards close to the gates." That city surrendered on the 4th of September, 1643, and remained from that time the principal garrison and chief hope of the royalists in the west, until its ultimate subjugation by Fairfax. On the 26th of July, 1644, the king came thither, in his pursuit of the Earl of Essex; and was, with his army, again quartered there, "and about Bradninch, Crediton, &c." in the immediate neighbourhood, on his return from that expedition in August.

During the course of that year, which (as far as relates to the affairs of the west) was principally occupied by the unsuccessful siege of Plymouth, the scene gradually changed in its aspect towards the contending parties. "In September, 1645, the clubmen of Devon declared for the parliament. From this time, nothing but a series of disastrous events happened to the royal party in Devonshire; nor is it to be wondered at, that these disasters should have been hastened by the cruelties and oppressions of Sir Richard Grenville, the licentious conduct of Lord Goring, and the dissensions among all the king's generals."—"In the midst of these dissensions, Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the parliament army, entered Devonshire, and pursued his victorious career, till he had reduced every town and fortress in the county. Lord Goring, who had been quartered at Poltimore,* with fifteen hundred horse, retired into Exeter;" and, soon afterwards, having quitted his command, withdrew to the continent. Fairfax made himself master of Tiverton, on the 19th of October, and, after its reduction, Poltimore, Bishop's Clyst, and Stoke Canon, (all on the eastern side, and within three or four miles of the city,) were made parliament garrisons. Other places, situated to the north and west, were in like manner occupied. On the 25th of January, 1645-6, Powderham Castle, (the ancient seat of the Courtenays, then in the occupation of Sir Amos Ameredith, who had married the widow of the late Colonel Francis Courtenay,†) was taken by Colonel Hammond, and Mamhead, (the seat of Sir Peter Ball,) another royalist garrison, in the same neighbourhood, was abandoned. The city of Exeter, now entirely surrounded, was summoned by Fairfax, on the 27th of January, and the blockade commenced on the 9th of February. Various other transactions in the northern and western parts of the county withdrew the attention of the general during that and the following month; but, at length, on the 31st of March, 1646, we find him at Columbjohn, his army being quartered at Silverton. On the 3d of April, a treaty was commenced at Poltimore, and carried on till the 9th, when the city was surrendered upon articles.

We have been particular in these dates, as necessary to the full understanding of what follows, and have only to add, that Columbjohn, (the theatre of so large a part of the events

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* This was the seat of Sir John Bampfylde, a gentleman attached to the parliament cause; and still remains that of his descendants.

† The then Sir William Courtenay was too young to have taken any part in the troubles; but his father-in-law's name occurs in the list of compounders.

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recorded) of which the old entrance gate and chapel are all that now remains, (the family having since removed their residence to Kellerton, at a mile's distance,) became thus unhappily distinguished, less, probably, on account of its strength as a fortress, than from its situation at five miles distance from, and commanding the eastern approach to, the western capital.

We have seen that, in the summer of 1643, the house of Columbjohn was employed as a royalist garrison, to keep in check the parliament forces at Exeter. It was at this period the jointure house of the Lady Elinour Vincent, (Sir John Acland's mother,) who, after the death of her first husband, Arthur Acland, Esq., had become the wife of Sir Francis Vincent, and appears to have then been in her second widowhood.

The earliest document we have to refer to, is dated 22d August, 1643, and indorsed, "The grant of eight oxen of the Lady Button's, for £20."

"Forasmuch as the Lady Vincent hath been heretofore plundered by the militia forces of cattle, horses, sheep, and other goods, to the value of £400., and being now possessed of eight oxen, (lately the goods of the Lady Martha Button, *who is disaffected to his majesty's service*,) These are to authorise the said Lady Vincent to detain and keep the said oxen to her own proper use, she paying forthwith the moiety of the value of them to the use of his majesty's army. The marshal general is to value the said oxen, and return the money to the tre"···· (probably, *treasury*.) "Given under my hand, this 22d Aug. 1643.

(Signed) JOHN BERKELEY."

Indorsed, "A note of my Lady's losses"—and, in another place, "A note of my Lady Vincent's damages by parliament."

"A particular of cattle, horses, and sheep, plundered by commission from Richard Evans and others.

Imprimis,	8 oxen	£50.
Item,	ix steers	36.
Item,	vi yearlings	12.
Item,	i bay mare ..	20.
Item,	xi kine and ii bulls ..	70.
Item,	viij heifers	32.
Item,	ij coach horses ..	30.
Item,	vj other horses and colts ..	60.
Item,	55 sheep (whereof 30 fat, and 15 lambs)	35.
Item,	The loss and hindrance in not fretting and tilling the ground this year	200.
	Sum total £vi^{c}· (£600)."	

If the eight oxen belonging to the Lady Button, after deducting therefrom the moiety of the value for the use of the

king's army, were the only compensation to this unfortunate dowager, in lieu of all these losses, it must be admitted that her loyalty (whether forced or voluntary) had already cost her sufficiently dear.

In the autumn of 1645, a short time previous to the entry of Fairfax into Devonshire, and the investment of Exeter, this good lady died, having (as it appears) by a nuncupation will, made in her last sickness, disposed of all her property "among her son, Sir John Acland, his lady, and children"—and (of the date of the 6th of September in that year,) we have the following "Note of plate at Killerton, taken and sent to London"—probably for the sake of safe custody—since it does not appear upon the face of the document that it relates to plundered articles. It is curious, as exhibiting the interior of an English country gentleman's plate cupboard, in the time of Charles the First.

"Imprimis, One great voyder and knife, with my Lady Vincent's arms thereon.

"Item, One basin and ewer. One washing basin and ewer. Two great flaggons. *One skinker.* Two candlesticks. Two bowls, *with bears' heads. One great salt,* with my lady's arms. Two hooped tankards, the one with my lady's arms. Six plates, *with bears' heads.* One chaffing dish. Six saucers, with my lady's arms. One dozen of spoons, with the letter E. One great dish for cream, with Sir F. and my lady's arms. One fruit dish, *parcell-gilt.* One posset, with a cover and cock to it. One little caudle cup, with three legs and cover. One other posset, with cover and three legs. One silver snuffer. One goblet, embossed. One stone tankard, hooped, and crowned with silver. One skillet, with my lady's arms. One little cup, with two bows. One cullender and scumming dish. Long spoon for preserves. One porringer. One little cup, with one bow. Perfuming pan. Fruit dish. Pestle and Mortar. One tankard, with a great belly. One porringer. One gilt cup with cover."

Our loyal baronet—(he had been invested with that dignity only the year preceding*—) was not destined to enjoy the fruits of the inheritance which thus devolved upon him. Ano-

* Lord Clarendon assigns to him the honour of having, at this period, *alone* sustained the royal cause in the county of Devon. His patent of baronet, granted the day of , 1644, is said to have been lost during the confusion that followed, and the title was dropped by his two elder sons and grandson, who were successively entitled to assume it after him. It was not till after the accession of his third son, Sir Hugh Acland, (commonly styled the fifth baronet) that the grant was renewed with precedure according to the date of the first creation.

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ther curious document, in his own hand-writing, will explain the nature and extent of the losses which he incurred almost immediately on coming into possession of it. It is indorsed—

"A particular of my quartering, payments, and disbursements, for the parliament army, and towards the parliament, during the leaguer before Exeter, 1645, and since." And the following are its contents--

"Imprimis, 71 acres of hay £71.
Item, 34 acres of oats £68.
3 acres of beans £9.
Item, 12 fat cattle £60. Eighty fat sheep £40.
Six hogsheads of cyder £6. Ten hogs £20.
In barley and malt £20. In wheat straw £20
Item, Bought in provisions, when all this was spent £30.
Item, The houses of Columbjohn and Killerton, during this time, were rifled and spoiled, to the value of £35.
Item, Paid during this time to the garrison of Poltimore, for taxes, £12 14s.
Item, To the garrison of Stoke Cannon, £7.
Item, To Lieut. Bernard, for quartering, £4.
Item, Quartering and payments at other places during the time, £40.
Lost in horses by the parliament army, then and before, which were plundered away, £—
Item, Paid towards my composition at Goldsmith's Hall £863.
Item, Expended about the perception thereof, and since, being put to a great trouble by one *Evans** of Exeter, Brewer, £—
Item, All my household goods are detained from me, and seized by the said Evans, to the value of £—
Item, All my Estate hath been sequestered by the parliament since August 1646; insomuch, that I was debarred from granting of Estates, to raise money to pay my fine at Goldsmith's Hall, and other debts, to my damage, of (at least) £1500.
Item, My house is plundered by the Earl of Stamford's men, to the loss of (at least) £——"

Indorsed on this is the following—

"Disbursements towards the king's service.
I raised two regiments of foot at my own expense, which cost me, £—
Driven from my house into Cornwall, where I remained for the space of, £—
Lost in houses by the Lord Goring's men, and other his Majesty's soldiers, £—
Quartering of soldiers and extraordinary charges in Exeter during the siege, £—

* See and compare the preceding character of a sequestrator.

Disbursed and spent when I was High Sheriff, which was before my Estate fell into my hands, £——"

Upon what particular occasion this calculation was made, does not distinctly appear. It is among the private papers of the family already alluded to, and may have been compiled merely for private satisfaction; but it has more the appearance of having been intended to form the basis of a representation to be made to the existing government, by way of set-off (perhaps) against further exactions. At all events, it was at a period subsequent to the baronet's having been admitted to his first composition.

On the 9th of April, 1646, we have seen that the city of Exeter surrendered to the parliament forces, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, upon articles dated the day preceding, the substance of which is to be found in Rushworth, and other collections. Sir John Acland was included in the articles; and we are next presented with a letter from the general to the Speaker of the House of Commons, recommending him to the benefit of a composition. It is a mere formal paper, but will serve to shew the manner in which this business was ordinarily conducted.

"Sir, according to the articles agreed unto upon the surrender of Exeter, I do recommend unto your consideration Sir John Acland, of Columbjohn, in the county of Devon, knight, (a gentleman of quality in this county) for a *moderate composition* for his estate, and desire you will present this my request on his behalf to the honourable House of Commons, that he may partake of their favour therein accordingly. He seemed to be very sincere in continuing for the future obedient unto the parliament's commands. And, upon his address unto you, I hope he will give that further satisfaction, as to deserve your favour. Having no more to trouble you with, I rest your humble servant, Fairfax."

Exeter, April, 14th, 1646."

"To the Honourable Wm. Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons. *Vera Copia.*"

On the 22d of July, 1646, his fine was set by the committee of Goldsmith's Hall, in the alternation, at £1727,* for one-tenth, and at £4318, for one-third of the value of his returned property; and on the 4th of August, on payment of £863. 18s. (the moiety of the smaller sum) his sequestrator was suspended by an order, of which the following is a copy:

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* The following paper explains the principles of the computation.

Rents of assize, (in lots) per ann.	£154	2s. 8d.	At 6 years' value,	£924	16s.
Demesnes of inheritance, per ann.	320	0s. 0d.	At 2 years' value,	640	0s.
In lease for one and two lives, per ann.	53	12s. 0d.	At 1 year's value,	53	12s.
In expectance	110		At 1 year's value,	110	0s.
In high rent and day rent paid to me, not improveable, for which we desire abatement	14	11s. 0d.			
				£1728	8s.

"At the committee for compounding with delinquents, 4th Aug. 1646; Whereas, by an order of the honourable House of Commons, (23d Feb. 1645.) this committee are authorised, and enabled to suspend the sequestration of such delinquents as shall compound with the said committee, they having paid the moiety of the said fine, and given security for the other moiety; &c. these are to certify, &c. that John Akland, of Columbjohn, in the county of Devon, Esq. (it seems, they did not acknowledge the validity of his baronet's patent—) hath accordingly appeared at this committee, and submitted to the fine imposed on him, in manner as is by the said orders directed, and paid and secured the same. And hereof, all committees, sequestrators, &c. are to take notice, and upon sight hereof, to conform hereto, and forbear to proceed upon the sequestration, to the prejudice of the estate, real or personal, of the said John Acland, compounded for according to a particular delivered under his hand, a copy whereof is herewith sent you. *Unless there shall be any further estate discovered, not mentioned in the said particulars;* provided always, that the said John Acland do sue forth a pardon under the great seal within six weeks after his composition shall be allowed of by both houses of parliament.

"(To the committee of parliament, for the county of Devon; and all others whom it may concern.)"

While Sir John was in London, prosecuting the affairs of this composition, his lady, with the family, appears to have been left at Exeter; the family seat being in the hands of the sequestrator, and, probably, in too dismantled a state to be occupied as a residence.

Their condition, during this anxious period, may be collected from the following letter of the lady* (dated, the 25th July, 1646,) to the steward or agent employed in transacting the business.

"Charles Knight,—I expected every week that you would have sent for money to be returned up unto you; but hearing nothing from you to that purpose, Mr. Turpin would not suffer me to return any unto you until now. You shall now receive £600 from me, which is all you must expect from me, being all I have. You write, I must have patience, and expect better times. I was never in a sadder condition than now, seeing the many troubles your master is in, and feeling so many of my own. I have taken the best order I can concerning my goods, within doors and without; so that now I am master of nothing. Yet I have eight soldiers (horsemen) put upon me. I am fain to buy all the provision for them and their horses. Where I intended to send my boys to school the sickness is fallen in, so that now I know not how to dispose of them. It is very ill for them being

* This lady, who appears from her letters to have been a woman of great sense and understanding, was the daughter of Sir Francis Vincent (who married for his second wife Sir John Acland's mother) by a former marriage.

with me, by reason I am subject to all companies, and from all places; so that I fear myself and them daily; and, therefore, would have you get me some convenient place out of the town, where I might have a lodging for some short time; for I intend to come off with my children within this fortnight, and then to place them abroad for their learning, and then (if it be thought fit) myself to turn back again. Send this letter to your master; and, if he like of it, you may send a coach for me. If not, I must make the best shift I can here. Your master writ for Anthony Croft to come up, who says he will not move until he knows upon what terms, and under twelve pounds a year he will not serve. Turpin desires you to be well advised in the appraising of the goods; *for if you appraise them too low, the after-clap will be worse than the first.* Pray continue your care in the business, and I hope God will send a good end unto it; and so I bid you farewell, and remain your friend, ELIZABETH ACLAND.

"Fail not to excuse me to your master for not writing this week. I have so much business lies on my hands, that I know not how to bestow myself."

The letter which follows, written by the same unfortunate lady, is worthy of preservation, not only on account of the personage to whom it is addressed, but as throwing additional light on the circumstances of the case, and affording an explanation of the reason for the employment of an agent, instead of suing out his compositions in person. It is indorsed, "My lady's letter to Colonel Cromwell, 2nd August, 1646."

"SIR,—I received such ample testimony of your love when you were pleased to quarter at my house, as that I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness for the same. My husband (I hear) hath made his composition at Goldsmiths' Hall, which, indeed, is so high, as that he must be forced to sell his land for payment thereof; and yet, nevertheless, *I do much fear that when the same shall be reported to the House, his fine may be augmented*, in regard he is constant amongst the number of delinquents, and, in some degree, excepted on the propositions: but I hope the articles of Exeter, if observed, will clear him. He is not a little fearful to come within the precincts of London; being engaged for many public debts for the king, (which, if arrested, he must lye for it,) so that he is at present debarred from waiting on you, or any other of his friends. Therefore, Sir, I make bold to present you with this, my request, by my son, that when his business comes to be reported to the House by the committee, you will be pleased well to give your voice on his behalf, which will be a great addition to your former favours to me, and oblige me evermore ready to demonstrate myself your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH ACLAND."

"Columbjohn, 23rd July, 1646."

The fear of augmentation, expressed in the foregoing

letter, soon became verified; and the following petition, and order made upon it, explain the grounds of surplusage and the nature of the subsequent proceedings.

"*The copy of Sir John Acland's Petition to the Committee of Goldsmiths' Hall, March* 27, 1647.

"To the right honourable, &c., Sheweth,

"That your petitioner did compound with this committee, according to the articles of Exeter, and his fine by them set at £1727, whereof £863 10*s.* was paid, and the remainder secured to be paid in November.

"That on 3rd September, 1646, the fine was advanced to a greater sum, which your petitioner has sought to redress, claiming the benefit of the articles by a petition which is in the hands of a member of the House.

"This advance of fine begot his stay of the second payment, with which he humbly acquainted the committee before the day of the second payment, and offered payment if he might enjoy the benefit of the composition and articles.

"That, for want of this payment, petitioner's estate is now lately anew sequestered, and upon pretence of his particular, herein presented, was undervalued.

"That, on 3rd September, the surplusage was granted, by order of the House of Commons, to Richard Evans, to recompense his losses and damages he pretended to have received by petitioner.*

"That the said Evans, without ever calling petitioner to it, or any examination by this committee taken, prevailed on them to have an order from this committee to the commissioners in the county of Devon and city of Exeter, the contents whereof petitioner knows not, nor can obtain a copy.

"That the said Evans thereupon proceeded to make a survey of petitioner's lands, and a certificate from the committee of the county to this committee concerning them, and from the committee of the city, a certificate of goods formerly sold, bonâ fide, by petitioner to one Turpin.

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* Among the royalist composition papers, we have "A particular of the goods of Sir John Acland, Bart., which were attached at the suit of Mr. Richard Evans, the 3rd day of May, 1646, by Richard Trigger and William Cholwill, two of the sergeants at mace of the city of Exon." Also, "A perfect inventory of the lands and estates of Mr. John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., valued by Capt. Henry Newbery, sequestrator, and John Hawkins, Thomas Osborne (constables,) Edward Eveleigh, and Richard Musgrave, with the true value, that his demesnes and what his yearly rent, what he enjoyed at the time of his composition, were valued at per annum, before the troubles, 25th September, 1646." These are curious documents; but we cannot afford space for their transcription.

"That this committee hereupon authorised the committee of the county and city to deliver to Evans the surplus certified, and to be aiding and assisting to him therein. And all this, although directed by the House of Commons, the informations should be examined, yet was not your petitioner, nor any for him, called hereunto, either here or in the county; but is, by the said Evans, rifled in his whole estate, and his goods, compounded for, violently taken away; whereby his second payment hath been disabled, *petitioner ever since lying under* (as he doth at this present) *a sharp sickness.*

"The premises considered, petitioner humbly tenders his second payment, and thereupon prayeth the sequestration newly laid on may be suspended, as formerly it was by this committee. That Evans's informations, directed to be examined by the House of Commons, may so be with indifferency, and petitioner thereunto called, and not concluded by Evans's certificate, penned *ex parte*, only, and your petitioner's estate and family thereby ruined.

"And your petitioner, &c."

"*Order for Review, &c.*

"Goldsmiths' Hall. By the committee, 2nd May, 1647.

"Upon the petition of John Acland of (&c.) Esq., that further consideration may be had of the certificate of surplusage of his estate, omitted in the particular delivered in by him to the committee, which was granted, by order of the House of Commons, to Mr. Evans, of Exeter, it was ordered, that the business be referred to your care; and you are hereby authorised and required to call both parties before you, and to hear what can be said and objected on either side; and, upon due examination and full satisfaction given you in that business, that you make a speedy return thereof to the committee. And for your more certain proceedings therein, we have sent you copies of the particulars returned hither, of which Mr. Acland is to have copies, if he desire it: and in the interim, that all deeds, writings, and evidences, belonging to the said Mr. Acland or his estate, remaining in your custody, or under your power, may be preserved from defacing and prejudice, and kept in safety until he be enabled, by order from this committee, to recover them."

("To the Committee and Sequestrators for the City of Exeter.")

"At the Standing Committee of Devon, 15th June, 1647.

"It is ordered (&c.) that the several agents for sequestration who have sequestered the estate of John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., mentioned in his particular, and compounded for at Goldsmiths' Hall, shall pay unto Mrs. Elizabeth Acland, his wife, *the fifth part of all the clear yearly value* they shall receive out of the said estate, for the maintainance of her and her children, until further order." (Signed, &c.)

The following are papers without date or signature, but

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tending to afford still further explanation of the circumstances already referred to. We conceive, that their historical importance ought, by no means, to be estimated according to the subject to which they immediately relate. *Mutatis mutandis*, they will apply to the situation of half the property in the kingdom, exposed to the insolence and rapacity of the sequestrators, for whose acts it can hardly be said, however, that the government itself was fairly answerable.

" —— 1st.—That Sir John Acland was in Exeter at the time of the surrender thereof to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and had the benefit of the articles.

" 2nd.—That, by the articles, he was not to be molested or troubled for four months, and had liberty thereby to dispose of his goods, which accordingly he did, to Mr. Henry Turpin, for £500.

" 3rd.—That about the 30th of May, 1646, the serjeant of Exeter, with eight or ten musqueteers, came to the house of the said Sir John Acland, and attached his goods, as they said, for £100, at the suit of Mr. Evans, the said Evans standing at the street door in the mean time.

" 4th.—The said Evans afterwards demands £200 more upon the said goods.

" 5th.—In January following, the serjeant delivered up the keys of the goods into the court, (the said Evans undertaking to save him harmless,) which the said Evans took into his custody, and shortly after broke open the outer door of the house, where his goods were, and accordingly possessed himself of said goods,

" 6th.—In ——— term, afterwards, the said Sir John Acland put bail to his action to answer the case.

" Whether Sir John, being a freeman of the town, could have his goods attached without notice?"

The next paper is without date or signature.

" (Qu.) That the Lady Acland's jointure was settled on her since these troublesome times, and since Sir John, her husband, was declared a delinquent.

" Resp. That Sir J. A. was not able to settle a jointure on his wife until after the death of his mother, the Lady Vincent, in whom the sole power of the whole estate remained during her life, and she would, by no means, condescend to the levying of a fine to settle a jointure.

" 2nd Query.—That Sir John Acland settled a very large jointure on his wife, &c., the more in regard he was there upon composition at Goldsmiths' Hall, merely to defraud upon the state.

" Resp. 1.—That Sir J. hath settled no more on his lady in jointure than was first agreed on by Sir Francis Vincent, her ladyship's father, upon her intermarriage with Sir John.

" 2.—That he compounded, at two years' value, for all the demesnes and estates mentioned in her jointure.

"3.—Sir John was willing to grant the larger jointure, in regard he left many young children, which will be a burthen to her.

"That Sir John Acland hath levied a fine in confirmation of the jointure.

"If it be urged by Evans, or Mr. Rowe in his behalf, that my Lady Acland hath broken open the chapel door, and taken out some goods there,

"Resp.—When she came to Killerton, (her own house,) and wanting all necessaries of bedding, stools, &c. for the present to supply her want, she, having a great family both of children and servants, because they should not lie out of doors, upon straw, did, before sufficient witnesses, cause the door to be opened, and took out thence some small implements, which she is ready to answer. And this she did by reason of her then great necessity, and no committee then sitting to appeal for an order."

From these printed papers somewhat more may be inferred, than from the petition and order of the committee above cited, as to the grounds of the threatened surcharge; but we are not furnished with sufficient documents from which to infer either the validity or the futility of the excuses. The two following entries in the books of the committee prove, however, that they were taken into consideration and ultimately accepted; and with them we shall close the series of our documentary evidence.

"7th April, 1648.—According to order of this honourable house, of 28th March, 1648, whereby it was referred to examine the business touching Sir John Acland, (a delinquent,) and to state the whole matter of fact concerning him in relation to the articles of Exeter, we have accordingly examined the same, and do find, that the said Sir John Acland, being in arms against the parliament, was in Exeter at the surrender, (as by certificate from Sir Thomas Fairfax, &c); that he petitioned this committee to be admitted to compound on the 30th of April, 1646, (which was within the time limited by the said articles,) and did proceed to his composition accordingly; but in respect that the said Sir John Acland was, by name, excepted in the propositions sent to Uxbridge, to compound at one-third of his estate, this committee thought fit, upon their report to the House, to present his fine both ways, viz. at £1727, according to the articles, (being two years' value,) and at £4318, as at a third (according to the propositions). That the said Sir John Acland did pay into the treasury of this committee a moiety of the lesser fine, and gave security to pay such further sum as both Houses should order. That upon the report of the said fines to the House, the higher fine was voted to stand; and that, in default of payment of the remainder, according to his security, this committee did proceed to revoke their former order for suspension of the sequestration, and to sequester him anew until he should satisfy the same according to the vote of both Houses.

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Which is the true state of the matter, and hereby left to consideration."

"13th June, 1648. £1727 ordered to be accepted for the fine of Sir John Acland, a delinquent in arms against the parliament, he coming in upon the articles of Exeter at the surrender thereof."

Our loyal baronet, if still living at the date of the last mentioned order,* could have survived it but a few hours, since we find a resolution of the standing committee of Devon, dated the 22nd of August, and made in pursuance of another order of the *16th of June*, 1648, for the delivering, "unto the executors or administrators of John Acland, of Columbjohn, Esq., *deceased*," of all such writings of the said Mr. Acland as they had in their custody. And this is followed by the petition of the widow, that she might be permitted to enjoy her "small jointure."

To this may be added, that, in a letter from Nicholas Rowe, (a commissioner for the city of Exeter,) dated 7th April, 1648, inclosing "a list of such delinquents and papists, together with the value of such persons' estates as are now in sequestration," &c., in which list the name of Sir John Acland occurs as "a notorious delinquent," the writer states the following query:—"I beseech you, tell me your opinion in this, If a delinquent die under sequestration, and make no composition, is the sequestration absolutely to be discharged upon his death?" We do not find any answer to this question; but under date 30th May, 1650, his name is entered as "discharged" from the sequestration.

In the case of one Ralph Richards, we are presented with some curious particulars, both as to the part taken by Sir John Acland in the beginning of the disturbances, and the nature of the informations on which the charge of delinquency was ordinarily exhibited. We give the depositions in the order in which we find them. The first of these depositions (referring to those upon which the charge was originally founded) is in favour of the delinquent, and appears to have been taken on the occasion of some application being made to mitigate his fine.

"Depositions, 13th October, 1650. James Erisey, of Ware, (gentleman,)—That during the time the king's army was before Exon, deponent had frequent conferences with the said Richards, and found that he did respect the parliament, and lean to that side, more than the king. That he knows Thomas Halmore, who is reputed *a drunkard*

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* His death is stated in the Baronetage to have taken place the preceding year.

and *incontinent*;* and that what is presented by him against the said Richards is out of malice.

"John Levell, of Thorveston, yeoman,—That Richards was constable of Hayridge Hundred at the time of the siege, and well affectioned to the parliament, &c.; that Thomas Helmore was constable of Cadleigh, and believes his presentment is out of malice, in revenge for a former prosecution against Helmore as a collector, in which Richards had given evidence."

Then follows the deposition of Helmore referred to by the two former, and which is, in substance, that he (deponent) being a prisoner to the king's party at Columbjohn House, Richards brought in a warrant under the hands of the parliament commissioners, and then declared to Mr. Acland, that he had prosecuted too many of them already; and then voluntarily brought in unto the said Acland a horseman and arms, and said, he would freely give the same unto him for the service (Columbjohn being then a garrison for the king). Upon which, Acland said, "Then now I see there is some goodness in thee;" and, afterwards, Richards did send in provision to the garrison.

Also, the depositions of John Moggridge, of Cadleigh, yeoman,—That, he being sent by Mr. Nutcombe with a letter to Mr. Acland at Columbjohn, (then being a garrison,) the said Richards was then there present. At that time, Mr. Acland demanded what he (Richards) did there? To which Richards replied, that he had brought him a horse, and said, "I will freely give him to you for the service." Mr. Acland further demanded, why he had not brought a man and arms. Whereto Richards replied, that he had done so already. Mr. Acland then said, "I thought thee, Richards, hadst been a rebel; but now I see thou art an honest man." And that afterwards, when Colonel Wilding had sent forth warrants for bringing in provisions for the parliament army at Taunton, deponent, being then with Mr. Nutcombe, as constable of the hundred of Bampton, he (Wilding) sent deponent with a warrant to Richards, who, on delivery thereof, demanded, "How durst thou deliver such a warrant unto me?" To which deponent replied, he knew not what it was; and Richards said, if deponent brought any more such warrants, he would see him hanged, whatsoever did become of him.

"Information, (grounded on the above depositions,) May 29, 1650.—That Ralph Richards, of Thorveston, in the county of Devon, did, about five years since, send a man and arms to Sir John Acland to Columbjohn, at the time when the king's party kept a garrison there

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* This is a truly *Hudibrastic* reason for impeachment of veracity.

to serve in the King's army against the parliament, and by his threats, and through his means, caused divers to do the like. Also, at the same time, did find ammunition for the use of the said garrison."

We cannot take our leave of this baronet, without remarking the singularity that Prince, who, in his *Worthies of Devon*, devotes his first article to the praises of another Sir John Acland, (the great uncle of our loyalist, by whom the estates of Columbjohn and Killerton were first acquired to the family,) makes no mention of his descendant, although so great a sufferer in a cause which he constantly represents as entitling its advocates to the reward of martyrdom. For ourselves, we make no apology for a length of detail which, to some, may appear (perhaps) unimportant and frivolous, conceiving that a few pages of *The Retrospective Review* cannot be filled more properly than in illustrating, by the cause of an individual, the nature of proceedings which embraced, in their effects, so large a portion of the property of the kingdom; and it is probable that we may, at no distant period, recur to the subject.

ART. IV.—MISSALE ROMANUM, *ex decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini restitutum;* PII V. *Pont. Max. jussu Editum, &c.* 8vo. *Parisiis*, 1604.

Every body knows that, according to Sir Thomas Lethbridge's prediction, and the prophetic terrors of the old women of Wells and its vicinity, the Irish Catholics were to have come over in about the month of March last, to cut the throats of us English Protestants; every body knows, that they had some good reason for not coming at that time, and that their blood-thirsty design is only put off, not abandoned. A Catholic's taste for roasted heretics is too decided, to allow us the least shadow of rational hope:—

> "Fee, fy, fo, fum!
> They smell the blood of the Englishmen;
> Be they alive, or be they dead,
> They will crush our bones, and eat them for bread."

A good friend of ours, in ———shire, whose stake in the Protestant establishment is not more than a thousand a year, has assured us of his positive knowledge, that not only is a design on foot to instal the very reverend the Vicar Apostolic in the Protes-

tant primate's throne, but that his own living has been conferred on the reverend Patrick O'Shaugnesey, P. P., and that Lord Arundel's retired shoe-black is nominated for parish-clerk. It is undeniable, that transactions of this kind took place in the damnable reign of the bloody papist, Mary. No scepticism can reject this fact; and as such things have been, why may they not be again?

Before the enacting of this tragedy, which will put an end, at once, to our religion and our Review, we propose to take advantage of the interim, by shewing-up some of the leading idolatries of the Romish church. We intend to die like martyrs: we wish it to be said hereafter that we also wrote, and were roasted; and when the lion-shewer of Smithfield shall point out, in after times, the spots where the faggots of the nineteenth century were piled, we wish him to enumerate ours amongst the most illustrious; and when he has told some gaping rustic that "there was the Archbishop's, there the Lord Chancellor's stake," he may add, "and there was the faggot of a Retrospective Reviewer!" Before we are spitted, as we assuredly shall be, we shall endeavour to do all in our power to deserve so glorious a fate; and how can we begin better than by printing the result of a few inquiries into *the Sacrifice of the* MASS?

Now, let it be remarked, that we have nothing to do with the doctrine. The differences between the reformed and the unreformed churches are, by no means, so plainly marked as to render this safe ground. Mr. Wix, who has been labouring these twenty years, to amalgamate the two sects, finds no great difficulty in the doctrinal part of the operation. He thinks there is more in the diversity of form than substance; and he is probably right in believing, that a creed is an easier thing to change than a hierarchy. Opinions do little more than identify the persons who possess that substance of orthodoxy, *the incorporeal hereditament*, as the lawyers have cunningly called the *corporeal* part of the church establishment. So, at least, Mr. Wix seems to think, and we shall not quarrel with such authority.

We shall, therefore, leave opinions to shift for themselves, and attach ourselves to the consideration of the exterior form in which those opinions have been clothed in the Catholic ritual. This is more a matter of romance than of theology. Not but that it suggests reflections of deep importance to the philosopher,—and in that view the reader may consider it, if he prefer instruction to amusement; but it is, also, a fit subject for poetical imaginations, to observe with what nice attention to stage effect "the pomp and circumstance" of the greatest

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of the seven sacraments has been *got up* by the managers of the Vatican.

In the Catholic church, the ceremonial has completely excluded the contemplative and moralizing—we are careful not to say moral—forms, into which religion naturally runs under a simpler exterior. It has none of the metaphysical disquisition, and but little of the sentimental piety, which are the respective resources of the men and the women where there is nothing for the eye to rest on but the four walls of a rectangular meeting-house, and a coloured deal reading-desk. With the exception of the worship of the Virgin, and the prayers for the dead,—two beautiful episodes of the Romish mythology,—there is little but outward shew and glitter. The effect is mainly produced by sensual objects. It has been the policy of the Catholic church to render the theatrical part of worship as attractive and absorbing as possible. This is the natural policy of all churches pretending to universal empire. Their object is to deaden the intellectual faculties, to repress the spirit of inquiry, to stifle any feeling that might lead to the least diminution of the clerical despotism. They have no need of the speculation and enthusiasm which are essential to the existence of smaller sects. The feelings, the passions, the affections of the human heart, over which the sectarian pastors exercise an influence at once so easy and so powerful, are avoided as dangerous, or rejected as useless, instruments, by the directors of these iron superstitions. The dogmatic part of their theology is remarkable for its dry formality; the poetical, for its cold and barren exaggerations. Every thing like beauty and fervour of expression, or elegance of fancy; every thing pathetic, every thing affectionate, every thing which stirs the imagination, or warms the heart; is rigidly excluded. In this respect, the Catholic ritual is strikingly different from the splendid, the beautiful, the poetical superstition of antiquity. Both were equally religions for the eye and the ear; both equally delighted in pictures, music, and odours: but the one was furnished with statues from the hand of Praxiteles, with poetry from the lips of Pindar; her priestesses were taught to move with the most captivating grace, to sing with the sweetest cadence; the whole pageant was at once an object of reverence and wonder to the illiterate, and of elegant amusement to the refined. But the religion of Greece and Rome, in the state in which we view it, was the work of a polished age and a cultivated priesthood, grafted on the barbaric stock of their ancestral superstition. The Romish edition of Christianity was a coarse dish served up by Vandal hands to Vandal appetites. Equally adapted to the taste of those for whose subjec-

tion it was framed, it was neither in the power nor was it the interest of its framers to invest it with the elegance and beauty of paganism. In politics, the diadem of the Cæsars had given place to the iron crown; and a similar change occurred in the religion of Italy. At no period, and amongst no people, did clerical despotism extend a more undisguised dominion than was exercised throughout Europe by the Romish church, about the age of Gregory the Seventh. Rulers, and priests, and people, were sunk into an equal stupidity. The church was in the zenith of its power; the human mind in the depth of abasement. What kind of liturgy, what species of ceremonial, would be generated by such a priesthood for such a people, it is easy to divine. We believe, that the Romish Missal lays claim to a date not later than the time we mention. Some parts are, undoubtedly, of greater, others of less, antiquity; but the whole work bears the impress of the most barbarous of the feudal ages.

The points of difference and comparison between the pagan and Romish mythologies, which we have just described, have been happily seized and depicted with more than his usual force by an author of the last century, whose reputation was once as much above as it is now below his real merits; —we mean Lord Shaftesbury. We shall quote two passages, in which the comparison we speak of is thus delineated.

"The common heathen religion, especially in its latter age, when adorned with the most beautiful temples, and rendered more illustrious by the munificence of the Roman senate and succeeding emperors, ran wholly into pomp, and was supported chiefly by that sort of enthusiasm, which is raised from the external objects of grandeur, majesty, and what we call *august*. On the other side, the Egyptian or Syrian (read, papal) religions, which lay more in mystery and concealed rites, having less dependence on the magistrate, and less of that decorum of art, politeness, and magnificence, ran into a more pusillanimous, frivolous, and mean kind of superstition; 'The observation of days, the forbearance of meats, and the contention about traditions, seniority of laws, and priority of godships, (read, saintships).'

> ——————— Summus utrinque
> Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
> Odit uterque locus; quum solos credat habendos
> Esse deos, quos ipse colit."

The second passage is still more in point, and does credit to the author's penetration, of which, indeed, he seldom exhibited any lack, when his affected style and disorderly way of writing permitted him to think of the sense as well as the manner of his composition.

"I shall conclude with observing how ably the Roman-Christian, and once Catholic, church, by the assistance of their converted emperors, proceeded in the establishment of their growing hierarchy. They considered wisely the various superstitions and enthusiasms of mankind, and proved the different kinds and force of each. All these seeming contrarieties of human passion they knew how to comprehend in their political model and subservient system of divinity. They knew how to make advantage, both from the high speculations of philosophy, and the grossest ideas of vulgar ignorance. *They saw there was nothing more different than that enthusiasm which ran upon* SPIRITUALS, *according to the simpler views of the divine existence, and that which ran upon* EXTERNAL PROPORTIONS, *magnificence of structures, ceremonies, processions, quires, and those other harmonies which captivate the eye and ear.* On this account, they even added to this latter kind, and displayed religion in a yet more gorgeous habit of temples, statues, paintings, vestments, copes, mitres, purple, and the cathedral pomp. With these arms, they could pursue the victorious Goths, and secure themselves an Attila, when their Cæsars failed them."

Nothing can be juster than the distinction here taken between the faith of the spirit and the devotion of the eye and the ear. We have before observed, that this is the distinguishing characteristic of the Catholic mode of worship, and that of the other sects of Christendom,—for, with regard to numbers, the rest may be fairly called sects. We shall have occasion to observe this prominent feature of the papal faith throughout the remainder of this article.

The literary mediocrity of the Romish ritual would be quite sufficiently accounted for upon the hypothesis we have already stated; namely, the indifference to literary excellence, resulting from the barbarousness of the age in which it was composed. But there was something more than indifference; something more than the absence of a motive to write well, from the want of a public competent to appreciate and reward merit of that kind; there was an absolute hostility to classical refinement of style and grace of composition, which began to be regarded, in the decline of the ancient religion, as rags of their idolatrous worship. To be sure, it seems somewhat squeamish in a priesthood who had borrowed so much of the pagan ceremonial, to reject the heathen style of writing on such a ground; although the fact is not incapable of solution. It is one thing to steal a ceremony from the pagan church, and another to imitate the genius of the pagan writers. Be this, however, as it may, nothing is more fully established than the fact. Sparks of the spirit of Omar have not unfrequently appeared in the councils of a Christian priesthood. So early as the sixth century, Gregory, the most illustrious of the

Roman pontiffs, waged open war with the arts and letters of antiquity. In one of his letters to a bishop of the Gallican church, he expresses himself in the following unmeasured terms:—

"Pervenit ad nos, quod sine verecundiâ memorare non possumus, fraternitatem tuam *grammaticam* quibusdam exponere. Quam rem ità molestè suscepimus, ac sumus vehementiùs aspernati, ut ea quæ prius dicta fuerunt, in gemitum et tristitiam verteremus, quia in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt..... Unde si post hoc evidenter ea, quæ ad nos perlata sunt, falsa esse clarueriut, nec vos *nugis et secularibus literis* studere contigerit, Deo nostro gratias agimus, qui cor vestrum maculari blasphemis nefandorum laudibus non permisit." (*Gregorii Op.*, Epist. 48, lib. 9, Paris, 1533.)

"We are informed of what we cannot mention without shame, that your fraternity have instructed certain persons in *grammar*. Which we have taken grievously to heart; because the praises of Jupiter and of Christ are inconsistent in the same mouth.... Whence, if this turn out to be a false report, and it should prove that you have not applied yourselves to *these trifles and secular letters*, we shall thank God that he has not permitted your hearts to be defiled by these blasphemies." (We have given only the sense of the passage.)

In the dedication, or first preface to his morals, after some feeble declamation against the study and art of speech, he proceeds in the following strain; betraying, as has been well remarked, his inveterate hatred to ancient learning, as well as the natural effect of this zealot passion, in his own barbarity of style:—

"Unde et ipsam artem loquendi, quam magisteria disciplinæ exterioris insinuant, servare despexi. Nam sicut hujus quoque epistolæ tenor enunciat, non metacismi collisionem fugio: non barbarismi confusionem devito, situs motusque præpositionum casusque servare contemno: quia indignum vehementer existimo, ut verba cœlestis oraculi restringam sub regulis Donati."

"Hence I contemn the art of writing; for, as this very letter shews, (it does, indeed!) I am indifferent both to correctness of style and grammar, since I hold it derogatory to Holy Writ, that its language should be submitted to the rules of criticism."

A liturgy composed under such auspices is not likely to be distinguished by elegance of style; it may be supposed to accord, in most particulars, with the account we have given of the liturgy of the Romish church.

It may seem somewhat singular, that *The Book of Common Prayer*, which is chiefly compiled from the Romish liturgy, should be marked by characters so different from those we have

described, as appertaining to the Catholic ritual. There is something, no doubt, in the modifications introduced by the translators in the tone and expression, but infinitely more in the style. It is extremely difficult to arrive at an unbiassed judgment on the merits of a composition with which we have been familiar from our infancy; which we lisped in the arms of the nurse; and which we have been taught, in our progress to manhood, to regard with partial veneration; more especially when there is so much beauty and pathos, so much brevity and vigour, so much, in short, of the best characteristics of elegance, as are to be found in our Book of Prayer. Be this, however, as it may, the difference in style alone,—the one being in the purest English, the other in the most corrupted Latin,—is amply sufficient to account for the apparent inconsistency in our account of the Catholic liturgy. We shall come, bye-and-bye, to parts of the latter which correspond with passages in the former, and which will exhibit the contrast we speak of in so obvious a form, as to spare the necessity of further disquisition on the subject.

It is well known, that the Sacrifice of the Mass is the great leading mystery of the Romish church; a mystery, of whose importance, dignity, and divinity, it exceeds the strength of the human mind to attain the most distant conception —'*profunda sunt quippe nimis, et sacro tecta velamine*'—it is too deep for mental penetration, and hidden by a sacred veil from the eye of flesh and blood. The terror, the reverence, the apprehension, with which so mysterious a sacrifice is calculated to affect the imagination of the votary, is not even adequately described by Saint Ambrose.—"Quantâ cordis contritione, et lacrymarum fonte, quantâ reverentiâ et tremore, quantâ corporis castitate et animæ puritate istud divinum et celeste sacrificium est celebrandum, ubi caro Christi in veritate sumitur: ubi sanguis Christi in veritate bibitur: ubi summis ima conjunguntur: ubi adest præsentia sanctorum angelorum: ubi Christus est sacerdos et sacrificium, mirabiliter et ineffabiliter constitutus!"——"With what contrition of the heart and store of weeping, with what reverence and trembling, with how great purity of body and mind is so divine and heavenly a sacrifice to be consummated, in which the very body of Christ is eaten, and the very blood of Christ is drunk; in which, what is mortal is conjoined with what is immortal; in which the holy angels are witnesses; in which Christ, by an ineffable and stupendous miracle, is, at once, the priest and sacrifice!"

In the compilation of this portion of the ritual, the Romish clergy may, therefore, be supposed to have expended their whole stock of ingenuity. And such is, in fact, the case.

If we had intended, like Eustace, to describe the ceremonial of the mass, although we never witnessed its celebration at St. Peter's, we should, probably, draw a similar picture, as far, at least, as the difference of descriptive power would have permitted, to that with which he has presented us. This, however, is not our object. We want to look a little behind the scenes, and to scrutinize the effect this show is meant to exercise on the mind as well as on the eye. Our critique will be less imposing, but, probably, not less instructive.

On the literary pretensions of the Missal we have already made some remarks. We have described the latinity as the most barbarous of the middle ages, and the style as a tissue of barren exaggerations, of which the imaginative part consists in expressing ordinary ideas in adjectives of the superlative degree, and in attempting to make up in big words what was wanting in copiousness of thought and felicity of diction. When we add, that the dogma is happily suited to the style; that it is equally distinguished by a straining after sublimity by means of out-of-the-way ideas and images; we have finished the description. For an example, taken at random, the reader is presented with the "Rythmus Sti. Thomæ ad sacram Eucharistiam;" or, "St. Thomas's rhymes for the Lord's Supper."

"Adoro te devotè, latens Deitas,
Quæ sub his figuris verè latitas.
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit;
Visus, gustus, tactus in te fallitur,
Sed additu solo tutè creditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nihil veritatis hoc verbo verius.
In cruce latebat sola deitas,
Sed hic latet simul et humanitas.
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.
Plagas sicut Thomas non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor.
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.
O memoriale mortis domini!
Panis verus, vitam præstans homini:
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.
Pie Pelicane Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine:

Cujus una stilla salvum facere,
Totum mundum posset omni scelere.
Jesum quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Quando fiet istud, quod tam sitio;
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ?"

It is difficult to name any of the minor tricks of writing which St. Thomas has not pressed into his service in this delectable composition. Jingling alliterations, triple rhymes, childish antitheses, but more childish mysticism;—such are the staple commodities of this rhyming dialectician. St. Thomas was as good a logician (for we take this to be the *Angelic Doctor*) as the Calvinistic disputant, Watts. Both were indifferent rhymesters; but, strange as it may seem, the Catholic was much the worse of the two.

We have Johnson's authority for excluding religious topics from the domain of poetry. His reasons need not be repeated; but there is one remark of his which applies peculiarly to this hymn. It occurs, we believe, in his *Life of Waller*.—"Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved." We do not question this position; but it is, surely, within the competence of poetry to preserve, if it cannot augment, the natural dignity of such topics. Because they cannot be made more sublime, it does not follow that they should be rendered mean.

The following loose paraphrase will convey but an imperfect notion of the original. It would be difficult, in any translation, to do it the justice it deserves. St. Thomas was a worthy subject for the pen of Sternhold and Hopkins, however unjust they may have been to the merits of David.

"Devoutly I adore Thee, latent God,
Verily present in these elements
Of outward bread and wine! for so my heart,
Unable to conceive Thee, trusts, through faith,
Implicitly, whate'er the fallible sense
Of sight, and touch, and odour would persuade,
Not doubting whatsoe'er the Son of God
Hath spoken. On the cross, though only God
Were present, here both God and man; which I
Believe, however sensual proofs oppugn,
And trusting, like the penitent thief, in Thee!
Ah, make me still confess Thee more and more;

Assent, believe, not question, but adore!
Thou sweet memorial of a Saviour's death,
True bread, that nourishest eternal life,
May my soul feed on thee, and taste thee sweetly!
Lord Jesu! pious pelican! unlock
The fountain of thy bosom o'er my soul,
From which one drop would purge a guilty world!
Jesus, whom now I gaze on, though unseen,
When shall I drink, who am so much athirst?
When shall I see thee face to face revealed,
Beatified in thy beatitude!"

This, however, is somewhat too solemn, as well as too free a paraphrase. Let us try it in plain prose.

"I adore thee devoutly, Oh latent Deity, who art truly concealed beneath these figures! My whole heart submits itself to Thee, because it is wholly incapable of contemplating Thee. Sight, taste, touch are deceived in Thee; but we safely draw near Thee and believe. I believe whatsoever the Son of God hath said; no truth is truer than that word.* The Deity alone was concealed on the cross; but here his humanity is concealed also. Believing and confessing both, I pray for what was asked by the repentant thief. I do not, like Thomas, see thy wounds, but, nevertheless, I confess Thee to be my God. Make me ever believe more in Thee, hope in Thee, love Thee. Oh, memorial of the Lord's death! true bread, giving life to man, let my mind always live on Thee, and taste thee always sweetly. Pious pelican, Lord Jesu, cleanse me unclean with thy blood, of which one drop could save the whole world from all wickedness. Jesus, whom I now behold veiled, when will that happen which I so much thirst for; that, seeing thy face unveiled, I may be blessed in the sight of thy glory? Amen."

Such was the taste of a despotic church and barbarous age! And such were the strains in which the most illustrious of the Catholic sophisters celebrated the doctrine of the TRANSUBSTANTIATION! "'Tis a pity," some puritan has said, "that the Devil should have all the good tunes:"—he might have added, for aught the Catholic church can shew, "and all the good poetry."

It is both amusing and instructive, if, indeed, we should not rather say both ludicrous and horrible, to observe that the doctrinal point of St. Thomas Aquinas's ballad was sometimes made the burden of a more melancholy song, and served up at a less innocent spectacle than a high mass. To have criticised these doggrel rhymes in the reign of Henry VIII., with half the freedom we have ventured on at present, would have subjected us to greater inconveniences than we should have had either zeal or faith enough to have incurred. We subjoin a specimen of the mode in which a *reviewal* of such performances

was answered in the days of the bluff tyrant, Hal. The account is contained in a letter of the time-serving prelate, Cranmer, lately published by Mr. Ellis, in his *Original Letters*, &c., and which the more curious reader may find at length in the second volume of that work, in all the glory of the *old original* spelling. Having given an account of the atrocious divorce of Queen Katharine, the pliant Archbishop goes on to say, that,

"Other news have we none notable, but that one Fryth, which was in the Tower in prison, was appointed by the king's grace to be examined before me, my Lord of London, my Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Suffolk, my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord of Wiltshire, whose opinions were so notably erroneous, that we could not dispatch him, but were fain to leave him to the determination of his Ordinary, (diocesan) which is the Bishop of London. His said opinion is of such nature, that he thought it not necessary to be believed as an article of our faith, that there is the very corporal presence of Christ within the host and sacrament of the altar, and holdeth of this point most after the opinion of Œcolampadius. And, surely, I myself sent for him three or four times to persuade him to leave that his imagination; but for all that we could do therein, he would not apply to any counsel, notwithstanding now he is at a final end with all examinations; for my Lord of London hath given sentence, and delivered him to the secular power, *where he looketh every day to go unto the fire.*"

It has somewhere been said by Cicero—we believe in the *De Natura Deorum*—that mankind had run through every species of superstitious madness, except eating the deity they worshipped.* It did not occur to him, that even this might be exceeded by burning those who eschewed the repast, or partook of it "after the opinion of Œcolampadius."

How much wiser the reasoning of the Procureur of that "Abbaye de Chanoines réguliers," whose fame is recorded in the *Glutton's Almanack*, concerning the same point of doctrine:—"Il y a trop de vin dans ce monde pour dire la messe; il n'y en a point assez pour faire tourner les moulins; donc il faut le boire!"

The first passage we shall notice, in what is called the Ordinarium Missæ—the Common Service of the Mass—or, as it is entitled in our Common Prayer, the Communion Service, is the General Confession. It is well known, that the greater part of the Common Prayer is extracted, with more or less alteration, from the Breviary and Missal of the Catholic church. In the following Confession, the change has been so great, as to leave little in the translation of our church, but the general

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* *Ecquem tam amentem esse putas, qui illud, quo vescatur, Deum credat esse?*

idea of the original. Perhaps the greater dignity of the Reformed Confession is no less owing to the difference of doctrine than of style. Both are, undoubtedly, to be considered. The Catholic Confession is little more than a catalogue of saints; whilst the Protestant is a pathetic enumeration of omitted duties, negligences, and offences, which relate to the daily interests of mankind, and are most affecting to the human heart. As to the language, the Latin is rude and barbarous; whilst the English, in spite of "the gouty joints and darning-work of *whereuntos, wherebys, thereofs, therewiths,* and the rest," is the pure style of a vigorous and wholesome period of English writing. The theatrical character which pervades the worship of the Romish church, is to be remarked in the prettiness of striking the breast at each self-accusation, in the words 'mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.'

"Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, Sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus Sanctis et vobis, fratres" (or by the people, "tibi, pater): quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere." (*percutit sibi pectus, dicens*) "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideò precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, Sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et vos fratres, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum."

"I confess to almighty God, to the blessed Virgin Mary, to the blessed Archangel Michael, to the blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all saints, and to you, brethren" (or, by the people, "to you, Father:) that I have sinned too much in thought, word and deed:" (*he strikes his breast, three times, as he repeats*) "my fault, my fault, my great fault. Therefore, I beseech the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all saints, and you, brethren, to pray for me to the Lord our God."

"Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine Majesty, provoking most justly thy wrath and indignation against us. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us; the burden of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; for thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive all that is past, and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, to the honour and glory of thy name."

If compared with the General Confession in the common service, this contrast is still more striking. Of the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' from which the English is a pure translation, we shall simply observe the difference of the readings in the first sentence.

XUM

We have it, " Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace, good will towards men." How much more convenient, and how muc hmore accordant to practice, is the Latin version, " in terrâ, pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis"—" in earth, peace to men of good will !"

Of the Nicene Creed, which follows, something may be usefully said both to the Latin and English, the Catholic and Protestant, reader, in the way of verbal explanation.

Faith, says the Apostle, *comes by hearing ;* but unless hearing convey ideas, we should hear in vain. We are fully persuaded, that by nine-tenths of the hearers of the Nicene Creed, not a glimpse of its real meaning is perceived. The words as they stand are unintelligible ; they require the key of interpretation.

" Credo in unum Dominum, filium Dei unigenitum ;—the only-begotten Son." But why, only-begotten ?

We are told, in the *Appendix ad Leviathan*, that before the publication of this creed, there were certain heretics who taught that Christ was not the begotten, but adoptive Son of God : others held him to be the Son, but after a different sense from that received by the church. This, therefore, together with the words " Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine, verum Deum de vero Deo,—God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God ;" that is to say, God begotten of God, is a declaration against that obsolete heresy. For a similar purpose were inserted the words " Genitum, non factum—begotten, not made."

The phrase " Light of Light" is more obscure. Luther found a type of *Consubstantiation*, in red-hot iron ; as it contained both light and heat, (or fire and metal, we forget which,) so the sacrament comprised both the body of Christ, and the element of bread ; in the language of the schools, *paneity* and *deity*. This analogy, however ingenious, wants the merit of novelty. The primitive fathers had adopted a similar mode of illustrating the doctrine of the Trinity. They found their similitude in the triple essence of fire, heat, and light : the fire they assigned to the Father, the light to the Son, and the heat to the Holy Ghost. It unfortunately happens, that these are not three Hypostases, being merely accidents of matter ; but the grossness of the age was satisfied with this fantastic simile. Christ, therefore, being the Light, to ensure the doctrine they had just propounded, of his being God begotten of God, they added by way of illustration, that he was also Light of Light ; not as attributing a new essence, but only " pro adjutorio fidei," for the confirmation of faith ; and to prevent the possibility of error, this was further clenched by the expression " Very God of very God."

The remaining obscurity of this creed is contained in the

expression, "one baptism for the remission of sins." St. Cyprian, about seventy years before the council of Nice, held a provincial council in Africa, in which it was deemed that heretics should be re-baptized before reception into the bosom of the church. The Nicene divines intended to reprobate this dogma, by the words "One baptism."

Having cleared up these obscurities, we may observe, that in this creed we meet with the fatally celebrated phrase of "consubstantial with the Father." The contests which arose between those who maintained the Saviour to be "of the *same* substance," and those who held him to be "of the *like* substance with the Father," entailed an endless succession "of bickerings, banishments, and homicides," on the ancient church.

Beyond this, there is little to remark on the Nicene Creed. The original Greek partakes of the coarseness of the times, and the Latin more so. This symbol has been retained long since the occasion has passed away, to which its composition was owing; but this is little to be regretted in one respect, since it has been made the subject of some of the most splendid compositions of which the music of the church can boast.

The Preface, or the prayers introductory to the consecration of the sacrament, are sublime in both languages: but here, in spite of the Latinity, it is impossible to deny that the original is rather weakened than elevated by the translation. It is one of the finest parts of either Catholic or Protestant devotion. The commencement is singularly beautiful; if that term may be applied to words so solemn and majestic.

V. Sursum Corda.
R. Habemus ad Dominum.
V. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.
R. Dignum et justum est.

Vere dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere, Domine Sancte Pater Omnipotens, æterne Deus: Per Christum Dominum nostrum, per quem majestatem tuam laudant Angeli, adorant Dominationes, tremunt Potestates, Cœli Cœlorumque Virtutes ac beata Seraphim sociâ exultatione concelebrant: Cum quibus et nostras voces, ut admitti jubeas deprecamur, supplici confessione dicentes, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriâ tuâ. Osanna in excelsis: Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini: Osanna in excelsis.

P. Lift up your hearts.
A. We lift them up unto the Lord.
P. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.
A. It is meet and right so to do.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God: *Through Christ, our Lord, through whom the Angels praise thy majesty, the Dominations adore thee, the Powers tremble, the Heavens and the Virtues of the Heavens, and the blessed Seraphim celebrate thee with one exultation: amongst whom we intreat that our voices may be admitted, humbly confessing thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Hosanna in the highest: Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.*

XUM

Et ideò cum Angelis et Archangelis, cum Thronis et Dominationibus, cumque omni militiâ cœlestis exercitus hymnum gloriæ tuæ canimus, sine fine dicentes, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni sunt cœli et terrâ gloriâ tuâ. Osanna in excelsis: Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini: Osanna in excelsis.

Therefore, with Angels and Archangels, *with Thrones and Dominations*, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, continually praising thee and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of thy glory; glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

We decline the task of criticising these productions: we merely observe, that whatever may be gained in doctrine, by omitting the pageant of the celestial hierarchy—"the Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers"—something, it will easily be admitted, is lost in poetry.

Instead of pursuing the regular service of the mass, we shall now turn aside to some of the least unpoetical portions, which we find scattered throughout the services set aside for particular days. One of the most celebrated is the hymn for the great feast of *Corpus Christi*, a composition of St Thomas Aquinas. We select the following stanzas.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et canticis;
Quantum potes, tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

With joyous hymns, Oh, Sion, sing
Thy Saviour, shepherd, guide and king:
To themes, like this to-day, belong
The chiefest praise of sacred song,
Too weak, though all its skill be spent
On this stupendous argument!

* * * * * * * * * *

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem:
Quod non capis, quod non vides
Animosa firmat fides
Præter verum ordinem.

The bread is changed to flesh, the wine
To blood; so speaks the word divine.
Though reason hesitate, and sense
Repugn the holy evidence;
Nature denies the word in vain,
Faith, to the humble, makes all plain.

* * * * * * * * * *

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur:
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantùm isti, tantùm ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Who eats or drinks the sacred food,
Receives his Saviour's flesh and blood;
Though thousands crowd the heavenly board,
Each, for himself, receives the Lord;
For Christ, though multiplied, is still
Himself and indivisible!

* * * * * * * * * *

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostrî miserere,
Tu, nos parce, nos tuere
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terrâ viventium.

Jesu! good shepherd, living bread,
Pity, protect us, watch and lead;
And stretch forth thy forgiving hand,
To guide us to thy promised land.

Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales,
Qui nos pascis hîc mortales.
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

Thou, by whose grace all good is sent,
Omniscient and Omnipotent!
When life and all its pangs are past,
Oh, let us join thy saints at last;
To us, their fellow-guests, be given
A joint inheritance in heaven!

Our translation is a loose one; we have no time to be more literal; but of this the reader may be assured, that it is difficult for any version not to excel the original.

The first stanzas of the hymn to the Holy Ghost, appropriated to the feast of Pentecost, contain a touch of poetry, and a few lines of something resembling pathos, which are far more worthy to be cited.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus, Et emitte cœlitus Lucis tuæ radium. Veni, pater pauperum, Veni, dator munerum, Veni, lumen cordium.	Come, Holy Ghost! One ray of love From that perennial fount above, Shoot down into my breast; Come, father of the fatherless, Whom none, but thou, console or bless, Hearts' hope, hearts' light, hearts' rest.
Consolator optime, Dulcis hospes animæ, Dulce refrigerium; In labore requies, In æstu temperies, In fletu solatium!	Thou art our souls' most loving guest, Of all her comforters the best, Her stay and solace here; Rest to the weary and the poor, Who suffer long and travail sore, With none but thee to cheer!

* * * * * * * * *

For our last example, we shall select the Service of the Dead. There is no feeling of the human heart which so naturally inclines it to religion, as the hopeless regret for the departed; and the wisdom of our reformers may be questioned, if not their orthodoxy, in rejecting the most affecting, the most pathetic, the most poetical, and, what is more, the most pious and devout service which human lips can utter to the Deity. The pure and unmixed love of God will never be so fervent, as that reliance on his Providence, which is mingled with human feelings. This is the true secret of the fervent piety of Fenelon, and the mystics of his and all religions. Filled with ardent benevolence to mankind; or, as is a more common case, with passionate regret for departed friends, or equally passionate regard for living ones; they mingle this feeling in their prayers, and call it all love of God. The observation is any thing but new; we believe it to be unquestionably accurate. Even in the barbarous jargon of the Catholic service, it is difficult, it is impossible, to hear without emotion this pious prayer, and much more to utter it:—

"Suscipe sacrificium, Domine, quod tibi pro animâ matris meæ offero; eique gaudium sempiternum in regione vivorum concede; *meque cum illâ*, felicitati sanctorum conjunge."

"Accept, O Lord, this sacrifice which I offer for the soul of my mother; grant that she may partake of everlasting joy in the Land of the living, and that I may rejoin her in the happiness of thy saints!"

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What would this have been in the beautiful style of the Common Prayer?

According to its usual system, the Catholic church has intermingled ideas of horror and alarm with this consoling service. It delights in representations of future torments; and this is not peculiar to that church. When religion is turned into a state-engine, its *object* is terror. To comfort the miserable, to animate the desponding, to console in the misfortunes of life, by holding out hopes of the future; none of these are the designs of state-theology. To alarm, to agitate, and thereby domineer; to govern this world by means of the next; has always been its favourite end. For this purpose, nothing could be better adapted than the celebrated dirge "in commemoration of all the faithful departed," well known to all who have attended to this species of literature, and peculiarly familiar to the musician, as the ground-work of Mozart's *Requiem*.

We are fortunate, in being able to borrow a much better version than any we could have executed ourselves. It is Roscommon's; and has only the defect, almost inseparable from translations out of this liturgy, of giving an incorrect idea of the original, by excelling it.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole earth in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus!

What horror shall invade the mind,
When the strict judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations underground.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the judge with conscious eyes.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.

The judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Dum vix justus sit securus?

O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas *gratis*,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Quærens me sedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucem passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus!	Thou, who for me didst feel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not those agonies be vain.
Justæ judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.	Thou, whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt, (too great to pay,) Before the sad accounting-day.
Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpâ rubet vultus meus: Supplicanti parce Deus.	Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose load my soul with anguish bears, I sigh, I weep; accept my tears.
Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti:	Thou, who wert moved by Mary's grief, And, by absolving of the thief, Hast given me hope, now give relief:
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ, Sed tu bonus fac benignè, Ne perenni *cremer igne.*	Reject not my unworthy prayer, Preserve me from that dangerous snare, Which death and gaping hell prepare.
Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.	Give my exalted soul a place Among thy chosen right-hand race; The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
Confutatis maledictis, *Flammis acribus addictis,* Voca me cum benedictis.	From that insatiable abyss, Where flames devour, and serpents hiss, Promote me to thy seat of bliss.
Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis; Gere curam mei finis.	Prostrate my contrite heart I rend, My God, my Father, and my Friend, Do not forsake me in my end.
Lacrymosa dies illa, Quâ resurget ex favillâ Judicandus homo reus: Huic ergo parce, Deus! Pie Jesu Domine, Dona eis requiem.	Well may they curse their second breath, Who rise to a reviving death; Thou great Creator of mankind, Let guilty man compassion find.

We would willingly return to some of the less terrific portions of this service, but our space, already too much occupied with extracts, forbids it.

The rest of our remarks will be less laudatory: the farther we advance, the less matter we find for praise.

Turn over the next page after this affecting service, and we find ourselves knee-deep in puerilities: a receipt for making holy water, by exorcising the creatures of water and salt in the name of the holy Trinity:—a benediction of the paschal lamb, which contains an almost whimsical request for a blessing on the creature of flesh, "quam nos famuli tui *ad laudem tuam* sumere desideramus," which we may interpret "bless this creature on which thy servants desire to dine in thy honour:"—a benediction of the wax candles, and sundry blessings for various occasions; one on the launching of a ship, another on a new house, a new bed, a field for the building of a church; which latter, by the bye, is not expunged from some reformed liturgies. The grasping disposition of the church left nothing unvisited by curse or benediction. It met its votaries at every turn; by their fire-sides and in their beds, as well as at their daily occu-

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pations, and in the public haunts of business: now blessing a branch of palm, or a wax candle, and now openly praying for the universal empire of the church, "that God might pacificate, unite and guard it, subjecting to it princedoms and powers throughout the whole world."—"ut eam purificare, adunare et custodire dignetur; toto orbe terrarum, subjiciens ei principatus et potestates." Pretensions so extensive and various must needs be variously characterised by sublimity, extravagance, and folly. We can readily laugh when the priest turns rat-catcher, and blesses the church from vermin; we can smile when the omni-benevolence of the deity is besought to have compassion on "all souls deceived by the fraud of the devil," meaning our own souls, and those of all heretics and schismatics; we can despise the malignant bigotry which just deigns to admit, that God may compassionate even "Jewish perfidy," and, accordingly, prefers a prayer "pro perfidis Judæis," that the veil may be lifted from their hearts; but we regard with unmingled pity the prayer for the eternity of that Empire, which, having survived the shocks of two thousand centuries, has at last wholly crumbled into dust. "Respice ad Romanum benignus Imperium. Look mercifully on the Roman Empire!"

Alas! the petition was even then, two hundred years ago, preferred for an empty name; but the connection between the Papacy and the Empire still lived in historical recollections, and endeared the Imperial name to the Romish clergy.

"If a man," says Hobbes, "consider the original of this great Ecclesiastical dominion, he will easily perceive, that the Papacy is no other than the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof: for so did the Papacy start up on a sudden out of the ruins of that Heathen Power."

So much for the literature and music of the Missal. We now come to the ceremonial portion, from which we shall only select those parts which more directly tend to prove our assertion, as to the vigilance with which every thing like the exercise of reason was excluded from the celebration of this MYSTERY. The object seems to have been to bury the mind under a load of minute observances, so as to withdraw attention altogether from the matter to the manner of the rite. At the same time, the most trivial ceremony was invested with awful importance. To omit the striking of the breast, the bending of the knee; to hold the fore-finger and thumb in one position, when they ought to have been held in another; to spill one drop of the consecrated wine or break off one crum of the holy bread; to have officiated with a full stomach, instead of an empty one;—such are the enormities to which the church has affixed her greatest penalties. We do not ask what becomes of morality

amidst this endless mass of mummeries; the devotee is too busy to think of that. But we suspect it to be far easier to bow and sidle into heaven, than to get there by virtue of a good life and meritorious conduct.

We certainly find it difficult to imagine a more humiliating system of ceremonies than that with which we are presented in the Catholic Rubric. In the following account of it, the reader may take us at our word, however satirical he may be inclined to think our description, for we shall merely translate from the book. The satire lies entirely in the subject; it is none of ours. We shall pass rapidly over the *ritus celebrandi missam.* These, though sufficiently amusing, are serious, when compared with the chapter "de defectibus circa missam occurrentibus." Even there, however, something may be picked up for the reader's edification and amusement.

First, having prepared every thing in the sacristy; having dog's-eared his missal at the places proper for the day, and put on, of the ten thousand garments, those whose colour is appropriate—let the priest proceed to the altar with downcast eyes, a grave step, and erect carriage, ("oculis demissis, incessu gravi, erecto corpore." If he pass before the great altar, ("altare majus," or, as the French say, "maître-autel,") in his way, let him bow to it, with his head covered; if before the place in which the sacrament is contained, let him bend the knee; if before an altar where the host is elevated, let him bow the knee and adore it uncovered, &c. &c. Then follow rules for officiating in the presence of divers dignitaries, such as the pope, cardinal, bishop, and the like, who have each their appropriate ceremony, Then come a series of prostrations; bowing to the crucifix, kissing the altar, signing with the cross, incensing the altar, the crucifix, the sacred elements, the assistants—according to the nature of the mass. At another stage, the officiating priest, spreading his hands over the altar, kisses it in the middle; then joining his hands on his breast, and casting his eyes downwards, he turns himself to the left hand towards the people, and extending and joining his hands, as before, he exclaims—"The Lord be with you!"—after which notable operation, he turns back again with similar solemnities. He then holds out his hands before his breast, with the palms towards each other, but taking care not to spread his fingers, of which the tips must not be higher than the shoulders, beyond which, also, the hands must not be extended. In this posture, he goes through a further portion of the ceremony, with the requisite dippings and bowings at the names of Jesus, or the Virgin, or other saint in whose commemoration he officiates. At a further period, after reading the gospel, he raises the book and kisses it, at the same time uttering the distich,

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"Per Evangelica dicta
Deleantur nostra delicta"—

unless in masses for the dead, in which the kissing is omitted; or in presence of the pope or cardinal, or other dignitary, in which case the book is presented to the more august osculation of those reverend persons. To skip an infinity of similar "tricks before high heaven," when he comes to the consecration of the sacred wafer, he is directed to take it between the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, and holding it in the same manner with both hands, to utter the secret words of consecration, gazing on it intently, devoutly, fixedly; after which, holding it in the same manner, with the other fingers stretched out and close together, he kneels and adores it. Then raising himself as much as he conveniently can, he elevates the host, and keeping his eyes fixed upon it, he reverently exhibits it to the worship of the people, after which he replaces it on the altar, and keeps his fingers in the position we have described, till he washes them after the communion.

It is impossible to go through all the fopperies with which the ceremony is concluded, or even a thousandth part of them. We must leave the secret prayers, the change of garments, which they have of all the colours of the rainbow, "white, black, and grey, and all their trumpery," to the research of those readers whose curiosity may be more circumstantial than our own.

A ceremony, so replete with details, must needs be liable to frequent omissions and mistakes. What these omissions are, and how important, may be learned from that part of the Rubric which treats of the defects occurring in the celebration of the mass. The following is a specimen of the nature and consequence of these errors.

Defects may occur either in the sacred elements themselves, or in the form of consecration; or, lastly, in the officiating minister. Of these defects, some affect the validity of the sacrament; others only tend to the scandal of the church, or the private detriment of the priest.

As to the elements of the sacrament; these must be wheaten bread and wine of the vine. If the bread be not of wheat-corn, or if the wheat be so adulterated with other grain as to lose its character of wheaten bread, the sacrament is invalid. If the wafer be made of rose or any other artificial water, it is doubtful whether the sacrament be valid or not. If the bread be putrescent, but not putrid, or if it be not unleavened after the manner of the Latin church, the sacrament is valid, but the minister incurs a grievous sin. If a consecrated wafer be accidentally lost;—if, for instance, it be blown away by the wind,

or disappear by miracle, or be run away with by a mouse or any other animal, and cannot be recovered; then let another be consecrated, and let the animal be killed, if possible, and burnt, and let the ashes be cast into the sacristy or beneath the altar.

If the wine be sour or putrid, or made of unripe grapes, or mixed with so much water as to lose its specific appearance of wine, the sacrament is invalid. But if it be only a little sour, or putrescent, or mixed with rose or other distilled water, the sacrament is valid, but the priest sins grievously.

Defects of form relate chiefly to the words of consecration. These are the same in the mass as in the Communion Service of the Church of England, and which are somewhat too solemn for insertion in this list of puerilities. If the priest change these words, so that their meaning be altered, the sacrament is invalid. If he add any thing, which does not change the meaning, the sacrament is complete, but the minister commits a heinous sin.

In the officiating priest, five things are chiefly to be considered; the intention, the state of mind, the state of body, the disposition of the sacerdotal garments, and the integrity of the ministration itself. In all these, defects may occur.

There is defect in the intention, when the priest is not in earnest, but celebrates with a jocular design—we suppose, of mocking the solemnity. This case is not impossible. There is a story of a French bishop, who declared on his death-bed that he had never administered the sacrament in earnest, for the purpose of invalidating the ordination of all who had received orders at his hands. The motive seems to have been a strange one; an abstract hatred of the faith of which he was a dignified minister. The defect in intention rendered fresh ordination necessary. That was easily performed. But what was the consequence to those who had died with this bishop's baptism? And still more, to those who had been married by this jocular bishop, and whose children's legitimacy depended on the integrity of his *intention?* Let Sanchez or Escobar decide.

If there should be eleven wafers upon the altar, and the priest intend to consecrate only ten, without determining which the ten shall be, the intention is defective for want of fixity, and the consecration void. But if, thinking them to be only ten, his intention had been to consecrate all the wafers on the altar, the consecration conforms with the intention, and is, therefore, canonical. Wherefore, says the Rubric, for the purpose of avoiding perplexity, the minister should always intend to consecrate *all* the wafers on the altar;—a rule which, together with its reasons, a Catholic metaphysician may probably contrive to understand. We profess no claim to such acute-

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ness. If the minister's thoughts be wool-gathering at the moment of consecration, the church will complete the sacrament, if the intention were not defective when the service was first begun; in which case, the priest is said to have an intention, but only a virtual one. *Virtual* is a pretty word, when something is wanted to be said, and nothing meant.

If the minister be suspended, degraded, or excommunicated, or if he be in mortal sin, there is a defect in the state of mind, which does not vitiate the sacrament, but heaps coals of fire upon the priest. If, during the performance of mass, the minister should recollect that he stands in any of these predicaments —a strange after-thought enough, but the church overlooks no contingencies—he should leave the ceremony unfinished, *unless he apprehend the public scandal.*

In the state of body, defects may occur from several causes. And first, it is a rule of the church that neither priest nor communicant shall taste of food or drink after midnight, before the sacrament. If the minister take it even in the shape of medicine, and in however minute a quantity, he is incapable of celebrating mass. If, however, he should have eaten before midnight, and the food remain undigested, he does not sin in performing mass; but it is better to abstain. If fragments of food be swallowed, which stuck in the teeth, he is not incapacitated, *if they were swallowed as saliva, and not as food.* The case is the same, if a drop or two be unintentionally swallowed in the act of washing the mouth.

The minuteness with which the Catholic church has enumerated every species of pleasurable sensation, for the purpose of confession, and avoiding defects in the state of body, has often been touched on by Protestants, sometimes with indignation; sometimes, and more properly, with ridicule. Those pleasures which she denied in the reality to her unmarried priesthood, appear to have engrossed their imaginations in a singular degree. They are anathematized in the usual spirit of malignity with which all men are apt to regard those pleasures from whose possession they are utterly debarred. To our own eyes, there is no crime so heinous in others, as that which we are not likely to fall into; no virtue so great as that we are compelled to practise. What was the language of that pious brachman, to whom the acme of moral perfection consisted in a chair of nails? With what just indignation did he regard the ragged good works of his less ascetic neighbour, when compared with the merit of sitting on a three-inch spike! The worldling may easily boast, that,

> "He gives to the poor, and lives well with the rich,—
> But how many nails does he stick in his breech?"

In proportion, therefore, to the greatness of those pleasures which are derived from the passion of love, has the Catholic theology denounced it. It is the consummation of all iniquity; and the least savour of this unholy leaven is abominable to the celibacy of the church.

But to minds, like those of the Romish priesthood, so often occupied in examining every form of this Proteus-passion, it will be difficult, on many occasions, to repress some troublesome recollections, and some uneasy desires. After poring over a page of casuistry—for instance, those chapters in Sanchez which treat of the subject so minutely, and in such copious detail; but still more, after listening to the confession of some timid girl or modest matron, hesitated between fear and shame, and the more stimulating from its ambiguity, some thoughts will possibly occur to the most rigid in the decline of the evening, or in the wakefulness of the night, to which the austerity of Catholic morals has affixed the blot of sin. To these suggestions of beneficent Nature, which nothing but superstition could render criminal, the church, in the persons of her clergy, has found a lucky solution. They are nick-named, illusions of the devil. An illusion of the devil incapacitates for the celebration of mass, and is classed under the logical head of defects in the state of body.

It is difficult to touch upon this subject without offence. It is, however, well worth examination, and occupies an extensive chapter in the book of the human mind. In the whole circle of Romish divinity, there is nothing which elucidates more minutely the genius of that imperious church; nothing which more distinctly shews on what principles of human nature the power of superstitious systems is ultimately built. Let the reader peruse a few pages of any one of the endless works, which the school-men have sent forth upon this subject, and compare them with the corresponding chapters in the laws of Menu. He will find that nothing need be changed but *names;* the things are substantially the same.

To return from this digression. Defects may occur in the act of administering mass, which are not classed amongst the preceding heads: As for instance, if the sacrament is performed without wax candles; on an unconsecrated altar; or after the time allotted for its solemnization, which commences at sunrise, and ends at mid-day. The mass is defective for want of the proper sacerdotal garments, or furniture for the altar; or in consequence of the absence of those who assist the priest; or on account of an improper assistant—as a female, or others incompetent to minister at the altar. A brazen or glass cup and paten is defective; they should be of gold, silver, or tin. If the priest officiate with the head covered, unless with dispensa-

tion for that purpose; or repeat the ceremony without a missal, although he may know it by heart; the mass is incomplete. If, before consecration, the minister should be taken ill, or should faint or die, the sacrament should be discontinued; but if such an accident should happen after the consecration of the wafer, or of both elements, it should be finished by another priest. If, after the former of these accidents, the first minister be still able to communicate, and there be only one wafer on the altar, this must be divided between him and the priest who concludes the sacrament.

If a fly, or a spider, or any other substance (aliud aliquid) should fall into the chalice before consecration, let the wine be flung beneath the altar; but, if after consecration, and the priest should feel sick at the circumstance, let him take out the fly or spider, and wash it with wine; and when mass is over, let him burn the animal, and cast the wine into the sacristy. But if he feel no nausea, and fear no danger, let him swallow the blood, fly and all.

If any poisonous or emetic substance *should have fallen* into the cup, the consecrated wine must be poured into another chalice, and fresh wine and water consecrated. After mass, the poisoned element must be sopped up with linen or tow, which being afterwards dried and burned, should be cast into the sacristy. The same is to be observed of a poisoned host; and when we remember how frequently it has happened, that poison has *fallen into* the chalice and been administered *accidentally* in the wafer, we can hardly think the precaution useless.

If, by the negligence of the priest, a drop of Christ's blood (we use the words of the Rubric) should fall upon the table, *let it be licked up with the tongue*, and let that part of the table be planed: but if it fall upon the stone of the altar, let it be licked up; and let the place be washed, and the water of the washing cast into the sacristy. If it be spilled upon the altar-linen, or the carpet before the altar, they are to be washed, with the same formality, and the stained portions cut out, dried, and burned. If the consecrated host, or any portion of it, fall upon the floor, let it be reverently picked up; let the place where it fell be cleansed and planed, if possible, as before.

If the priest vomit the eucharist, and the elements (species consecratæ) appear, *let them be again reverently taken*. But if this produce nausea, then let the holy elements be carefully separated, and placed in some holy place. If the elements do not appear, let the contents of the stomach be burned, and the ashes cast into the sacristy.

Enough! Enough! "Oh wretched Greeks! who in a way of superstition run so easily into the relish of barbarous notions, and bring into religion that frightful mein of sordid and vilify-

ing devotion, ill-favoured humiliation and contrition, abject looks and countenances, consternation, protestations, disfigurations, and, in the act of worship, distortions, constrained and painful postures of the body, wry faces, beggarly tones, mumpings, grimaces, cryings!" Such was the language of Plutarch to his countrymen, in the decay of their political and moral greatness, and the decline of their civilization. But to the votary of the Romish faith, who had never been taught to approach the presence of the Deity with that manly decency, the στόμα δίκαιον of the heathen worshipper, so incompatible with "the prostration of understanding and will" which is inculcated as the chief merit of the Catholic Christian's devotion, these words might have been aptly addressed in the zenith of his church's ascendancy.

It is, surely, clear beyond dispute, that this is not a liturgy, this is not a ceremonial, for the capacities or taste of a refined people. We again eschew all interference with the doctrine; that may be right or wrong, and the ritual may still be barbarous. It may, however, be said, that the Catholic religion is poetical. It is true, the Catholic faith has both persecuted itself, and been persecuted, into poetry. What neither its masses, nor its music, nor its form and ceremony, nor its fasts and feasts, nor its confessions and penances, its wax candles, and holy water, and a collection of rags and tatters which would set up Monmouth Street for ever; what neither its pope, and its cardinals, its archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, acolytes; from him who sits in St. Peter's Chair, with the scarlet robe about his shoulders, "the Servant of the Servants of God," to the lowest sacristan, who

> "Is yet a young probationer,
> And candidate of heaven;"—

what neither its pilgrimages, its dirty linen, and shoes lined with boiled or raw pease, nor its controversies, nor its divinity, nor its councils, could effect for it, has been done by persecution. Hatred and pity are rich mines for the poet to dig in. The Smithfield burnings, the throat-cuttings of St. Bartholomew—the endless list of religious murders which stain the annals of Catholicism, justify all the hatred they excite; whilst the sufferings of the Catholics in later days, and, more than all, the long desolation of Ireland, beget a conflicting sentiment, which the actual sight of those miseries ripens, at least into pity, where it does not change it into indignation. The horror of Catholicism will, probably, be soon extinct; but the romance it generated will remain, and for ever invest that once terrible religion with so much of a poetical character as springs from the sub-

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lime. Compassion for a fallen faith will endow it with those attributes of poetry which are still more affecting; and there are few, except those who are unwittingly actuated by the spirit they impute, exclusively, to the Romish creed, who cannot sympathize at present with the filial expressions of the poet—more beautiful than any hymn of his church; in which he pours out his devotion to her declining age and dishonoured fortune;—

"Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd:
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee!"

ART. V.—*A short Account of the Conversion to Christianity of Solomon Duitsch, lately a learned Rabbin and Teacher of several Synagogues. Extracted from the original, published in the Dutch Language by Himself, and improved with a Preface and Remarks, by the Reverend* Mr. Burgmann, *Minister of the Protestant Lutheran Chapel in the Savoy. Now first translated into English. London*, 1771.

The Jews are the most extraordinary people, and their history is the most interesting history, in the world. For ages out of number, they have not possessed one square mile of territory, and they still look forward to universal dominion;—for generation after generation they have run a troubled stream in the greater stream of the population of all nations, without once assimilating with any;—every where they live separate and alone, sojourners rather than home-dwellers. They have at all times possessed great wealth, and, at times, great power; once, they had among them the greatest general information, in comparison with their numbers, and the most learned men, without comparison, that Europe could then boast of; they have been also the most ignorant as a body, and had fewer men of eminence among them; they were at one time, in Spain particularly, indirectly possessed of great civil power; and at other times, and for long intervals together, they have been the most abject and miserable race throughout all Europe; their persecutions have been fearful even to remember, and dreadful beyond all precedent; and yet they are one, and still a people.

Of late years indeed, at least in this country, the current

has set the opposite way to persecution. Cumberland's Jew is quite another man from Shakspeare's Jew, or the Jew of Malta; and who can believe that Rebecca is a lineal descendant of the "Ebraike peple," that slew young "Hew of Lincoln!" But so it is! and, thanks to the genius of our countrymen, the feeling of the ages in which they severally lived has had permanency given to it in their immortal works: for, when the Lady Prioress talked of

> "the serpent, Sathanas,
> That hath in Jewe's herte his waspe's nest,"

we may be quite sure that Chaucer had the authority of many such ladies for such sentiments; and for the purity of conduct and beautiful humanity of Rebecca, the modern poet had the voucher for its possible truth in the agreement of all men of sense; and both facts, as far as the philosophy of mind is concerned, prove only that poets as well as Jews, and Jews as well as poets, (a much more important point to establish,) are very much the children of circumstances. When lady prioresses talked after this fashion, and other ladies and gentlemen too agreed with her in opinion; when the Jews were every where persecuted, despised, or hated—spit on, trampled on, and bearded; —their sufferings made a jest, and the law made an instrument of infliction; was it not in human nature that "the serpent, Sathanas," should dwell in their hearts? But the progress of knowledge has been accompanied with progressive liberality, and this feeling is much more distinctly to be traced in our poets than our historians. In the lady prioress's tale, there is not one redeeming circumstance for the poor Jews; they are isolated beings, cut off from human society; in the want of all human sympathy, they stand out naked and bare for universal hate and detestation.

But in Shakspeare and in Marlowe, the Jews have not much the worst of it. They act, indeed, and suffer, agreeable to the expectation of "the grounded understanders;" but, in both poets, there is a "still small voice" of truth, shewing that their actions are not a mere voluntary played off by a nature different from ordinary humanity, but one of ordinary humanity warped, strained, and tortured into distortion and hideousness, by the cruelty and injustice of others. This has been well shewn of Shakspeare's Jew, but justice has never been done to the inimitable truth of his predecessor. We know not how it may dove-tail with the rest of this article; but as the work under review has somewhat disappointed us, we feel very much disposed to say a word or two on "old Kit Marlowe's" play, or rather of Barabbas; a Jew drawn with as perfect a Hebrew

spirit as the Sampson of Milton; and the more especially, as we think Mr. Lamb, the very best of living dramatic critics, has certainly mistaken the character. Neither is it altogether beside the purpose, when speaking of the past and present condition of the Jews.

"Shylock," says Mr. Lamb, "in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man; his motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. Barabbas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines." Now, but we speak with becoming deference, this judgment seems to us altogether erroneous. Barabbas is anything but a monster. He is just one of those subjects on which a philosopher might read a lecture on human nature;—he is an evidence of the entire moulding of the desires, affections, and even of the will, by the prejudices and persecutions of society. "If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" might be as truly spoken by Barabbas as by Shylock; and his motives, feelings, and resentments had "something human in them," while his wrongs were within human bearing, or his revenge within human compass. If the inhumanity of Barabbas be the more extravagant and indiscriminate, he is less a volunteer in wickedness. The nature of Barabbas, before he is despoiled of his property, and his character afterwards, are distinct things. There is to the full as much humanity in Barabbas as in Shylock, and more, while there was any proportion in their sufferings. If we may take his daughter's word, Shylock's house, even in his prosperity, was no very pleasant place, and his conduct had raised no very passionate affection in the daughter. Not so Barabbas. Abigail never deserted him, till he deserted himself, made mad with wrongs;—in the depth of their misery, what says she?—

> "Not for myself, but aged Barabbas,
> Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail."

And, indeed, if we may believe the men themselves, which has the more humanity? Barabbas, in all the triumphs of his prosperity and success, never forgets his daughter among his blessings—

> "I have no charge, nor many children,
> But *one sole daughter*, whom I hold as dear
> As Agamemnon did his Iphigene."

So much for the "monster." But the "man" would have his daughter "dead at his feet," so his "jewels were in her ear"—

" hearsed, so the ducats were in her coffin." Barabbas loved his daughter; he loved his riches; he loved himself;—

> " Let them combat, conquer, and kill all,
> So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth;"—

there was nothing else left for him to love. If his affections were thus limited, it was because he could find nothing else in the world that sympathised with him. As to " cozening, extorting, and tricks belonging unto brokery," 'twas his vocation, and " 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." Besides, the world had left him no other. It had directed his ambition, as it had confined his feeling and humanity;—" Jews come not to be kings."

This was Barabbas to the hour of his gross wrongs; to the hour that he was despoiled of every thing, and left houseless and friendless; and not by the savage and brute violence of one man, but by the want of common sympathy in all men. To insults offered in common to Shylock, and his whole tribe, he had learned to " duck" and " kiss his hand;" as his sufferings were common, so was his revenge limited to ill-wishing; but here his injuries were exclusive, and his own. " Let me be used as my brethren are," was asked and was refused him; he then felt with the Duke of Gloucester, " I have no brother, I am like no brother," and might and did add, in his heart, let

> " love, which grey beards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me."

All men, in opinion, justified the wrong done to him, without which it could not have been done, and they equally shared his hatred; even his revenge was not more desolating than his enemies were universal.

There is nothing throughout to contradict the supposition that the active malignity of Barabbas was then, and not till then, engrafted on him; and in the mad relation of his atrocities to Ithamore, and the scene where he receives his concealed gold from Abigail, there is much in support of it. From that hour, the whole aim and purpose of his life was changed: his ruling passions,—his love of his daughter, and his love of wealth,—were swallowed up in hate: he was cut off by one frightful wrong from all humanity, even the humanity in his own heart. When he exclaims, before he was assured of Abigail's success, " here lives my soul's sole hope," he was too poor to hate, too impotent to dream of revenge; he speaks of his money, therefore, as of that on which his actual exis-

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tence was depending, and with an enthusiasm that his poverty still left as a master-passion; but once possessed of it, even in the first transport of possession, it is not only "strength to my soul," but "death to mine enemies;" from that hour, he neither thought nor cared for money, but as a powerful instrument to redress his wrongs; the loss of "a hundred tuns of wine," he dismisses with the snap of a finger:—

"I have wealth enough;
For now, by this, has he kiss'd Abigail."

Ludowick was now within his grasp. As to his extravagant relation to Ithamore,—his "killing sick people groaning under walls,—his poisonings,—his practices in Germany and Italy,"—it is the mere trickery of the imagination; he joys in what he would do, as in what he had done. Perhaps, too, he had some secret purpose in familiarising Ithamore to such an employment. Neither does he reject the first slave for the avowed reason that "a stone of beef" would not maintain those "chops," but because he was somewhat of Cæsar's judgment, and wanted not men that "sleep o' nights." Even the lean Ithamore he questions as to his breeding and bringing up; but, being satisfied of this, he has no scruples about a stone of beef; he is as generous as an emperor:—"be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold;" nor is it clear that he afterwards gives Borza the money so reluctantly, but that it might excite suspicion to be more liberal to a slave.

Thus much for Barabbas. But the history of Barabbas is the history of the whole tribe; and more may be learned from this single fiction of the poet's, of the long and obstinate maintaining, and the possible ultimate conversion of this extraordinary people, than from the dull reality of all the Solomon Duitsch's that ever existed. The Jews are, and ever have been, a separate and distinct people, because they were ever treated as such; their very birth-place was to them no home; with their countrymen they were allowed no fellowship; they were separated from others, for none would associate with them; they intermarried from necessity, for who would intermarry with them? they were not drawn together by their own prejudices, so much as shut in by the prejudices of others; their bond of union, and that never strong, was but the persecution and contempt they suffered. But the spell is broken. The rigour and injustice of the law is done away, and even the more bitter and more painful law of opinion,

"Far worse to bear
Than violence,"——

is quietly giving way. And what is the consequence? Fifty years since, there was not, probably, a working Jew in all London:—they were all dealers; traffickers on a scale proportioned to their means, and that traffic restricted to some few trades. It followed, of course, in the world's opinion, that they would not work. Now, there is hardly a trade wherein Jews are not actual labourers. They associate readily enough with others, now others will associate with them: they are becoming a part of the common family; and this will do more for their conversion than all the societies specially engaged in that work put together.

Another fact to be deduced from the history of the Jews may be of service even now. We hear every where of the persecution and intolerance of certain sects, as the result of certain opinions; but persecution was common to an age, and not peculiar to a sect, or the consequence of any particular opinions. The Jews, who suffered most,—who had no city of refuge in the whole world,—were themselves persecutors. It was quite as fearful for a Jew to dissent from Judaism, as for a Christian to differ from the Christianity established by law. The Jews, indeed, possessed no municipal power; and if the son of Abraham became a convert to Christianity, they had only to shun and to hate, to injure him by secret ways, or, if opportunity offered, in the same darkness to attack his life. But if the seceder was not backed by the power of his new associates, —if he dissented from one without assenting to another,—if they could call upon the civil power to punish, by shewing that he dissented equally from both, there were no means they had not recourse to, no sacrifices they were not willing to make, to punish, and to persecute even to death. The sufferings of Acosta is a proof of this.—Descended from a family of converted Jews, and brought up a Catholic, he became dissatisfied with the new religion of the family, and returned to Judaism. Upon further inquiry, he entertained suspicions of Judaism, only, indeed, of certain ceremonies, and was instantly excommunicated. He afterwards wrote a work, wherein he contended that the resurrection of the dead was not taught by Moses. Already shunned by the Jews, his mental sufferings now became dreadful; even his own family refusing to have communication with him; his dissent was a plague-spot on his forehead, and he was shunned by all. But this was not sufficient to satisfy the Jews. The promulgation of this new opinion they believed to be an offence against Christianity; and accordingly they, the Jews, the suffering, and long and then persecuted Jews, became, not as before, tacitly, but directly, persecutors, summoning him before a Christian tribunal for an offence against Christianity, where he was subjected

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to fine and imprisonment. For fifteen years they shut him out from all associates, and when, with a broken and humbled spirit, he read his recantation, and they could no longer refuse him admission into the synagogue, they never ceased to watch his minutest actions; and, availing themselves of the omission of some one of their many ceremonials, he was again excommunicated. Personal and corporal punishment they could not subject him to, but with his consent; but who has not imagination sufficient to feel the pain, the agony, of solitude, amidst numbers? of total separation from all society? of hatred and contempt, where we most desire love and respect? The spirit, even of Acosta, could not hold out for ever: again he signed a public confession of his errors; but before he could be re-admitted, he was publicly, in the open synagogue, subjected to corporal punishment, and then laid on his back at the door, that all who passed might trample on him. To live shut out from all human association, and to live after such self-abasement, were equally impossible; and, driven mad by suffering, Acosta put an end to his existence.

Solomon Duitsch, the "learned Rabbin," whose "wonderful conversion" is the subject of the volume before us, had a very different course to run. He was converted to the established faith, to the creed of the powerful, and above a century later than Acosta. Acosta was a man of a quick and searching spirit; and however extraordinary the changes in his opinion, they were not unaccompanied with personal sacrifice, and were, beyond question, the result of inquiry and conviction. Duitsch, on the contrary, judging from the work before us, was a poor creature of unsettled temper and weak judgment; who, so far from sacrificing any thing to his new opinions, no sooner became a convert than he became a pensioner, and was, we suspect, a trout of that description which is more easily caught with tickling than a barbed hook. His conversion is just one of those miraculous absurdities suited to the taste of the vulgar. It was, professedly, not the result of reason and deliberation, not founded on inquiry and patient investigation; but he had "a call,"—we mean literally,—for he heard a voice saying to him, "Arise out of darkness." Another time it was more particular, adding, "Alas, poor sinner! all thy good works, thy fasting, washing, and chastisement, can profit thee nothing. No; thou must come to Christ the crucified:" and this sort of ventriloquism is made the foundation of an entire faith; for, at that time, he hardly knew what Christianity meant, and had not read one word of the New Testament. But we will let him tell his own story.

Solomon Duitsch, as he here informs us, was born in Hungary, in the year 1734, and, in 1747, made profession of his faith,

agreeable to the usage among the Jews. He studied seven years at Prague, and then, on his returning home, married "Ientild, daughter of that wealthy Jew, Solomon Cohen, who, according to the Jewish opinion of piety, bore an unblemished character, and under whose roof I lived in the happy state of matrimony."

His first wife dying suddenly, within a few years, left him a daughter six months old. Upon this, Duitsch began to moralize, and he tells us "it was the first means by which the eternal love of God chose more effectually to work upon his heart." He did not, however, leave it to work long, for, in little more than three months, he married Sara, the second daughter of that same "wealthy Jew, Solomon Cohen," and the sister of his first wife. Duitsch, notwithstanding his evident inclination for the daughters of the "wealthy Jew," seems to have had no great passion for their company: "being," says he, "exceedingly fond of the Talmud, I commonly staid in my study till after midnight;" and midnight study had the effect on Solomon, it often has on weak minds, which is told with all the supernatural nonsense of our modern Methodist tracts; he hears strange noises, sees strange visions, is struck with "inexpressible fear and terror,"—"a cold sweat covered my face, and I felt, as it were, the agonies of death. The world seemed now too confined for me: yea, I desired every instant, that the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up like Korah." His wife, whom he designates as "subtle, cunning, and serpent-like," although, by his own confession, he lived "very comfortably" with her, as well as her sister, until she was driven from her home by its gloom and melancholy, if not by his madness, reasons with him very sensibly, and very affectionately. "Upon this, my wife, who had heard my weeping and grieving, entered my closet, with the child in her arms, and addressed me in the following words: "O my dear! Why weepest thou? What does so grievously affect thy heart? Thou art quite consumed with grief, and almost no more resembling a human being. This is the ready way to bring bodily sickness upon thyself, and at last lose thy senses; so that thou wilt be a shame and reproach to me and my family. Are not thy brethren, the Jews, in the right to scorn and deride thee? Where is thy reason, in forfeiting thy honour and good name so foolishly? The greatest part of them lay the blame upon me, for my indulging thee so much in thy studies, and not raising thy spirits by taking a walk, and playing at cards, or going to musical entertainments with me. But, alas! they little know how often I have endeavoured to divert thee from melancholy thoughts. Pray, think on me, and have pity on this innocent babe in my arms." This, however, not succeeding, she returned to her parents; and soon after, he tells us, "the Rabbines and elders assembled, and unanimously

agreed to blot or strike out my name from amongst the living, meaning their communion. They compelled me not only to write a letter of divorce to my wife, but they also excommunicated me from their community." How they compelled him to write a letter of divorce Solomon does not tell us, unless he means by excommunication, which is a very novel way, and not very likely to succeed with a man who had received "a call," and was therefore, or was about to be, self-excommunicated. But the reasons of this interference of the Rabbins and Elders, is not to us very intelligible, and we suspect Solomon intended it should not be. "His thoughts," it appears, were employed to find out Christ," but it does not appear that he told his wife so, and the Rabbins, we presume, could not read his thoughts. But they too might have overheard "the call;" and we cannot otherwise understand the grounds of his expulsion. It was not from suspicion of his dabbling with interdicted subjects, for his reading was confined to the Talmud; even the Bible he had scarcely looked into, for he acknowledges, some time after, "I bought a Hebrew Bible; and began now, for the first time, to read it from the beginning;" and as to the New Testament, it was not till afterwards, that he possessed one; and was then tricked into the purchase by a soldier, Solomon himself mistaking it, as he acknowledges, for "the last will of some great prince and king," but thought it would assist him in learning German. But the whole of this, his excommunication and his conversion, is a mystery; for, long before he had met with this "last will of some great king," or had read, or could read, one line or one word of it, or, to use his own words, "could give account or reason for my faith," he was able to see and to oppose the subtle errors of the Romish church. The heretics, he says, some Priest told him, were 'a set of people who, it is true, believe in Christ, but have no faith in the Virgin Mary, and St. Joseph.' "From this moment I thought within myself, who can convince me that the Roman Catholic religion is the true religion? and can prove that the heretics have revolted or separated themselves from the Roman Catholics? It may be that they themselves have dissented from the former, in the like manner as Israel, in former times, separated from Juda, and worshipped the idols on Mount Ephraim. It is possible that amongst those whom they call heretics, the true religion is only to be found." This is argued like a Protestant Doctor; and being merely intuitive, a sort of theological instinct, how can we poor prosing fellows, who are accustomed to wade through volumes, to seek for knowledge, and to dig deep and wearily for it, presume to judge such a man. His knowledge, like his faith, "surpasseth all understanding;" the Rabbins of such a tribe may have an equal instinct in discover-

ing people that are tainted with it. A Rabbin might, indeed, insinuate that this wonderful instinct for Christianity was first mentioned when he was fed and clothed by Christians; and a Romanist, that these feeders and clothiers were heretics. But this would be a vile insinuation.

However, we must admit, that this early and resolute faith of Solomon's, for which he half insinuates he was turned out of the Synagogue, does throw a little suspicion on his after conduct. The more especially, as we find him, long after "the call," and long after he had possessed and read the New Testament itself, accepting the office of Rabbi among the Jews of Arnheim, and afterwards at Wesel. But one of the reasons assigned for accepting the office, ought, perhaps, to quiet our scruples. "I wished greatly," he says, "to enjoy some rest *for studying the gospel* with more attention." Truly, the Jews of Arnheim must have been greatly benefited by so conscientious a Rabbi. But faith Solomon certainly had, a faith in the gullibility of other people; for it was not till driven a second if not a third time from out the Synagogue, and wandering about in actual want, and without a home; and when the conversion of the Jews was become a fashion in Germany, and converts were taken into pay and supported; that his early "call," and his early faith, and all the miracles that brought him to the faith, drew from him a public profession.

We confess, we have been altogether disappointed in this book, and have little inclination to pursue our narrative. Any pleasure in the narration itself is out of the question; we never, indeed, expected it. But, like most other people, we feel a great interest in the Jews, not so much theologically, as psychologically;—we desire to be admitted into the deep mystery of the human heart and mind, and the Jews are a phenomenon in this way, which we would willingly comprehend, and include under known and recognized principles; we, therefore, desire to understand their feelings and opinions, and the grounds and strength of those opinions; and nothing would throw more light on these, than the honest confession of some one who became, from reason and conviction, a convert to Christianity. But Solomon Duitsch was a drivelling imposter. When a man professes to have no ground whatever for abandoning one opinion and adopting another,—for leaving Judaism, in which he was educated, and embracing Christianity, of which he was utterly ignorant, even to the name of the book which contained its doctrine,—but direct miracles, known only to himself;—when we see him disregarding all these miraculous interferences so long as it was his interest, and only declaring them when his interest pointed the opposite way;—we have no hesitation in treating him as a cheat, and throwing his book aside as of no

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use in the philosophy of mind; another specimen, therefore, and we have done. It appears that at Amsterdam, he determined to hear a sermon, and knowing nothing of the Dutch language, he very naturally, but, as it afterwards appeared, unnecessarily, sought out for a German preacher; but was disappointed after all, for the sermon was in Dutch; notwithstanding which, he gives us the very words of the text, and then adds, "It is known to the all-knowing God alone, who searcheth the heart and reins, with what emotions of heart I remember this sermon, even to this very day; and much more what my soul felt at the hearing it. I was so transported in spirit by the explication of the text, that it seemed to me as if the minister spake plain Hebrew, so perfectly could I understand every word he said."

ART. VI.—*Amorum Troile et Cresseidæ, libri duo priores Anglo-Latine, per* Franc. Kinaston. *Oxon.* 1635. 4*to.*

Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide* was the first example of a regular serious narrative poem, on a large scale, in the English language. It may be considered as our oldest epic, to use the word in its common, though sufficiently vague, acceptation; and for a long time, with the exception of the *Knyghtes' Tale* by the same author, it continued to be the only one. Hence, it was held in that value which always attaches to the *first* of any thing, and which adheres to it even for some time after it has been superseded by more beautiful and finished specimens of the same kind. It was reverenced as the earliest work in which the powers of English, as a cultivated language, were developed; its author was regarded as the Virgil of his country; his poem was made the foundation of the fictions of subsequent writers; and, according to a practice common in former ages, when, as a contemporary critic expresses it, "the notion of the perishableness of modern tongues, and of the necessity of preserving works worthy to last, by embalming them in the immortal language of Rome," was not yet exploded, it was thought expedient, upwards of two centuries after its publication, to translate it into Latin. We have deemed this translation worthy of notice as a literary curiosity, and as one of the most successful specimens of a rare species of composition—rare, we mean, when attempted on so large a scale; for the practice itself, of writing Latin verses in vernacu-

lar metres, is of old standing, and has been applied to a great variety of subjects, from the early hymns of the Romish church, (many of them celebrated for their beauty) to the sportive *jeux d'esprits* of our own days.* We cannot say much in praise of this species of composition. Like other devices, in which two things, each by itself pleasing and familiar to us, but wholly unallied to each other, are forced into combination, it is productive of pleasure indeed, but a pleasure purely fantastic, and incapable of long continuance, unless sustained by some other and more durable source of interest. Such are the whimsically-compounded figures of barbarian sculpture; such is macaronic verse, of which we shall have another occasion to speak; such, to ascend a little higher, is that joco-serious style of poetical narrative, which has lately become so fashionable from merits not its own; and the glaring contrasts of which, compared with the easy shading of Whistlecraft, serve to illustrate the difference between a natural mode of writing and an unnatural one. But what bears the most analogy to the practice of which we are now speaking, is the attempt at naturalizing the Greek and Roman metres in various modern languages: on both, especially on the latter, eminent wits have been employed; and in neither case with any extraordinary success. To say the truth, neither of these experiments has had a fair trial; for on the one hand, our Latin rhymers have generally, if not universally, written as if the Roman pronunciation was precisely the same with the modern; and on the other, later writers at least have substituted modern accent for ancient quantity, so that, instead of naturalizing the Roman metres, they have merely introduced new varieties into their own metrical system. Thus, Dr. Watts's and Dr. Southey's sapphics are merely repetitions of a particular form of the English ten-syllable verse, wound up with a shorter species of line, which, though less common, is equally English. Such attempts, however, may by a happy accident produce excellent harmony of the vernacular kind; as in the last-mentioned writer's *Vision of Judgment*, a poem more abused than read, and of which the assailants, in their animosity to its

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* Sometimes, as in the Leonine verses, the ancient Roman metres are employed, with the addition of rhyme. The oldest instance which we remember of this is a hymn of Damasus, who was Bishop of Rome, A.D. 366–384.

> "Martyris ecce dies Agathæ
> Virginis emicat eximiæ,
> Christus eam sibi qua sociat,
> Et diadema duplex decorat:" &c.

author, and their eagerness to expose its great and manifold absurdities, forgot to notice the many instances, both of rhythmical and poetical beauty, which it contained. But this is digression.

Sir Francis Kinaston, the author of the translation before us, figures in Anthony Wood's compilation as one of the minor worthies of Oxford. Having studied at that university, and afterwards at Cambridge, he went to court, where, "being esteemed a man of parts, he was knighted in 1618, and afterwards made esquire of the body to Charles I." He was the author, or at least the chief promoter, of an abortive project for a college in London, under the name of *Musæum Minervæ*, for the education of the gentry and nobility in the liberal arts, of which he was also appointed the first president. He appears, indeed, to have held a high reputation with his contemporaries for scholarship and various accomplishments, though, according to the chronicle, he was "more addicted to the superficial parts of learning, poetry and oratory, wherein he excelled, than learning and philosophy." One other fact Anthony records concerning him, which we leave to the judgment of our brethren of the philosophical journals. "This is the person who, by experience, falsified the alchymist's report, that a hen, being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol was in Leo, should be converted into gold, and should lay golden eggs; *but indeed became very fat.*" Besides the present work, he wrote *Leoline and Sydanis*, a poetical romance, which Peck commends, and *Cynthiades, Sonnets to his Mistress*, His death happened between 1640 and 50. If the above account be rather meagre, it is at least proportioned to the importance of the subject.

From the dedication to the second book (which is inscribed to John Rous, the Oxford librarian, as the first is to his equally distinguished brother, Patrick Young,) it appears that it was the author's intention, in case this specimen should be approved of by the learned public, to complete the translation, with the addition of short notes to the whole; but this design was frustrated by his death, an event of which he seems to have had some presentiment at the time of publishing this work. In his preface, he assigns a motive for his undertaking, which would in our days appear rather a paradoxical one; that of rescuing Chaucer from the neglect to which his obsolete language had condemned him, by rendering him generally intelligible.

"Video Chaucerum nostrum, hujus insulæ ornamentum et poëseos decus egregium, non solum senescentem, et sub obsoleto et jam spreto Anglici vetusti idiomatis vestimento vilescentem, sed (prô dolor) prorsus tabescentem et ferme emortuum. Cujus deploratæ conditioni dum aveo ferre suppetias,—visum est mihi consultissimum,

illum nova lingua donare, et novato rhythmi et carminis genere decorare; eumque perenni Romani eloquii columna fulcire, et per omnia sæcula (quantum in nobis est) stabilem et immotum reddere."

To the same purpose the commendatory poems, fifteen in number. Thus Cartwright:

> "'Tis to your happy cares we owe, that we
> Read Chaucer now without a dictionary."

Another, addressing the original, says:

> "——— Thou hast a friend, that while
> He studies to translate, his Latin style
> Hath English'd thee, and cunningly in one
> Fram'd both a comment and translation."

Another advises him to extend the same favour to Spenser. One piece, by "William Barker, M.A., Fellow of New College," is worth quoting for its happiness, and the zeal it shews for the poetical honour of Chaucer.

> "I'm glad, the stomach of the time's so good,
> That it can relish, can digest strong food;
> That learning's not absurd; and men dare know
> How poets spake three hundred years ago.
> Like travellers, we had been out so long,
> Our native was become an unknown tongue,
> And homebred Chaucer unto us was such,
> As if he had been written in High Dutch:
> Till thou the height didst level, and didst pierce
> The depth of his inimitable verse.
> Let others praise thy how, I admire thy what:
> 'Twas noble, the adventure to translate
> A book not tractable to ev'ry hand,
> And such as few presum'd to understand.
> Those upstart verse-wrights, that first steal his wit,
> And then pronounce him dull; or those that sit
> In judgment of the language they ne'er view'd,
> And, because they are lazy, Chaucer 's rude;
> Blush they at these fair dealings, which have shewn
> Thy worth, and yet reserv'd to him his own?"*

---

* In this piece, the old form *Æneids* occurs in the singular: "a second *Æneids*." *The Æneids* (and, in the same manner, the *Iliads* and

Last, comes a Fellow of All Souls, according to whom

"——— Time can silence Chaucer's tongue,
But not his wit, which now among
The Latins hath a louder sound,
And what we lost, the world hath found."

Of the translation, thus extolled, we proceed to offer a few specimens. If they are not such as altogether to justify these partial eulogies, they are entitled to the praise of very tolerable Latin, perfect clearness of style, and unembarrassed fluency; and they certainly answer the character given of them in one respect; they are more universally intelligible than the original. Considering the difficulties of his task, Sir Francis must be allowed to have acquitted himself with much dexterity; and he deserves praise for the fidelity with which he adheres to his original, in spite of the temptations afforded by so ornamental a language as the Latin.

We now proceed to our extracts from the translation. The exordium is very well rendered in parts.

"The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,
That was King Priamus's sonne of Troy,
In loving how his aventurès fellen
From woe to wele, and after out of joy,
My purpose is, ere that I partè fròy [from ye].
Thou, Thesiphone, thou help me for t' endite
Theis woful vers, that wepen as I write.

To thee I clepe, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruell furie, sorowing ever in paine,
Helpe me that am the sorowful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can complaine:
For wellè fit (the soothè for to saine)
A woful wight to have a drery feare,
And to a sorowfull tale a sorie cheare.

For I, that god of lovè's servants serve,
Ne dare to love for mine unlikelynesse,
Prayen for speed, all should I therefore sterve,
So farre am I fro his helpe in derknesse.
But, nathelesse, if this may done gladnesse

---

the *Odysseys*) appear to have been considered as the proper name of the poem. In a copy of verses of King Charles the Second's time, we have, "Down go the *Iliads*, down goes the *Æneidos*."

To any lover, and his cause availe,
Have he my thanke, and mine be the travaile."

" Dolorem Troili duplicem narrare,
Qui Priami regis Trojæ fuit gnatus,
Ut primum illi contigit amare,
Ut miser, felix, et infortunatus
Erat, decessum ante sum conatus.
Tisiphone fer opem recensere
Hos versus, qui, dum scribo, visi flere.

Te invoco, et numen tuum infestum,
Dira crudelis, dolens semper pœnis;
Me juva, qui sum instrumentum mœstum,
Amantes queri docens his Camœnis:
Nam convenit humentibus et genis
Tristem habere tremulum pavorem,
Historiam mœstam vultûs et mœrorem.

Nam ego, qui Cupidinis servorum
Sum servus, et amare nunquam ausus,
Pro bono statu oro tamen eorum;
Tam longe inops tenebris sum clausus.
Nil minus si hoc gaudia aut plausus
Amanti ulli feret, vel solamen,
Illi sint grates, meum sit gravamen."

Troilus's deportment at the festival, where he first met Creseide, is thus described. She appears amidst the concourse (St. 26.)—

" ——— in her blackè wede—
—— she stood full low and still alone,
Behindè other folke in little drede,
And nigh the dorè under shamès dred,
Simple of attire and debonaire of chere,
With full assured looking and manere.

This Troilus as he was wont to guide
His yongè knights, he lad hem up and doune
In thilkè largè temple on every side,
Beholding aie the ladies of the toune,
Now here, now there, for no devotionne
Had he to none, to reven (bereave) him his rest,
But gan to praise and lacke whome he lest.

And in his walke full fast he gan to waiten
If knight or squier of his companie
Gan for to sike, or let his eyèn baiten
On any woman, that he could espie,
He wouldè smile, and hold it a follie,
And say hem thus: O Lord, she sleepeth soft
For love of thee, when thou turnst full oft.

I have heard tell (pardieu) of your living,
Ye lovers, and eke your lewd observances,
And which [what] a labour folke have in winning
Of lovè, and in keeping such doutaunces,
And when your pray [prey] is lost, woe and penaunces:
O, verie foolès, blind and nice be ye,
There is not one can ware by another be.

* * * *

Within the temple he went him forth playing
This Troilus, of every wight about,
Now on this ladie, and now on that looking,
Whereso she were of towne, or of without:
And upon case befell, that through a rout
His eyè pierced, and so deepe it went
Till on Creseide it smote, and there it stent.

And sodainly for wonder wert astoned,
And gan her het behold in thriftie wise:
O very God (thought he) wher hast thou woned
That art so faire, and goodly to devise?
Therewith his hartè gan to spread and rise,
And softè sighed, leste men might him heare,
And caught ayen [again] his firstè playing chere

She was not with the most of her stature,
But all her lymmès so well answering
Were unto womanhood, that creature
Was never lassè maunish in seeming:
And eke the purè wise of her meaning
Shewed well, that men might in her gesse
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troilus, right wonder well withall,
Gan for to like her meaning and her chere,
Which somdele deignous was, for she let fall
Her looke a little aside, in such manere
Ascaunces, what may I not stonden here?

And after that, her looking gan she light,
That never thought him seen so good a sight.

And of her looke in him there gan to quicken
So great desire, and such affection,
That in his hartès bottom gave to sticken
Of her his fire, and deepest impression:
And though he erst had pored up and doun,
Then was he glad his hornès in to shrinke,
Unnethes wist he how to looke or winke.

She thus in blacke, liking to Troilus,
Over all thing he stood for to behold;
But his desire, or wherefore he stood thus,
He neither chere made, ne word thereof told;
But from aferre, his maner for to hold,
On other thing sometime his looke he cast,
And eft on her, while that the service last."

" ——— - Nigra stola
Vestita, sed præ omnibus venusta:
Nil minus sedit illa semper sola,
Et pone omnes sellula angusta,
Et juxta fores, ut pudore onusta:
Amictûs tenuis, et benignæ mentis,
Aspectûs satis firmi et fidentis.

Hic Troilus pro more (ut solebat)
Juveniles equites pone se sequentes
Per fani spatia ampla perducebat,
Assidue urbis dominas intuentes,
Nunc huc, nunc illuc sese convertentes;
Sed hoc non fecit studio amandi,
Probandi gratia est, vel improbandi.

Observans sedulo dum spatiatur
Si armiger ullusve eques edat
Suspiria, vel intentius tueatur
Ullam mulierem, quam is videbat,
Subsannans, tunc ineptias has videbat,
Sic dicens: Ædepol, dormit secura
Amasia tua, dum tua strata dura.

Abunde (hercle) audivi ærumnarum
Amantium, quot angores observando

Amasii habent, quantum et curarum
Conciliando amorem, et servando
Quot dubia, et quam mœsti ii sunt quando
Amissa præda: o [edà] stulti estis
Qui moniti cavere non potestis.

• • • •

Per templum ibat indies ludendo
Hic Troilus, et obviam fit cuivis,
Nunc hanc, nunc illam dominam intuendos,
Seu esset illa advena, seu civis;
Tum casu factum est (sic visum Divis)
Per cœtum ejus oculus vagabatur
Creseidam usque, et ibi morabatur.

Et subito stupore mens afflata,
Intentius illam cœpit contemplari,
Dicens; Dii boni! ubi es morata,
Quæ tam decora es, et digna amari?
Hinc pectus ejus cœpit dilatari,
Suspirans clam, ut nemo audiebat,
Et rursus lætam frontem is fingebat.

Non justam illa excessit staturam,
At omnes artus erant congruentes
Tam apte sexui, ut creaturam
Minus virilem nullam intuentes
Cernerent cuncti gestus et prudentes
Monstrabant illa esse nihil secus,
Præter honorem et muliebre decus.

Exinde Troilus mire incipiebat
Gestus et vultus ejus approbare,
Aliquantulum superbos, nam vertebat
Hirquis transversis, ac si diceret, Fare,
An non et mihi licitum hic stare?
Et postea ora sua serenabat,
Tam pulchrum se vidisse nil putabat.

Et ex aspectu [ejus] tunc cœpere
Tam magna desideria oriri,
Ut cordis imo cœperit hærere
Illius specimen, et sculptum iri;
Quamvis hoc is noluerit resciri;
Tunc lubens cœpit cornua breviare,
Vix audens tueri aut vix nictare.

* * * *

Sic atra indutam Troilus amabat,
Præ cæteris et eam suspiciebat:
Sed desiderium, quare et sic stabat,
Nec verbis, nec in vultu is prodebat:
Sed e longinquo (morem sic tenebat)
Quandoque ad alia oculos deflexit,
Et rursus illam protinus aspexit."

The song of Troilus is rendered as follows. (St. 58, "If no love is," &c.)

"Si non sit amor, Dii! quid est quod sentio?
Et si sit amor, quidnam est vel quale?
Si bonus sit, malorum unde inventio?
Si malus sit, portentum non est tale,
Quum omnis cruciatus et lethale
Vulnus sit gratum: misera quam conditio!
Quanto plus bibo, tanto magis sitio.

Si ardeo voluntate non invita,
Unde hic luctus meus est progressus?
Si damnum placens, quorsum queror ita?
Nescio cur sisto, quum non sim defessus;
O dulces ærumnas quas sum perpessus!
Quî fit, me angat dolor tam immensus,
Ni prius datus sit meus assensus?

Quod si assensum do, injuste tum
Conqueror: huc et illuc sic jactatus,
Navigio sine gubernaculo sum,
In mari medio inter duos flatus,
Quorum oppositus est semper status.
Hei mihi! quale est hoc quod nunc adorior?
Nam æstuans algeo, algeus æstu morior."

One more stanza from the first book: the original is a little in the manner of classical poetry. (St. 135, "She of whom rest all thy woe," &c.)

"——— Quæ jam causa est doloris,
Posthac solamen fiet tui amoris.

En ipsa tellus quæ fert mala lolia,
Herbas salúbres sæpe etiam tollit;
Juxta urticæ aspera et dura folia
Germinat rosa redolens et mollis:
Proximus valli stat et altus collis,
Obscuram noctem sequitur læta dies,
Laborum etiam finis grata quies."

The second book, after the usual prelude, commences as follows. (St. 8, " In May that mother is of monethes glad," &c.)

" In Maio mensium læto genitore,
Cum flosculi cyanei, albicantes,
Redivivi sunt, quos Hyems fecit iners,
Et balsamo sunt campi redundantes,
Cum Phœbus radios projicit micantes
E niveo Tauro, vibrans jubar clarum,
Factum est Maii tertio Nonarum,

Quod Pandarus, qui fatus tam scidenter,
Amoris sensit asperos jaculatus,
Et quamvis is disseruit tam prudenter,
Amando tamen color est mutatus;
Et isto die sensit cruciatus
Tales, ut lecto suo decumbebat,
Quo ante lucem sæpius se vertebat."

He is awakened by the nightingale.

" Et surgens properat indui vestimentis,
Negotii memor quod tunc faciendum
Pro Troilo, facinoris et ingentis:
Amica est luna ad iter capessendum;
Ergo hoc tempus non prætermittendum;
Nam neptis ejus atria petit citius:
Introitûs deus Janus sit propitius.

Ad neptis suæ palatia cum venisset,
Ubi est Domina mea, is dicebat?
Monstrabant famuli; quam cum reperisset,
Illa cum tribus aliis sedebat
In atrio quodam, ubi audiebat
Virgunculam Thebarum perlegentem
Historiam, et legendo iis placentem.

Cui Pandarus ait, Jubeo te salvere,
Mea Domina, et cœtum hunc urbanum.
[Vale] patrue [refert] gratus ades vere,
Et surgens suam illi dedit manum,
Dicens, Per tres has noctes (non est vanum)
Somniavi de te ; Dii non vertant damno :
Et juxta se locavit illum scamno.

Immo [ait is] propitiis Diis, mea neptis," &c.

We give part of the ensuing conversation, the first link of the chain of contrivances by which the kind-hearted Pandarus brings about the union of his friend and his niece. Creseide speaks. (St. 36, "But for the love of God I you besech," &c.)

" Sed oro te amorem per Deorum,
Is tu cum sis quo soleo sperare,
Mitte ambages longas has verborum,
Et mihi nepti quicquid lubet fare.
Hoc dicto, illi basium cœpit dare,
Dicens, Libenter, mea chara neptis :
Tu meis quæso annue jam cœptis.

Vultu demisso Creseida tum tacet,
Et Pandarus tussiens parum, enarrare
Cœpit ; et dixit, Quamvis, neptis, placet
Multis sermones arte exornare,*
Et sic benevolentiam captare ;
Quum verbis multam operam impendunt,
Ad certam metam cuncta tamen tendunt.

Et cum sermonis omnis vis sit scopus,
Et res, quam suadeo, adeo sit directa,
Processum longum facere non est opus
Tibi, quæ mihi adeo es dilecta.
His dictis (oratione imperfecta)
Cœpit tueri illam recta facie,
Et dixit : Speculo tali multum gratiæ.

Tum secum : Sic sermonem si extensum
Aut longum fecerim, illam sic morari,

---

* "I am no orator, as Brutus is."

Ejusdem parvum illa habebit sensum,
Et eam vellem jam hallucinari;
Ingenia namque tenera suspicari
Solent, cum non intelligant rem clare;
Me captui ergo volo accommodare.

Et sedulo inspexit ejus vultum,
Quod illa advertens, statim dixit isti,
Dii! quare intueris me tam multum?
Anne antehac tu nunquam me vidisti?
Immo (ait ille) sæpe meministi;
Sed jam ariolabar tua fata,
Et nunc sciemus an sis fortunata.

Beneficium unicuique est porrectum
Statutis horis, id si vult accipere;
At si is volens spernet ut neglectum
Cum venerit, aut voluerit abjicere,
Sors non dicatur hominem decipere,
Sed propria sua acedia * et segnitia;
Et talis incusandus de pigritia.

Sors læta manet te, o neptis chara,
Si tibi placens fuerit et grata;
Et sodes cito capere illam para,
Ne forte fugiat te, aut sit ablata.
Quid amplius tibi dicam pro re nata?
Des mihi manum: non est orbe toto
Tam felix ac tu, meo saltem voto.

Et cum jam loquar animo sincero,
Ista quæ tibi antehac sum fatus;
Et te amore prosequar tam vero,
Ac ullus qui in toto orbe natus;
Per omnia illa, quæ sum attestatus,
Si irata sis, aut falsum me dicturum
Credas, me nunquam temet revisurum.

Ne timeas, nec tremas præ pavore,
Neu palleat facies, color nec mutetur;

---

* Ἀκηδία.

Nam crede, nihil mali in me fore ;
Et quamvis tibi novum hoc videtur,*
Nil in me nisi verum reperietur.
Et si, quod dicam, esset indecorum,
Tu non a me andires quidquam horum.

Nunc, patrue (inquit illa) sodes oro
Sis brevis, et quid hoc sit dic repente :
Nam quid tu dices, timeo et ignoro,
Ac etiam aveo scire tota mente.
Nam bono sive malo existente
Ede ; nec sinas me hoc metu stare.
Sic faciam, (inquit is) vis auscultare ?

Mea neptis, regis filius dilectus,
Qui se tam bene et digne semper gerit,
Et omnibus est numeris perfectus,
Ternobilis Troilus sic te deperit,
Ut (ni tu misereris) amor erit
Ejus exitium ; amplius quid dicatur ?
Fac nunc quod vis, vivat, an moriatur ?"

The appearance of Troilus, on his triumphal return from battle through the city, is thus given.

" Hic Troilus equo fulvo insidebat,
Excepto capite, panoplia armatus ;
Et saucius erat equus, et mittebat
Sanguinem lento gradu incitatus :
Tam nobile spectaculum nemo ratus
Vidisse se ; præstantior non ingentis
Gradivi facies, Dei armipotentis :

Tam similis erat viro bellicoso,
Et militi pleno magnanimitatis.
Nam is non solum corde animoso
Erat, sed corpore etiam strenuo satis,
Cum membris omni ex parte valde ornatis ;
Tam juvenilis, vividus, est visus,
Videre illum erat Paradisus.

Ut galea vicies fissa est, monstratum
Per vittam, quæ a tergo ei pendebat ;

---

* And though my tale as-now be to you new—

Machæris, hastis, scutum penetratum,
In quo vis sagittarum inhærebat,
Quam nec cornu nec nervus perferebat.*
Clamabat plebs, En nostrum gaudium pulchrum,
Post fratrem ejus, Trojæ etiam fulcrum."

We shall conclude with an extract considerably longer than any of the preceding; it is the soliloquy of Creseide in her chamber, after returning from the spectacle. (St. 99, "let us tourne fast unto Creseide," &c.

" ——— jam aliquid dicatur
De Creseida, quæ capite resedit
Submisso, ubi sola meditatur
Quæ tandem resolutio induatur,
Si patruus suas nollet jam cessare
Pro Troilo ad illam perorare.

Et papæ, ut cœpit sic argumentari
De hac materia sola, cum sedebat;
Quid fieri oportet, et quid cogitari,
Hæc multifariam secum differebat;
Nunc cor incaluit, et nunc cor algebat:
Et jam oportet scribere quæ putabat,†
Meus sicut auctor prius dictitabat.

Putabat firmum Troili quod vultum
Aspectu nosset, et humanitatem:
Et sic dicebat: Quamvis non est multum
Amare illum, propter dignitatem
Tamen præclarum est, hilaritatem
Caste, et cum tali Domino rem habere:
Sic illi possim, mihi et, placere.

Etiam scio illum regis mei natum,
Et cum tueri me sic delectetur,
Si ejus vultum fugerem ut ingratum,
Is forsan mihi valde irascetur;
Quo res pejori statu collocetur.
Imprudens forem odium comparare,
Fervente ubi in gratia possum stare.

---

* ———Many an arow———
That thirled had hornè, nerfe, and rinde.

† For *cogitabat*.

In omnibus est modus et mensura.
Nam quamvis aliquis ebrium vetet esse
Virum, ut omnis tamen creatura
Omnino potu careat, non necesse.
Nam cum dolorem ille mentis fessæ
Ferat pro me, non debeo illum spernere,
Cum bene cupiat, quantum possum cernere.

Comperti etiam mihi sunt jampridem
Illius mores: nec superbus vere,
Nec ostentator audit, habeo fidem;
Plus sapit, tale vitium quam fovere:
Ultro ego nolo illum sic mulcere
Ut justam ansam dem ei ostentandi;
Me nunquam vinciet tali vinclo amandi.

Nunc posito hoc, sit difficultatis,
Quod is me amat homines opinentur.
Quid hoc ad me foret indignitatis?
An eum impediam? certe non decenter.
Ac etiam mulieres oppidum per hoc totum,
Nec eæ pejores;* omnibus est notum.

Opinor etiam quod sit dignus frui
Totius urbis domina venustissima,
(Honoris nempe habita cura sui)
Nam certe ejus virtus est dignissima,
Hectoris nisi, quæ est præstantissima;
Et tamen juris mei est ejus vita,
En, amor et sors mea voluit ita.

Quod is me amat nemo demiretur,
Nam ipsamet scio (Jove sed propitio
Hoc per me nemini unquam reveletur)
Quod sum pulcherrima omnium judicio:
Nam forma mea omni caret vitio,
Trojugenæ sic omnes volunt dicere;
Quid mirum tunc si gaudeat me aspicere?

Sum mulier etiam proprii mei juris
(Diis gratias) secundum meum morem,

---

* An Anglicism; "nor are they the worse for it."

Et juvenilis, libera à vinclis duris,
Non habeo zelotypiam, nec dolorem,
Nolo maritum me superiorem.
Nam aut zelotypi sunt, et dominantes;
Aliarum aut mulierum amantes.

Quid faciam? quorsum vivo sic formosa?
Nonne amem si sic mihi visum fuerit?
Quid? œdepol non sum religiosa [a nun]:
Quanquam cor meum figere libuerit
Super hoc milite qui sic placuerit,
Dum honor meus famaque servetur,
Hoc mihi jure vitio non vertetur.

Sed velut Martio, cum sol splendeat clare,
Mutatur sæpe facies formosa,
Cum venti nubem cœperint fugare,
Quæ solem velat umbra tenebrosa;
Sic mentem cogitatio nebulosa
Transit, quæ omnes alias obtegebat;
Et præ timore tantum non cadebat.

Hæc erat: Hei! cum meæ potestatis
Jam sim, cur amem sic periclitari
Securitatem meæ libertatis?
Heu! cur tam fatuum ausa meditari?
Annon in aliis possum contemplari
Illorum gaudium pavidum, graves curas?
Non amat, qui non sentit vices duras.

Amorem nam plenissimum nimborum,
Molestum vitæ genus scio fore.
Nam semper aliquid est dissidiorum,
Et nubes aliquæ super solis ore.
Præterea nos misellæ in dolore
Nequimus aliud agere quam plorare;
Miseria est nostra planctus et potare.*

Tam præsto sunt et pravæ linguæ fari
Calumnias; viri et sunt fallaces ita;

---

* ——We wretched women nothing conne (can)
Whan us is too, but wepe and sit and thinke;
Our wretche (wretchedness) is this, our ownè wo to drinke.

Et prout forma cœperit mutari,
Sic amor; nova amica est quæsita;
Quæcunqne injuria facta, non oblita.
Nam quamvis hi se lacerant ob amorem,
In fine minus sentiunt dolorem.

Quam frequens est et legere et videre
De in nos fœminas proditione?
Quamobrem talis amor sit, tenere
Nequeo; nec ubi sit amissione; *
Nam nemo capit, mea opinione,
Quid fit de eo; en prorsus ignoratur;
Quod fuit nil in nihilum mutatur.

Quam sedulam et me oportet esse
Placere de amore garrientibus!
Et adulari illis est necesse,
Quamvis sit nulla causa obloquentibus;
Mulcendi tamen verbis sunt placentibus.
Sed quis rumores reprimat linguarum,
Aut sonitum pulsarum campanarum?

Et postea cœpit mentem serenare,
Et sic dicebat: Is qui nil conatur,
Nil perficit aut peragit præclare.—
Cor tremit, et dum aliud meditatur,
Nunc dormit spes, nunc metus suscitatur;
Nunc calet, friget nunc: sed inter moras
Surrexit, et ad lusus exit foras."

ART. VII.—*The Character of a London Diurnall, with severall select Poems, by the same Author. Printed in the yeere* 1647. *4to.; pp.* 50.

Poems, by J. C., *with Additions, never before printed. Printed in the year* 1657. *Small octavo; pp.* 107.

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* To what fine (end) is such love I cannot seem,
Or what becommeth it, whan it is go (gone).

Poems, by John Cleavland. *With Additions, never before printed. Printed by W. Shears,* 1659. *Small octavo; pp.* 244.

J. Cleaveland *Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his genuine incomparable Pieces, never before publisht. With some other exquisite Remains of the most eminent Wits of both the Universities that were his Contemporaries. London: printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the Angel, in Corn-hill,* 1659. *Small octavo; pp.* 127.

Poems, by John Cleavland. *With Additions, never before printed. London: printed for John Williams,* 1661. *pp.* 236; *small octavo.*

Poems, by John Cleaveland. *London: printed by W. Shears,* 1662. *Small octavo; pp.* 238.

J. Cleavland *Revived: Poems, Orations, Epistles, and other of his genuine incomparable Pieces, &c. This fourth edition, besides many other never before publisht additions, is enriched with the Author's Midsummer Moon, or Lunacy Rampant, &c., now at last publisht from his original Copies, by some of his intrusted Friends. London: printed for Nathaniel Brooks, at the Angell, in Gresham College,* 1668. *Small octavo; pp.* 182.

Poems, by John Cleaveland; *with Additions, never before printed. London: printed by J. R. for John Williams,* 1666. *pp.* 230; *small octavo.*

Clievelandi Vindiciæ; or Cleveland's Genuine Poems, Orations, Epistles, &c., purged from the many false and spurious ones which had usurped his name, and from innumerable Errours and Corruptions in the true Copies. To which are added many Additions never printed before. With an account of the Author's Life. Published according to the Author's own Copies. London: printed for Obadiah Blagrave, at the sign of the Bear, in St. Paul Church Yard, near the little north door, 1677. *Octavo; pp.* 239.

The Works of Mr. John Cleveland; *containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, collected into one volume, with the Life of the Author. London: printed by R. Holt, for Obadiah Blagrave,* 1687. *Octavo; pp.* 546.

While the first edition and sheets of *Paradise Lost* were slowly struggling through the mists of bigotry and party prejudice into public reputation, the Poems of Clieveland were poured forth in innumerable impressions. The reverse is now the singular contrast; and Clieveland has had the fate of

those poets, described in Johnson's life of Cowley, who, "paying their court to temporary prejudices, have been at one time too much praised, and at another too much neglected." Cleveland was a *Court* poet; and Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, appears to have been fully aware of the import of this branch of poetical business, in the following character of Cleveland, in his *Theatrum Poetarum, or Compleat Collection of the Poets*, (1675, 12mo.)—"*John Cleveland*, a notable high-soaring witty loyalist of Cambridge, whose verses, in the time of the Civil War, began to be in great request, both for their wit and zeal to the king's cause, for which, indeed, he appeared the first, if not only, eminent champion in verse against the Presbyterian party; but most especially against the Kirk and Scotch Covenant, which he prosecuted with such a satirical fury, that the whole nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous poetical censure. In fine, so great a man has Cleveland been in the estimation of the generality, in regard his conceits were out of the common road, and wittily far-fetched, that grave men, in outward appearance, have not spared, in my hearing, to affirm him the BEST OF ENGLISH POETS; and let them think so still, who ever pleases, provided it be made no article of faith."

The County Antiquarians and Historians, for once, have agreed on a birth-place. John Cleveland was the son of the Reverend Thomas Cleveland, M.A., vicar of Hinckley, and rector of Stoke, in the county of Leicester. Our poet, his eldest son, was born in 1613, at Loughborough, where his father was then assistant to the rector. The genealogists will find ample information concerning the paternal pedigree, in Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, and in Nichols's *History of Hinckley:* and to the latter work (whose ingenious author was a descendant of the family,) we are indebted for some curious particulars of our biographical account. The family was originally from the North Riding of Yorkshire, and derived their name from a large tract of country still called *Cleveland.*

Cleveland was educated at Hinckley, under the reverend Richard Vynes, subsequently so distinguished among the Presbyterian party: David Lloyd, in his Memoirs of Persons who suffered for Charles I., says that Cleveland owed "the heaving of his natural fancy, by choicest elegancies in Greek and Latin, more elegantly Englished, (an exercise he improved much by,) to Mr. Vines, there schoolmaster." In his fifteenth year our poet was removed to Cambridge, and admitted of Christ's College, 4th September, 1627, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1631. He was afterwards elected Fellow of St. John's College in the same university, to which

he had migrated; and there took his degree of Master of Arts, in 1635. He resided at Cambridge many years, and was the tutor of several pupils of distinguished literary and ecclesiastical rank: Dr. John Lake, bishop of Man, Bristol, and Chichester, and Dr. Drake, vicar of Pontefract, whose initials, J. L. and S. D., are prefixed to the *Clievelandi Vindiciæ*, 1677, were his pupils; and the editors of that edition of his poems which they dedicated to Dr. Turner, bishop of Rochester and Ely, also one of Cleveland's pupils. He did not take holy orders, but was admitted on the law line, (2nd November, 1640, Register of St. John's,) and afterwards on that of physic (31st January, 1642, *ibid.*). He did not, however, practise either of these professions; but, remaining at College, became Rhetoric Reader, and composed the speeches of the society, and the epistles to eminent persons, many of which are inserted in his works, and particularly reputed for the purity and terseness of the Latin style. Bishop Lake says, "he lived about nine years, the delight and ornament of that society. To the service he did it, the library oweth much of its learning, the chapel much of its pious decency, and the college much of its renown." Cleveland, personally and strenuously, exerted himself to prevent the re-election of Cromwell for Cambridge, in 1641 (after the first election of Cromwell for that town, by a well-known stratagem, in 1640). When the election was over, and the Puritans had succeeded in returning the future Protector, Cleveland's discernment, it is said, predicted the future consequences: Dr. Lake, his biographer, writes, that "no man had more sagacious prognosticks;" and, as an illustration, asserts, that the poet, on the termination of the election, exclaimed, with much passionate zeal,—"that single vote had ruined both church and state." It is observable, however, that this prediction, like many other prophecies, was not published till *after* the event.

On the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Cleveland was the first, and, indeed, the only poetical champion of the royal cause. On the first successes of the parliament party in the eastern counties, Cleveland joined the royal army, and the king's head-quarters at Oxford. He was here, of course, much admired and courted for his satirical poems on the Puritanical party. The earliest and the most popular of these satires was that on the Scottish Covenanters, intituled *The Rebel Scot*. In Fuller's original portrait of the poet, taken at Oxford, he is drawn holding a paper, inscribed, The Rebel Scot; an engraving of which is prefixed to the seventh volume of Nichols's *Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, 1781, 12mo. We shall extract this poem, the title of which, to prevent the present uncourteous application, we must palliate to our Scot-

tish readers. It was intended for a *party* rather than a *national* satire, as evidently appears by Cleveland's excepting the *loyal* Scots. The poem was originally published in the anonymous quarto edition of 1647. The historical events which occasioned its composition, and the individual characters alluded to, are too well known to need any detailed narration.

The Rebel Scot.

"How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew?
Then Madam Nature wears black patches too.
What! shall our nation be in bondage thus
Unto a land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward: I am all on fire;
Not all the buckets in a country quire
Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd,
When angry, like a comet's flaming beard.
And where's the stoic can his wrath appease
To see his country sick of Pim's disease,
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such pig-wiggin myrmydons as they?
But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
The name of Scot without an antidote,
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there, that might be poison too.
Were I a drowsy judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters as a juggler's throat
Doth ribbons: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction,
Or roar like Marshall, that Geneva bull,
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
Yet to express a Scot to play that prize,
Not all those mouth granadoes can suffice:
Before a Scot can properly be curst,
I must (like Hocus) swallow daggers first.
Come, keen iambicks, with your badger's feet,
And, badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet;
Help, ye tart satirists, to imp my rage,
With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen;
Scratch till the blood come; they'll not hurt you then.
Now as the martyrs were inforc'd to take
The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake,
I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes:
A Scot within a beast is no disguise.

No more let Ireland brag her harmless nation
Fosters no venom, since the Scot's plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, England hath wolves again.
The Scot that kept the Tower might have shewn
(Within the grate of his own breast alone)
The leopard and the panther, and ingrost
What all those wild collegiates had cost
The honest high-shoes, in their termly feet,
First to the salvage lawyer; next to these
Nature herself doth Scotchmen beasts confess,
Making their country such a wilderness;
A land that brings in question and suspense
God's omnipresence, but that Charles came thence;
But that Montrose, and Crawford's loyal band,
Aton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the land.
Nor is it all the nation hath these spots;
There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots.
As in a picture where the squinting paint
Shews fiends on this side, and on that side saint,
He that saw hell, in 's melancholy dream,
And in the twilight of his fancy's theme,
Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd proselyte;
A land where one may pray with curst intent,
Oh, may they never suffer banishment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rover's, and defy
This or that place; rags of geography.
They 're citizens o' th' world; they 're all in all;
Scotland 's a nation epidemical.
And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode
How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad:
To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double jug
Resembles most, in belly or in beard:
(The card by which the mariners are steer'd).
No, the Scots-errant fight, and fight to eat;
Their ostrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
The serpent 's fatal still to Paradise.
Sure England hath the hemorrhoids, and these
On the north posture of the patient seize
Like leeches: thus they physically thirst
After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
Let them not think to make us run o' th' score,
To purchase villainage, as once before,
When an act pass'd to stroke them on the head,
Call them good subjects, buy them gingerbread.
Nor gold, nor acts of grace; 'tis steel must tame
The stubborn Scot. A prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
Who saddl'd his own back to shame his horse.
Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
They are the Gospel's life-guards: but for them,
The garrison of new Jerusalem!
What would the brethren do? The cause! the cause!
Sack possets, and the fundamental laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food and raiment; so they took
Religion for their seamstress, and their cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poise,
A laird and twenty pounds, pronounc'd with noise,
When constru'd, but for a plain yeoman go,
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
Hence, then, you proud impostors, get you gone;
You Picts in gentry and devotion;
You scandal to a stock of verse; a race
Able to bring the gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus, by suffering, did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would, Erasmus-like, have hung between:
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones.
That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles,

A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Scotland goose."*

This satire on the Scottish Covenanters was succeeded by a second denunciation, entitled, *The Scots' Apostacy*. In Winstanley's words, "he prosecuted this subject with such satirical fury, that the whole nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous poetical censure." The bulls of the popes, and the fulminations of John Knox, by their respective adherents, were considered fatal; but they did not terminate the human race, nor bury truth so deep that she could not be disinterred.

Our poet was no less vigorous as a panegyrist, as may be seen in his *Rupertismus*, his *Elegy on my Lord of Canterbury*, and divers other panegyrics in the collection. Many of the most contemptible political characters of the times are artificially ornamented with the Roman cement of this laureat and daubing art.

We will, however, in the following extract, prove the *poetical* character of Clieveland; and it is deeply to be regretted, that a *political* bias should have abstracted him from the pure worship of the Muses.

Upon Phillis, walking in a morning before sun-rising.

"The sluggish morn, as yet undress'd,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees (like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty,)
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or age with crutches underpropp'd,
Whose wooden carcases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and, at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.

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* In the editions of Clieveland, 1668 and 1677, there is a Latin version of *The Rebel Scot*, entitled *Rebellis Scotus*. Wood mentions, in *The Athenæ Oxonienses*, article, "Gawen," that a translation was made by Gawen; and we think that the version in those editions is the one alluded to, and was written by Gawen, not by Clieveland.

The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs, play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom 's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him;
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.
But what new-fashion'd palsy 's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And, that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe:
Phillis perceives, and, (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring,)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light."

The encouragement of a coarse vein of satire, imitative of the rich ore of Butler's wit, was too often the fault of Cleveland. In the critical language of the day, these far-fetched

attempts were not inaptly termed "conceits:" the poets of the period were estimated in proportion to the extravagance with which they indulged in absurd antithesis and pyramidal imagery. Thus, says a learned contemporary doctor, "Cleveland was a general artist, an eminent poet. His epithets were pregnant with metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness, difficult at the hearing, plain at the considering thereof. His lofty fancy may seem to stride from the top of one mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant level and champion of continued elevations!" Such was the excellence which the poets then cultivated and the critics admired. Every endeavour was made, by the poets of this class, to vitiate and vulgarize their genius. Most of them, therefore, were "eminently successful" in effectually destroying their talents and their lasting fame. Cleveland, however, did not so effectually accomplish this suicide. The following poem, "Mark Anthony," and the vulgar parody by himself, called "The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony," is a striking specimen of this wanton spirit of self-destruction. What would have been thought of a parody on Lycidas by John Milton?

Mark Anthony.

"When as the nightingale chanted her vespers,
And the wild forester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me, in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my heart's content,
Play'd with me on the green.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian queen.

First, on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warmer lips, which, when I tasted,
My duller spirits made active as fire:
Then we began to dart
Each at another's heart,
Arrows that knew no smart,
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glass to plait her amber tresses,
Which, like a bracelet rich, decked my arm,

Gaudier than Juno wears, when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warm;
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes humour chrystalline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Mystical grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love;
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances,
Numb'ring of kisses arithmetic prove.
Eyes like astronomy,
Straight-limb'd geometry,
In her heart's ingeny
Our wits are sharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian queen."

The Author's Mock-song to Mark Anthony.

"When as the night-raven sung Pluto's matins,
And Cerberus cried three amens at an howl;
When night-wand'ring witches put on their pattens,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the night-mare was come;
Such a mis-shapen groom
Puts down Su. Pomfret clean.
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy sus,
As this foul gipsy quean.

First on her gooseberry cheeks I mine eyes blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her bluer lips, which when I tasted,
My spirits were duller than dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an usher's pace,
And made way for her face;
You may guess what I mean.
Never did Incubus
Touch such a filthy sus,
As this foul gipsy quean.

Like snakes ingend'ring were platted her tresses,
Or like slimy streaks of ropy ale,
Uglier than envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwigg'd with adders' tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh mandrake;
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is epicene.
Never did, &c.

Mystical magic of conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of pulses, the palmestry of hags,
Scolding out belches for rhetoric, twinkles
With three teeth in her head, like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her nose weatherwise;
From them th' almanack lies
Frost, pond, and rivers clean.
Never did, &c."

The most polished and poetic compositions in the collection of Clieveland's poems, are those entitled, "The Senses' Festival" and "Fuscara, or the Bee Errant." We have only space to insert the latter. It would alone stamp the character of the author.

Fuscara, or the Bee Errant.

"Nature's confectioner, the bee,
Whose suckets are moist alchymy,
The still of his refining mould,
Minting the garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties Flora yields,
Ambitious now to take excise
Of a more fragrant paradise,
At my Fuscara's sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The airy freebooter distrains
First on the violet of her veins,
Whose tincture, could it be more pure
His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:
Here did he sit and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off;

That pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the world's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her palm,
That alm'ner of transpiring balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a jelly glov'd.
Here, while his canting drone-pipe scann'd
The mystic figures of her hand,
He tipples palmestry, and dives
On all her fortunes-telling lives:
He bathes in bliss, and finds no odds
Betwixt her nectar and the gods'.
He perches now upon her wrist,
A proper hawk for such a fist,
Making that flesh his bill of fare,
Which hungry cannibals would spare:
Where lilies, in a lovely brown,
Inoculate carnation.
Her Argent skin with Or so stream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd;
From hence he to the woodbine bends,
That quivers at her fingers' ends,
That runs divisions on the three,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So, 'tis not her the bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers;
It is the rose that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling,
I' th' fashion of a wedding ring,
And bids his comrades of the swarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm.
Thus, when the hovering publican
Had suck'd the toll of all her span,
Turning his draughts with drowsy hums,
As Danes carouse by kettle drums,
It was decreed, that posy glean'd,
The small familiar should be wean'd:
At this the errant's courage quails;
Yet, aided by his native sails,
The bold Columbus still designs
To find her undiscover'd mines:
To th' Indies of her arm he flies,
Fraught both with east and western prize;

Which, when he had in vain essay'd,
Arm'd like a dapper lance-presade,
With Spanish pike he broach'd a pore,
And so both made and heal'd the sore:
For as in gummy trees there's found
A salve to issue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balsam too.
But, oh! what wasp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my Queen of Love?
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Lest her beams should melt his throne;
And finding that his tribute slacks,
His burgesses and state of wax
Turn'd to an hospital, the combs
Build rank and file like beadsmen's rooms;
And what they bleed, but tart and sour,
Match'd with my Danae's golden show'r,
Life-honey all, the envious elf
Stung her, 'cause sweeter than himself.
Sweetness and she are so allied,
The bee committed parricide."

We must now reluctantly return to the satiric poetry, which constitutes much the largest portion of the works.

The elastic consciences of the Fanatics; the she-evangelists or Penelope ladies, who wrought Bible stories in needlework; the true nature of a Puritan's "platonick love;" the white and swivel eyes, necks awry, hollow cheeks, and "backs with hills on which you might place a windmill" of the Gospellers, are the copious sources of the lively satire of the poet. Cromwell, of course, does not escape. The following is "the Definition of a Protector."—

"What's a *Protector*? He's a stately thing,
That apes it in the non-age of a king.
A tragic actor, Cæsar in a clown;
He's a brass farthing stamped with a crown.
A bladder blown with others' breath puft full,
Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus*' bull.
Æsop's proud ass veil'd in the lion's skin.
An outward saint lin'd with a devil within.
An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
But just as a barrel-head, sounds like adrum.

Fantastic image of the Royal head,
The brewer's, with the king's arms, quartered :
He is a counterfeited piece, that shows
Charles his effigies with a copper nose.
In fine, he's one we must Protector call,
From whom the King of Kings protect us all!"

PROTECTOR *Anagram.* } O Portet C. R!

The "models of new religion," the assembly, the committees, and the eccentric parliaments of the commonwealth, liberally shared his notice. "Smectimnuus, or the Club Divines," "in their wire drawn or spun-out name," are visited with humorous severity. He finishes them to his own satisfaction by writing—

"I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from constable to constable,
But there I leave you to another dressing,
Only kneel down and take your father's blessing;
May the queen-mother justify your fears,
And stretch her patent to your leather ears."—

The motley composition of the mixed assembly of divines and militant laymen, "like Jews and Christians in a ship together," is well satirised in a parody on the church service, called *A Lenten Letany*, "composed for a confiding brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithful ones." This parodical liberty, prior to Mr. Canning's and Mr. Hone's, proves that parties are not so delicate in the selection of their weapons as they would advise their adversaries to be. We extract the following—

"From villainy drest in the doublet of zeal,
From three kingdoms bak'd in one common-weal,
From a gleek of Lords Keepers of one poor seal,
Libera nos, &c.

From a Chancery writ, and a whip and a bell,
From a justice of peace that never could spell,
From Colonel Pride and the vicar of hell,
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without socks, and three penny-pies,
From a new sprung light, that will put out one's eyes,
From Goldsmiths' hall, the Devil, and Excise,
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours' talk, without one word of sense,
From liberty still in the future tense,
From a parliament's long-wasted conscience,
Libera nos, &c.

The Second Part.

That if it please thee to assist
Our agitators and their list,
And hemp them with a gentle twist,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to suppose
Our actions are as good as those
That gull the people through the nose,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee here to enter,
And fix the rumbling of our centre,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to unite
The flesh and bones unto the sprite,
Else, faith and literature, good night!
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it might please thee, O that we
May each man know his pedigree,
And save that plague of heraldry,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee in each shire,
Cities of refuge, Lord, to rear,
That failing brethren may know where,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to abhor us,
Or any such dear favour for us,
That thus have wrought thy people's sorrows,
Quæsumus e, &c.

That it may please thee to embrace
Our days of thanks and fasting face,
For robbing of thy holy place,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to adjourn
The day of judgment, lest we burn,
For lo! it is not for our turn,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to commit,
A Close Committee there to sit,
No devil to a human wit!
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to dispense
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the sense,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embalm
The saints in Robin Wisdom's psalm,
And make them musical and calm,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee, since 'tis doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout,
Quæsumus te, &c."

We must now close our long and "elegant extracts." There are some poems, in the later editions, of a gross and immoral character, but that is by no means the general complexion of Clieveland's *Works*. From the beautiful specimens of poetic conception in Clieveland, our readers, we are sure, will regret with us, that subjects of vulgar and party humour obtruded themselves on the satiric propensities of the poet. He was a great admirer of the Augustan age of the British Poetry and Drama; and his poems abound with ardent and elegant tributes of respect and admiration to the genius of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Clieveland was a member of a club of wits and loyalists, frequented by Butler. The author of Hudibras was a great admirer of Clieveland's wit, and the pages of that incomparable work are much more indebted to Clieveland than can be traced in the notes of Dr. Grey. The learned and ingenious Dr. Farmer had marked many passages in his copy of Clieveland's poems, which Butler had imitated.

The poem in Randolph's Works, called the *Hermaphrodite*, was the production of Clieveland; and on the authority of Wood, the verses in Clieveland's Works, called "*The Archbishop's of York's Revolt*," are the property of Thomas Weaver, author of "*Songs and Poems of Love and Drollery*, Oct, 1654."

Although Clieveland was a zealous and fearless military partisan of the royal cause, yet his name and services are not connected with any of the remarkable occurrences of those extraordinary times. We, therefore, shall not prolong this article with any uninteresting biographical details. In 1655, he was seized at Norwich, as "a person of great abilities," adverse and dangerous to the reigning government. The particulars of his examination are preserved in Thurlow's *State Papers*, 1742, fol. vol. iv., p. 185. Major General Hayes apprehended him as comprised in the second class of persons disaffected to the government, Among the reasons of judgment sent up to the Protector and Council are—"4. Mr. Clieveland liveth in a genteel garb; yet he confesseth, that he hath no estate but £20 per annum, allowed by two gentlemen, and £30 per annum by Mr. Cooke.—5. Mr. Clieveland is a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice: all of which we humbly submit," &c.

For these excellent "reasons," Clieveland was imprisoned at Yarmouth. He there wrote, and forwarded a petition to the Protector, justly admired for the boldness and honesty of its address: it was, notwithstanding, successful, and procured his enlargement.

"*Clieveland's Petition to Oliver Cromwell, late Protector.*

"May it please your Highness,

"Rulers within the circle of their government have a claim to that which is said of the Deity; they have their centre everywhere, and their circumference no where. It is in this confidence, that I address to your Highness, as knowing no place in the nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no prison so close, as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound myself up in a private recess, and my comportment to the public being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither fears or jealousies have scrupled at my actions: Being about three months since at Norwich, I was fetched with a guard before the Commissioners, and sent prisoner to Yarmouth, and if it be not a new offence to make enquiry where I offended, (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the royal party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate; for none stand committed whose estate can bail them; I only am the prisoner, who have no acres to be my hostage. Now, if my poverty be criminal, (with reverence be it spoken,) I must implead your Highness, whose victorious arms have reduced me to it, as accessary to my guilt. Let it suffice, my Lord, that the calamity of the war hath made us poor; do not punish us for it. Who ever

did penance for being ravished? Is it not enough that we are stript so bare, but it must be made in order to a severe lash? must our scars be engraven with new wounds? must we first be made cripples, then beaten with our own crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, it is its own punishment; who suffers for it more, pays use upon use. I beseech your Highness, put some bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue the chace to the other world: can your thunder be levelled so low as our grovelling conditions? Can that towering spirit, that hath quarried upon kingdoms, make a stoop at us, who are the rubbish of those ruins? Methinks, I hear your former achievements interceding with you not to sully your glories with trampling on the prostrate, nor clog the wheels of your chariot with so degenerous a triumph. The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesy. Those that fell by their prowess sprung up by their favours, as if they had struck them down, only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highness, as you are the rival of their fame, will be no less of their virtues; the noblest trophy, that you can erect to your honour, is to raise the afflicted. And, since you have subdued all opposition, it now remains that you attack yourself, and with acts of mildness vanquish your victory. It is not long since, my Lord, that you knocked off the shackles from most of our party, and by a grand release did spread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proscriptions interrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be slandered as the ambush of your further rigour. For the service of his majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive fidelity to my prince should taint me in your opinion; I should rather expect it should recommend me to your favour; had not we been faithful to our king, we could not have given ourselves to be so to your Highness; you had then trusted us gratis, whereas, now we have our former loyalty to vouch us. You see, my Lord, how much I presume upon the greatness of your spirit, that dare prevent my indictment with so frank a confession, especially in this, which I may so justly deny, that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his sufferings, and give myself up to be cherished with his fall; thus my charge is double, (my obedience to my sovereign, and, what is the result of that, my want of a fortune;) Now, whatever reflections I have on the former, I am a true penitent for the latter. My Lord, you see my crimes. As to my defence, you bear it about you; I shall plead nothing in my justification, but your Highness's clemency, which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, (if you graciously please to extend it to your supplicant, in taking me out of this withering durance,) your Highness will find, that mercy will establish you more than power; though all the days of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of September.

"Your Highness's humble, and submissive petitioner,

"J. C. CLIEVELAND."

Clieveland died of an intermittent fever, on the 29th April, 1658. He was buried in St. Michael Royal Church, College Hill, London; and Bishop Pearson honoured his private virtues, and the consistency of his public character, by preaching his funeral sermon. (Lloyd's *Mem.* p. 168. Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 135.)

There are numerous "elegies on the memory of Mr. John Clieveland," "offered to the memory of that incomparable poet;" and verses "on Mr. J. Clieveland, pictured with his laurel," prefixed to the editions of his poems; but their authors were not inspired with the spirit of the poet they eulogised.

An anagram, also, was a necessary discovery, emblematical of his genius,—

John Clieveland,
Heliconian dew.

His "effigies" are detailed in Granger. R. White, sc. 12mo. Before his Works, 1653.—A bust crowned with laurel, 1658, (no Engraver's name,) prefixed to ed. 1659. Johannes Clieveland, in a clerical habit, before his works 1677, probably fictitious, as he was never in holy orders. And John Clieveland, Æt. 32: a medallion, Fuller; J. Basire.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of that famous English Poet*, Mr. Edmund Spenser. *Lond.* 1679. *fol.*

"Give a dog a bad name," says the adage, "and hang him;" there being little chance of his ever losing it. In the same way, if a man once obtain a good reputation, he will retain it for a long time, even when he does not really deserve it. It is a great while before truth lays bare the deception; some people will not take the trouble to think at all, and some are unwilling to relinquish an opinion which has once taken root in their minds. But at some lucky revolution of the wheel of time, truth at last drops out, and is found by the man who has boldness enough to make use of his eyes. Edmund Spenser, the celebrated author of the *Faerie Queene*, also produced various smaller poems, most of which were written before his great allegorical work. The fame of the *Faerie Queene* has carried along the stream the minor productions which preceded it, and they have continued to occupy a large space in the editions of the poet's works. Spenser having obtained a certain degree of

reputation for his poetical genius, the whole of his minor productions, without reference to their intrinsic merits, have been duly published with that which indisputably deserved to be so; and they have been duly lauded for that which it was supposed ought to be the characteristics of his writings. In the eulogiums heaped upon Spenser's minor poems, little discrimination has, in our opinion, been exercised; the judgment of the critic seems to have been hood-winked, and his taste deprived of the faculty of distinguishing the good from the bad, the soul and spirit from the mere corporeal substance, which is mortal and ought to be inhumed. This blind devotion to a name is not confined to Spenser, it has been paid to other men of genius; the least scrap of whose writings, the very dross of whose intellect, has been gathered up and preserved with idolatrous veneration. We do not censure the critic for collecting the immature or careless effusions of a celebrated man —they may be useful in assisting him to form an estimate of the mind of the writer, or, at least, of the steps by which he arrived at excellence, and they may furnish data for conclusions with respect to the science of mind. What we reprobate is, that productions of this kind are not judged by their real value, but by the celebrity of the author, by whose fame they are embalmed and consecrated. Editions are multiplied, and the reputation of the author may, in the end, suffer from the undiscriminating praise which has been bestowed upon him. Such has been the case with Spenser's minor poems, the merit of which, with one or two exceptions, we will venture to say, would not, if they had been the only offspring of his muse, have prevented their sinking into oblivion. They have been buoyed up by the support of their more meritorious and enduring companion, the *Faerie Queene*, which, nevertheless, has not received its due share of public attention in later times, although a sufficient meed of praise has been awarded to it by the critics. Notwithstanding that we are prepared to pass a tolerably harsh opinion upon the former, we have a deep veneration for the author's genius. The wonderful fertility of invention, the richness of imagination, the poetical prodigality of the *Faerie Queene* has our unfeigned admiration. The design, it is true, might have been more judiciously framed, and the interest of the reader more deeply excited; but nothing can surpass the correctness and propriety of his description, whether real or allegorical. We are now speaking generally, for there are undoubtedly many defects in that extraordinary poem; but as it is not our business to point them out in this place, we shall proceed to the more immediate object of this paper, the consideration of Spenser's less important poems. Thinking that very few readers will voluntarily go through these smaller pieces, which alto-

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gether occupy a considerable space, we have determined to extract so much as is really good, and thereby enable those who wish to have some knowledge of Spenser's less valuable effusions, to obtain it at a comparatively small expense of time.

Spenser made his first public appearance, as a poet, in 1578, at the age of twenty-five. His first essay, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, was received with considerable praise. It consists of twelve eclogues, named after the twelve months, and it might have been expected to contain in each eclogue something applicable to the month after which it is named. This, however, is not the case; the names are nothing more than signs to distinguish one eclogue from another. These poems are not marked by any peculiar descriptions of seasons or of scenery: they consist of a mixture of love, theology, and panegyric on Queen Elizabeth. Spenser has, apparently for the purpose of giving them a more rustic air, clothed them in antiquated diction, so antiquated, indeed, that his friend and commentator, E. K., thought it necessary to accompany them, even on their first publication, with a gloss or explanation of the obsolete terms. The poet's object being, therefore, to approximate his pastorals to what might be considered the language and station of the interlocutors, it is strange that he should have so far departed from nature and common sense, as to introduce them discussing questions of theology; and reasoning upon the relative merits of the Catholic and Protestant faiths. Such disquisitions are totally out of character, they are alien from the simplicity of pastoral life; they pre-suppose a state of civilization wholly inconsistent with the ignorance of "shepherd swains." They contain, however, some, although but a small quantity of, poetry; and we can only account for their popularity, for they went through five editions in the author's life-time, from the circumstance of their being almost the earliest productions in the English language in this kind of composition. "For eclogue and pastoral poesie," says Puttenham,* in enumerating the celebrated poets of his time, "Sir Philip Sidney and Maister Challoner, and that other gentleman [Spenser] who wrote the late Shepheardes Callender." These eclogues were dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who praises them, though but slightly, in his *Defence of Poesy*. "The Shepherd's Calendar," says he, "has much poetry in the eclogues and worth the reading, if I be not deceived."

The eclogue of February contains a fable of the Oak and the Brier, the descriptions of which are worth quoting.

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* *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

"There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displaid,
But of their leaves they were disaraid:
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height:
Whylom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the grey moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging breere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element
And seemed to threat the firmament.
It was embellished with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonned to repair
The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their garlands with his colours;
And in his small bushes used to shrowd
The sweet nightingale singing so loud:
Which made this foolish breere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And sneb the good oak for he was old."

The description of the combat between Love and the Shepherd Thomalin is pleasingly written; and as no other part worthy of being presented to the reader occurs to us, unless we except the fable of the Kidd and the Fox, which is too long for quotation, we shall extract it.

"It was upon a holy day,
When shepherds' grooms have leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting,
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting;

At length within the ivy tod,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busy bustling;
I bent my bow against the bush,
List'ning if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.

Tho' peeping close into the thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.

With that sprang forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings, like peacock's train,
And laughing leap'd to a tree.
His gilden quiver at his back,
And silver bow which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me.

That seeing, I level'd again,
And shot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.
So long I shot that all was spent,
Tho' pumy stones I hastily hent,
And threw. But nought availed.

He was so nimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies catched,
Therewith afraid I ran away;
But he that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,

And hit me running in the heel,
For then I little smart did feel,
But soon it sore increased;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it."

Mother Hubberd's Tale appears to have been one of his earliest productions, although not published until 1591. Spenser informs us, that it was composed in the "raw conceit of his youth;" but it is certainly the best and most agreeable of his smaller pieces. As we propose to make a few extracts from this piece, it will be necessary to give some account of it. It purports to be one of several tales told to the author by his friends, to beguile a season of sickness, and he was so delighted with it, that he determined to write it down as nearly as possible in the words of honest Mother Hubberd. The tale con-

sists of certain strange adventures which betided the fox and the ape; who, after having opened their mutual grievances and disappointed hopes, determine to seek their fortunes abroad. The morning succeeding this doughty resolution, as soon as the light peeped out of "heaven's windows," they betook themselves on their journey.

They first call a council, as to the vocation they should adopt; and, being discontented with the unequal distribution of the good things of the world, which they consider ought to be enjoyed in common, thus anticipating the view of the ingenious author of the *Political Justice*, on this subject, they elect to turn beggars, as being the freest agents in the world; but imagining that, without some passport, they might run into danger, they agree that the ape shall play the soldier, he having "a manly semblance and small skill in arms," and that the fox shall wait upon him as his attendant. They gain and abuse the confidence of an honest husbandman, run away, and then turn priests, a change of business which presents several occasions for a few satirical strokes at that venerable order. They meet with a "formal priest," who asks them for and receives their license.

"Which when the priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were;
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill;
For, read he could not, evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts 'mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plain word,
Ne medled with their controversies vain;
All his care was, his service well to sain,
And to read homelies on holidays,
When that was done, he might attend his plays;
An easie life, and fit high God to please."

They next appear at court, where they meet with great success; but their misdeeds become so enormous, that they are soon obliged to fly. The poet here takes an opportunity to contrast a good with a bad courtier. These portraits are executed with considerable force and point, and convey a tolerably good idea of the manners of the poet's contemporary courtiers.

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" Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beautious thought,
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envy or despite:
He stands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after ever tattling fable flie;
But hears, and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best,
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face:
But walks upright with comely steadfast pace,
And unto all doth yield due curtesie:
But not with kissed hand below the knee,
As that same apish crue is wont to do:
For he disdains himself t'embase there-to.
He hates foul leasings, and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentery;
And lothful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle brest:
The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats, he daily doth devise."

* * * * * *

" Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his rest, and there with sweet delight
Of musick's skill revives his toiled spright;
Or else with loves, and ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himself he recomforts:
Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the Muses he with-draws;
Sweet lady Muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual course,
Of forrain lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails, of renowned knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only up-shot whereto he doth aim:
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposes,

And in his prince's service spends his days,
Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In what-so please employ his personage,
That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
For he is fit to use in all assays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance.
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply:
To learn the enterdeal of princes strange,
To mark th' intent of counsels, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men some-while,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which through wise speeches, and grave conference,
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightful Courtier in his kind:
But unto such the ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descry his lewd conditions:
But the young lusty gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleasance, and ill-pleasing vain.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit,
With courtizans and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise:
Ne them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A Pander's coat (so basely was he born;)
There-to he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah! for shame,
Let not sweet poets' praise, whose only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels wit defam'd,
Ne let such verses poetry be nam'd;
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred muses, and it make

A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon,
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humors fed
With fruitless follies, and unsound delights.
But if, perhaps, into their noble sprights
Desire of honour, or brave thought of arms,
Did ever creep, then, with his wicked charms
And strong conceits, he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day.
And when-so love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
The sectaries thereof, as people base,
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but in dark corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their books them shewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
For them he would his impudent lewd speach
Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
And mock divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mock high God himself, whom they profess?
But what car'd he for God or godliness?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance."

The miseries of a courtier hunting for a place are described with a strength of feeling and a pregnant brevity of expression, which has made the passage one of the most celebrated of his poems.

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tride
What hell it is, in suing, long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princes grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many yeers;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

The two adventurers, after leaving court, are tempted to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the king of the forest being asleep, to steal his crown and sceptre, and his hide, which he had "doft for heat." The fox on this, as on all other occasions, supports his character of a cunning politician; but it requires considerable persuasions to allay the fears of the ape, who is destined to perform the theft. The manner in which he effects this piece of treason, which is succeded by an usurpation, and speedy disgrace, is very cleverly described.

"Loth was the ape (though praised) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that stirr'd him by,
And every stick that underneath did ly;
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noise, and still his ear he lent
To every sound that under heaven blew,
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyd:
Yet at the last (so well he him applyd,)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all those royal signs had stoln away,
And with the fox's help them borne aside,
Into a secret corner unespide."

Muiopotmos; or, the Fate of the Butterfly, is a very pleasant little poem, in which Spenser's descriptive powers are shewn to great advantage. The description of Clarion, the youthful butterfly, is very elegant and poetical.

"The fresh young fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsom sloth, or hours in ease to wast,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire,
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.
For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence, with pineons light,
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,

To view the workmanship of heaven's hight:
Whence, down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad dis-spred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smild;
Young Clarion, with vauntful lustyhed,
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound;
For it, by art, was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel, and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he,
In salvage forest, by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;
Which, spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides, with the lyon's skin,
When the Nœmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price;
Not Belbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalch from strange Phœnice;
But such as could both Phœbus arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.
Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,

Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide:
So did this fly out-stretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's Bird in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain."

Clarion being thus prepared, addresses himself to his journey.

"The woods, the rivers, and the medows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassie fens delights untride.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t' abide:
His choiceful sense with every change doth fit,
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T' excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey with curious, busie eye,
Of every flowre and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet,)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them doth lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he pearcheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry."

He is, at length, caught in the web of Arognol, a spider, the ancient enemy of his house, and

"There the fond fly entangled, strugled long
Himself to free thereout, but all in vain;
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himself he tide, and wrapt his wings twain
In limy snares the subtil loups among;
That in the end he breathless did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which, when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grim lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistless prey, and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
Into his heart, that his deep groning spright,
In bloody streams, forth fled into the air,
His body left the spectacle of care."

The piece, entitled *The Ruins of Time*, discloses its subject in its name. Its principal feature is the lamentation of the city of Verulam, under the emblematical representation of a female over the decay of her towers and palaces; in the course of which, the lady takes occasion to moralize on the transitory nature of human things, and, afterwards, adverts to the death of the Earl of Leicester. To the commendation of this nobleman and his family, the poem is, in fact, especially devoted. The general subject is undoubtedly a fine one, but the poet has made but little of it; the poem containing neither grandeur, sublimity, nor pathos. His reflections on the instability of terrestrial institutions and human affairs are not to be compared to the eloquent and imaginative moralizations of Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Dying*. There is something spirit-stirring, however, in the interrogations in the following stanzas.

"Look back, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect somme:
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mear of th' earth and of their raign?

What now is of th' Assyrian lyoness,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian bear's outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years:
Who of the Grecian libbard now ought hears,
That over-ran the east with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to devoure?

And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheast,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies."

The Tears of the Muses consists of the complaints of the nine Muses over the decay of learning, patronage, &c.; complaints which few people, acquainted with Spenser's life, will think he had a right to make, with reference to any personal neglect or discouragement. These pieces are chiefly worthy of notice on account of the harmony of the numbers.

Of the *Visions of the World's Vanity*, we have nothing more to say, than that they are tolerable exemplifications of their subject. *Daphnaida*, which was published in 1591-2, is an elegy on the death of a lady of the Howard family; very long, very dull, and very unnatural.

In the year 1595, Spenser published *Colin Clout's come Home again*, a sort of pastoral, giving an account of his return to England, of his presentation to Queen Elizabeth, and of several persons attached to the court. It might be highly interesting at the time it was written, but its chief interest is now lost; it possesses nothing striking, either in character or description, to attract a modern reader.

In the same year appeared his *Astrophel*, a series of poems on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. It is very remarkable, that

Spenser, in celebrating the memory and death of his amiable and gallant patron, for whom he appears to have entertained much affection, should hardly display a single particle of feeling. These poems are the very essence of conceit and pedantry, and never once awaken the slightest emotion in the reader. The mere prose narration of his death is worth a thousand of such verses.

An absurd passion prevailed at this time, of clothing all subjects in a pastoral dress. Spenser was either too indolent or wanted originality to strike out a new path, and he adopted the fashion, which is one of the most stupid fictions that ever was invented, and can only be rendered agreeable by consummate genius, which can throw a halo around every thing. Spenser has produced nothing like Milton's beautiful poem, *Lycidas;* in fact, he has introduced into *Astrophel* little, if anything, original, either in thought or expression, to elevate it above mediocrity. *The mourning Muse of Thestylis* is, perhaps, the best of these poems, and is remarkable for the metre in which it is written,—iambic lines of three feet,—and for the peculiar melody with which he has invested it. A specimen is given in the following lines, the first eight of which are much praised by T. Warton. The subject is the grief of Stella for the loss of Astrophel.

"The blinded archer-boy,
Like lark in showre of rain,
Sate bathing of his wings,
And glad the time did spend
Under those crystal drops,
Which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brightest beams
Him proynd in lovely wise;
Yet sory for her grief,
Which he could not amend,
The gentle boy 'gan wipe her eyes,
And clear those lights,
Those lights through which
His glory and his conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her hair,
Which hung, like threds of gold,
Along her ivory brest,
The treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep,
It seemed, did incline;

The trees, the hills, the dales,
The caves, the stones so cold.
The ayr did help them mourn,
With dark clouds, rain, and mist,
Forbearing many a day
To clear it self again."

We should not do justice, however, to Spenser, if we omitted to quote a portrait of Sidney, contained in the piece called *An Elegy, or Friend's Passion for his Astrophel*, the third stanza of which is particularly good.

"Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chief delight and pleasure took,
And on the mountain Parthenie,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down the mount,
His personage seem'd most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his love chearful eine:
To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comforts in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books:
I trow, that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long:
But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

The poems of our author which were next printed, are his *Amoretti*, or Sonnets, written, it is said, on the lady whom he afterwards married, and published in 1596. A bad sonnet is one of the dullest things in creation, and a series of them

absolutely intolerable. Those in question are, for the most part, cold, passionless, and conceited; indeed, we actually feel it a task to get through them. We shall be able, however, to select two or three sonnets which are worth quoting, not only as specimens of the poet's manner, but as possessing some degree of merit.

Spenser describes, in a very pleasing style, the quiet happiness of married love.

"The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth ty,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
Where pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound;
But simple truth and mutual good will,
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each others' wound:
There faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bowre."

The seventy-third sonnet, though turning on a conceit, is prettily expressed.

"Being myself captived here in care,
My heart, whom none with servile bands can ty,
But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all.
That it hereafter may you not repent
Him lodging in your bosom to have lent."

And the following one is in a rather more impassioned strain, than is usual with him.

"Fair bosom, fraught with vertue's richest treasure,
The nest of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of bliss, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray?
Whiles diving deep through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoil of beauty they did pray.
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did their wanton wings display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place:
Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest."

We shall only quote two more sonnets, which are better than the rest.

"Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs,
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark:
Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
Or, in her eyes, the fire of love doth spark.
Fair when her brest like a rich laden bark,
With precious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight
Through which her words so wise do make their way,
To bear the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' astonishment."

* * * * * *

"Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest:
Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest;
But pure affections bred in spotless brest,
And modest thoughts, breath'd from well-tempred spirits,
Go visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
Accompani'd with angel-like delights.
There fill your self with those most joyous sights,
The which my self could never yet attain:

But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffness doth constrain;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bless your fortune's fair election."

The poet grows warmer in his Epithalamion. As specimens, the two following stanzas may be selected:

"Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time
The rosie morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the chearful birds do chaunt their laies,
And carrol of love's praise.
The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrils, the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this day's meriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring."

* * * * * *

"Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues store:
Her goodly eyes like saphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps, like lilies, budded,
Her snowie neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honour's seat, and chastities sweet bowre:—
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze?

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring."

The four hymns in honour of love and beauty were published in 1596, and were dedicated to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick. The dedication is not a little curious, and manifests something very like insincerity. The ladies were, probably, of a serious turn.

"Having," he says, "in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two hymns in the praise of love and beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight; I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies, to call in the same. But, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural Love and Beauty) two others, of heavenly and celestial. The which I do dedicate joyntly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happiness. And even so I pray for your happiness."

There is nothing in the hymn in honour of Love which strikes us as particularly worthy of being extracted; but some exceedingly beautiful lines, partly of a metaphysical cast, occur in the hymn in honour of Beauty.

"Thereof, as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or less by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mine
Which closeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims the light
Of that fair beam, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privately doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seem to please. That is, thy soveraign might,

O Cyprian Queen, which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace,
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it admire;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainly, then, do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre shew,
In which, oft-times, we nature see of art
Excel'd, in perfect limming every part?

But, ah! believe me, there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the mind of men.
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward shew of things, that only seem.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay;

And those sweet rosie leaves, so fairly spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth Love's fire,
Shall never be extinguisht, nor decay,
But, when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire:
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky."

In speaking of the imagination of the lover, which "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," the poet remarks,—

"In which, how many wonders do they read
To their conceit, that others never see,
Now of her smiles, with which their souls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free,
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes, with her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which, to their sight,
Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night:
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play."

The two hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty are by no means of an inspired kind.

The same year (1596) he produced his *Prothalamion*, in honour of the double marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catherine Somerset. This piece, though defective as a poem, contains a good deal of poetical imagery, but it is chiefly distinguished for the peculiar melody of its stanzas, an example of which we subjoin.

"There in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy,

All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose, untide,
As each had been a bride,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket;
And, with fine fingers, cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies,
Against the bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song!"

We believe, the foregoing extracts include nearly the whole of what is really admirable in the minor poems of Spenser. That they are not more spirited, more poetical, and more natural, is owing to the indolent turn of his mind, which rather inclined him to follow than to lead others. There was a voluptuous repose about him which prevented him from leaving the beaten track, which induced him to rest satisfied with the subjects on which poetical talent was ordinarily exercised, and with the forms of composition in which they were invented, models on which natural sentiment, and the simple language of passion, were sacrificed to absurd fictions and cold ingenuity. His smaller pieces are, in consequence, very far from being attractive; they are, in fact, for the most part, actually dull. *The Faerie Queene* is of a different stamp. It was written at a more mature age, and was the great foundation on which he was to build his fame; his spirit was sharpened, and his energy more excited. *The Faerie Queene* is occasionally languid, but very seldom, if ever, dull: we have not the same sense of weariness in reading it, that we feel in the perusal of the greater part of the pieces we have been discussing. Another reason for this difference is, that *The Faerie Queene* is a narrative, embracing a series of adventures which constantly keep the poet alive; he never has to stop or hunt for subjects to descant upon; but being once embarked in the stream, he is carried vigorously down it. Almost all his minor poems, on the contrary, may be called mere *voluntaries*, in the composition of which the poet does not manifest any thing like earnestness or enthusiasm; and yet he has extended some of them to a

very considerable length. Two or three of those pieces, however, are either wholly, or in part, of a narrative kind, and in these Spenser appears to be animated with an additional degree of vigour, as, for instance, in *Mother Hubberd's Tale, the Fate of the Butterfly*, and the fables of *the Oak and the Brier*, and *the Kid and the Fox*, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, undoubtedly the best of his minor pieces. We now take our leave of the Minor Poems of Spenser, which we have treated with great freedom, but, at the same time, with impartiality; in dismissing them in this way, however, we cannot help recommending to those who delight in the world of fiction, to devote a few spare hours to the perusal of the *Faerie Queene*, which has not met the attention which it really deserves.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Mr. Thomas Firmin, late Citizen of London. Written by one of his most intimate Acquaintance. With a Sermon on Luke* x. 36, 37, *preached on the Occasion of his Death. Together with an Account of his Religion, and of the present State of the Unitarian Controversy. London: Printed and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane.* 1698.

This very interesting little volume exhibits the portrait of one of the worthiest men that ever existed; and is otherwise important, as shewing how the virtues of integrity, benevolence, and perseverance, may exalt an individual above the artificial distinctions of rank, and neutralize the prejudices against humble station, mean occupation, and religious dissent.

The ideas of nobleness, generosity, influence, and authority, do not very readily associate with our notions of a shopkeeper; and yet Mr. Firmin, a shopkeeper, of Leadenhall-street, was one of the finest examples of these united attributes. His virtues did not raise him out of his line of life, but they made him admirable in the discharge of its duties; and serve to prove a most flattering truth, that there is nothing in the practice of the lower branches of commerce which unfits a man for the discharge of the highest functions of a citizen and social being, which unfits him for the companionship of the great and the good—which unfits him from the pursuit and investigation of truths of the most important and the most useful kind.

The progress of education will still further shew, that there is not the slightest necessity for a tradesman to be either ignorant, vulgar, or coarse; though, in the present state of things,

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it would be very difficult to convince a person of fashion that bad English and bad manners do not necessarily go along with the counter, and the yard-wand, and the scales. Mr. Firmin, however, joined the strictest attention to his business with the most benevolent and enlightened projects for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He never neglected his customers, and yet he enjoyed the society and engaged the friendship of some of the greatest men of his time. A more useful, a more active, a more happy, and a more respectable life, was, probably, never led by any other human being, than by Thomas Firmin.

The extracts we shall make from this little volume will fully bear us out in all we have said. It is written with great simplicity, and carries evident marks of being composed by a friend who valued the worth which long intimacy had made him well acquainted with.

We will quote the opening of the Memoir, which puts the reader in possession of the facts relative to the early life of Mr. Firmin.

"The long acquaintance and intimate friendship I had with Mr. Firmin are, I confess, warrantable causes that so many do expect from me an account of his memorable life. If some other man would answer the public expectation with more address, as to expression, method, number, and value of observations and reflections; in a word, more ambitiously: yet I will not be wanting in sincerity or truth.

"Thomas Firmin was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in the month of June, anno 1632, being the son of Henry Firmin, and of Prudence, his wife. Henry and Prudence, as they did not overflow with wealth of the world, so neither was their condition low or strait. God gave them,—the wish of Solomon,—neither poverty nor riches; but that middle estate and rank which containeth all that is valuable and desirable in wealth, without the gaudery, vanity, and temptations, that generally adhere to riches. But these two were very considerable in their degree, or place, both as to esteem and plenty, by means of their sobriety, diligence, and good conduct, the effects of their piety. They were of the number of those who were then called Puritans, by the looser sort of people, who were wont to impute precisiannism, or affected puritanism, to such as were more devout, and, withal, more conscientious and exemplary, than is ordinary, though in the way of the Church of England.

"When he was of capable years for it, they put their son, Thomas Firmin, to an apprenticeship in London, under a master who was, by sect or opinion, an Arminian, a hearer of Mr. John Goodwyn. Our young man, accompanying his master to the elegant and learned sermons of Mr. Goodwyn, soon exchanged the harsh opinions of Calvin, in which he had been educated, for those more honourable to God, and more accountable to the human reason, of Arminius and the Remonstrants. And now it was that he learned, as was the

commendable custom of those times, to write short-hand; at which he was so dexterous, that he would take into a book any sermon that he heard, word for word, as it was spoke by the preacher, if the sermon were not delivered with too much precipitance. Of this he made a double use, both then, and in the very busiest part of his life; for if the sermon was considerable for judicious morality, or weighty arguments, he often read it, in his short-hand notes, for his own further improvement, and then took the pains to write it out, in words at length, for the benefit of his acquaintance. He left behind him a great many little books of that kind; sermons, copied fair from his short-hand notes, which, not seldom, are *multum in parvo*.

"As to his demeanor in his apprenticeship, he was so nimble in his motions in taking down, opening goods to chapmen, &c., that some gave him the name of Spirit. And in making his bargain, his words and address were so pleasing and respectful, that, after some time, the customers rather chose to deal with Thomas than with the master of the shop; or if a bargain stuck between a customer and his master, he would decide the difference to the liking of both."

We then arrive at his commencement in trade, and get a further insight into the nature of his character and motives.

"So soon as he was made free he began to trade for himself, though his first stock was but about £100. By the opinion he had raised of himself among the merchants and others, and the love he had gained among his master's customers, the neighbourhood, and a great number of incidental acquaintance, he overcame the difficulties of so weak and incompetent a beginning; so that in the year 1660 he married a citizen's daughter with £500 portion.

"From his first setting up (as they speak) for himself, he would be acquainted with all persons that seemed to be worthy; foreigners, as well as English, more especially ministers. He seldom dined without some such at his table; which, though somewhat chargeable to his then slender abilities, was of great use to him afterwards, both in relation to the poor and the public; for out of his large acquaintance and multitude of friends, he engaged the powerful interest of some, and the weighty purses of others, in some of those great designs of charity, or other services to the public, for which I shall hereafter account.

"Now, also, it was that he happened on Mr. Bidle, who much confirmed him in his Arminian tenets, and carried him a great deal further. Mr. Bidle persuaded him, that the unity of God is a unity of person as well as of nature; that the Holy Spirit is, indeed, a person, but not God. He had a great and just esteem of Mr. Bidle's piety, exemplariness, and learning; and is that friend, mentioned in *Mr. Bidle's Life*, who gave Mr. Bidle his bed and board till he was sent prisoner by Protector Oliver Cromwell to the Isle of Scilly; and when there, Mr. Firmin, with another friend, procured for him a yearly pension of 100 crowns from the Protector, besides what he obtained from other friends, or gave himself.

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"Mr. Firmin's diversion, in this part of his life, was gardening; for which purpose he cultivated a piece of ground at Hoxton, not a mile from London; where he raised flowers, and, in time, attained no small skill in the art of gardening, in the culture of flowers, herbs, greens, and fruit-trees of all sorts. I have often borne in company to his garden; but either going or coming back he used often to visit the poor and sick. This was one of Mr. Bidle's lessons,—that it is a duty not only to relieve, but to visit, the sick and poor, because they are hereby encouraged and comforted, and we come to know of what nature and degree their straits are; and that some are more worthy of assistance than others; and their condition being known, sometimes we are able to assist them by our counsel or our interest much more effectually than by the charity we do or can bestow upon them.

"Before I pass to the next scene of Mr. Firmin's life, I am obliged to take notice, that by his first wife he had a son and a daughter; the former lived to man's estate, but died a batchelor about seven years before his father. The mother of these two children died while Mr. Firmin was (occasionally) at Cambridge, managing there some affairs of his trade: her death was accompanied with this remarkable circumstance. Mr. Firmin dreamed at Cambridge, that he saw his wife breathing her last; whereupon early in the morning he took horse for London; but on the way thither he met the messenger who was sent to give him notice of her decease.

"Another necessary remark belonging to this part of his life is, that though hitherto his wealth was no more than a competence, considering his liberal humour, and the multitude of his acquaintance; yet he was even then a most kind brother, uncle, and kinsman: of which the reader may take account in this following transcript, being the copy of a paper written by one of his nearest relations, and who hath lived with him above thirty years, and was a great part of that time his partner; being a person of great sobriety, diligence, integrity, and prudence. 'He had many relations, of several degrees, who stood in need of his care and help; to whom he was a very kind brother, uncle, and kinsman: besides, the great pains he took to promote them, as it lay in his way or power: his loss by some of them, for whom he advanced money, and his disbursements for others of them, amounted to very considerable sums; a good part of which was not long after his first beginning in the world; which was the greater prejudice to him, because then his own circumstances required money to carry on his trade with ease and advantage. Be sure, he had then more occasion for his money, than when he was arrived to a very considerable estate, which he did not till about seventeen years before his death. His estate at about seventeen years before his decease, was three times greater than when he died, though then considerable. He might easily have increased it as much as he diminished it, had he set his heart on riches; but, those he never valued in comparison with doing good: and I have often heard him say, he would not die worth more than five thousand pounds.'"

It will have been perceived by those who know any thing of the history of Unitarianism, that Mr. Firmin belonged to that class of Christians; and we believe that he is esteemed by them one of the most conspicuous ornaments of their persuasion. This sect has always been viewed with jealousy by the believers in the more orthodox creeds; and even in these more liberal times, Unitarianism is a heresy to which toleration is extended with a more niggardly hand, than to any other of the more remarkable deviations from the received faith. In the days of Mr. Firmin, however, whether a more tolerant spirit really and practically prevailed, or whether the character of the man disarmed even theological wrath, we find him associating with the most celebrated characters of the Established Church, as a friend whom they esteemed and respected, and whose labours of charity and benevolence they delighted to join. There are many parts of the following passage which will not be read in the present day without lively feelings of surprise.

"During the imprisonment of Mr. Bidle at Scilly, Mr. Firmin was settled in Lombard Street, where, first Mr. Jacomb, then Dr. Outram, was minister: with these two, being excellent preachers, and learned men, he maintained a respectful and kind friendship; which was answered as affectionately and cordially on their parts. Now, also, he grew into intimacy with Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Worthington, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Tillotson: Dr. Wilkins was afterwards Bishop of Chester, Mr. Tillotson (for he was not yet made Doctor) Archbishop of Canterbury; but in their dignity, and to the very last, Mr. Firmin had the same place and degree in their esteem and friendship, that at any time formerly he had. While Dr. Tillotson preached the Tuesday's lecture at St. Lawrence, so much frequented by all the divines of the town, and by a great many persons of quality and distinction; when the Doctor was obliged to be at Canterbury, where he was dean, or was out of town, either for diversion or health; he generally left it to Mr. Firmin to provide preachers for his lecture, and Mr. Firmin never failed to supply his place with some very eminent preacher; so that there never was any complaint on the account of Dr. Tillotson's absence; and this Mr. Firmin could easily do, for now there was hardly a divine of note, whether in London, or in the country that frequented London, but Mr. Firmin was come acquainted with him. Which thing helped him much to serve the interests of many hopeful young preachers and scholars; candidates for lectures, schools, cures, or rectories; for whom he would solicit with as much affection and diligence, as other men do for their sons, or near relations.

"See here a trader, who knew no Latin or Greek, no logic or philosophy, compassed about by an incredible number of learned friends, who differed so widely in opinion from him, and were continually attacking him for his supposed errors; yet could they never remove him from the belief of the unity of God, nor did their importunities, or his resistance, break off, or so much as lessen the friendship between them;

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certain arguments of the extraordinary wit and good address of our friend.

"Her late majesty Queen Mary of most happy memory, having heard much of Mr. Firmin's usefulness in all public designs, especially those of charity, and that he was heterodox in the articles of the Trinity, the divinity of our Saviour, and the satisfaction; she spoke to Archbishop Tillotson, and earnestly recommended it to him, to set Mr. Firmin right in those weighty and necessary points. The Archbishop answered, that he had often endeavoured it; but Mr. Firmin having so early and long imbibed the Socinian doctrine, was not now capable of a contrary impression. However, his Grace published his Sermons, formerly preached at St. Lawrence's, concerning those questions, and sent Mr. Firmin one of the first copies from the press. Mr. Firmin not convinced by his Grace's reasonings, or his arguments from Holy Scripture, caused a respectful answer, (although some have stretched one expression too far) entituled, *Considerations on the Explications and Defences of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, to be drawn up and published, himself giving to his Grace a copy of it. I must not omit to do the Archbishop right against those who pretend, that the Archbishop, notwithstanding those sermons, was in his heart a Unitarian. For Mr. Firmin himself told me, shortly after the Archbishop had published those sermons, that going to Lambeth, and the Archbishop happening to dine in private, he sent for Mr. Firmin to him, and said to this effect; that the calumnies of people had obliged him to publish his sermons, some time since preached at St. Lawrence's, against the tenets of Socinus; that he had sincerely preached, as he then thought, and continued still to think of those points; that, however, no body's false imputations should provoke him to give ill language to persons who dissented conscientiously, and for weighty reasons. That he knew well this was the case of the Socinians, for whose learning and dexterity he should always have a respect, as well as for their sincerity and examplariness. Afterwards, when Mr. Firmin gave him a copy of the Considerations; after he had read it, he only said, my Lord of Sarum shall humble your writers. Nor did he afterwards at any time express the least coldness on the account of the answer made to him, but used Mr. Firmin as formerly, enquiring, as he was wonted, how does my son Giles? so he called Mr. Firmin's son, by his second wife."

We may also quote this paragraph, as shewing the way in which the Unitarians esteemed themselves in relation to the Established Church. The author is speaking of the persecution of the Unitarians in Poland.

"A toleration or liberty of religion, once tapped, will soon run all out; for break it but in one instance, or party, and you have disannulled the whole reason of it, and all the pleas for it. The malice of any whomsoever against the English Unitarians, comes now too late; they less dissent from the church (if they are at all dissenters) than any other denomination of dissenters, therefore let those dissenters

look to it, who have promoted a bill, in name and pretext, against immorality and blasphemy, in truth and real design against the Unitarians. I said King Charles granted a brief for the Polonian Protestants, who had assisted in banishing the Polonian Unitarians; this brief Mr. Firman promoted as much as in him lay: I find he received of nine dissenting congregations, £110: 16*s.* 10*d.* And in another book I find the sum of £568: 16*s.* 0¾*d.* collected on the same account."

We will now collect some anecdotes of the benevolence and the other remarkable traits of character in this excellent man.

"In the year 1665 was a great plague, of which there died in that one year, in London only, near 100,000 persons: most of the wealthier citizens removed themselves and children into the country; so did Mr. Firmin, but left a kinsman in his house, with order to relieve some poor weekly, and to give out stuff to employ them in making such commodities as they were wont. He foresaw that he should be hard put to it, to dispose of such an abundance of commodities as these poor people would work off, in so long time, for him only: but when he returned to London, a wealthy chapman (who was greatly pleased with his adventurous charity) bought an extraordinary quantity of those goods; so that he incurred no loss, at that time, by employing the poor.

"The year after the sickness came the fire, by which the city of London sustained the damage of £10,000,000 sterling. Mr. Firmin, with his neighbours, suffered the loss of his house in Lombard-street, and took (thereupon) a house and warehouse in Leadenhall-street. But now his fine spirit and generous way of trading were so well known, that in a few years he so improved his stock, that he rebuilt his house, and built also the whole court (excepting two or three houses) in which he lived. And having now provided sufficiently for himself and family, he began to consider the poor.

"His first service to them, or rather to God in their persons, was the building a warehouse by the water-side, for the laying up corn and coals, to be sold to the poor in scarce and dear times, at moderate and reasonable rates, at the rates they had been purchased, allowing only for loss (if any should happen) by damage of the goods while kept.

"He went on with his trade in Lombard-street till the year 1676, at which time I estimate he was worth about £9,000. If we consider, that this estate was raised from a beginning of about £100, in an ordinary way of trade, and in about twenty years' time, to what a mighty wealth would it have grown, in the hands of such a manager, in his remaining twenty or one and twenty years', had not his ingenit liberality, great mind, and zeal of serving the Divine Majesty, turned his endeavours a contrary way, to support and to raise others, while he lessened and impaired himself? For this year he erected his warehouse in Little Britain, for the employment of the poor in the linen manufac-

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ture. Let us hear what Archbishop Tillotson (then but Dean Tillotson) says of this design of Mr. Firmin, in his funeral sermon on Mr. Gouge, Anno 1681: 'He (Mr. Gouge) set the poor of St. Sepulchre's parish (where he was minister) to work, at his own charge. He bought flax and hemp for them to spin; when spun, he paid them for their work, and caused it to be wrought into cloth, which he sold as he could, himself bearing the whole loss. This was a very wise and well-chosen way of charity; and in the good effect of it a much greater charity, than if he had given to those very persons (freely and for nothing) so much as he made them to earn by their work; because, by this means he rescued them from two most dangerous temptations, idleness and poverty. This course so happily devised, and begun by Mr. Gouge, gave, it may be, the first hint to that useful and worthy citizen, Mr. Tho. Firmin, of a much larger design; which has been managed by him, some years in this city, with that vigour and good success, that many hundreds of poor children, and others who lived idle before, unprofitable both to themselves and the public, now maintain themselves, and are also some advantage to the community. By the assistance and charity of many excellent and well disposed persons, Mr. Firmin is enabled to bear the unavoidable loss and charge of so vast an undertaking; and by his own forward inclination to charity, and unwearied diligence and activity, is fitted to sustain, and go through the incredible pains of it. *Sermon on Mr. Gouge, p.* 62, 63, 64."

Many details are given with respect to the management of this great spinning or work house; but we can only afford space to make the following quotation respecting it.

"Concerning this workhouse and the spinners, Mr. Firmin would often say that 'To pay the spinners, to relieve 'em with money begged for 'em, with coals, and shirting, was to him such a pleasure as magnificent buildings, pleasant walks, well cultivated orchards and gardens, the jollity of music and wine, or the charms of love or study, are to others.' I am persuaded, he said no more than the truth; for Mr. James, who was his apprentice, journeyman, and partner, upwards of thirty years, gives this account of his uncle's expence on this and other charities: Comparing and balancing his expences and losses with his gains, he might have left an estate behind him of at least £20,000, if he had not given and spent it in public and private charities, buildings, and other good works; whereas now his estate amounts to no more than a sixth part of that sum. But it was his settled resolution not to be richer: he told me but little before he died, that were he now worth £40,000 he would die but very little richer than he then was; I incline to think he would have died much poorer; for such a sum would have engaged him in such vast designs for his province, the poor, that probably, he would have gone beyond the expence he intended at first for them. I have heard his physician blame him sometimes that he did not allow himself competent time for his dinner, but hastened to Garraway's Coffee House about his affairs.

But those affairs were seldom, if ever, his own; he was to solicit for the poor, or in the business of some friend who wanted Mr. Firmin's interest, or he was to meet on some design relating to the public good. In these matters his friends, that were not quick in their dispatches, had reason oftentimes to complain of him as not giving them sufficient time to dispatch business with him, for he was nimble above most men, in apprehension, in speech, judgment, resolution, and action."

The poor debtors in prison, a class of men since become the care of a society, engaged his particular attention.

"He laboured with a particular zeal and activity in redeeming poor debtors out of prison; not only as it was charity to the persons, but out of regard to their, in the mean time, distressed and starved families: he would say, 'the release of one man out of prison is a relief bestowed on his whole family.' I have sure grounds to believe that it was himself of whom he spake in his *Book of Proposals*, p. 83. 'I know one man, who, in a few years last past, with the charity of some worthy persons, has delivered some hundreds of poor people out of prison; who lay there either only for jailor's fees or for very small debts: I have reason to believe that many more have been delivered by others, and yet one shall find the prisons very full of prisoners at this time.'"

"As he discharged great numbers of prisoners, he took care for the better and easier subsistence of others, while in prison, for he would examine the prisoners concerning their usage by their keepers; and sometimes persecuted jailors before the judges for extorting unlawful fees and other exorbitant practices. I remember one of the jailors prosecuted by Mr. Firmin, made a rope, and hanged himself before the matter was determined; a strong presumption that he was conscious to himself of great faultiness, and a demonstrative proof of the great need of such prosecutions and of the virtue of him that undertook 'em."

"He continued these endeavours for poor debtors from before the year 1681 to his last breath; but being grieved that he could do nothing for debtors laid up for great sums, therefore, on behalf of such he always vigorously promoted Acts of Grace by Parliament, whereby insolvent debtors were discharged. Tho' he never was a Parliament man he had a mighty interest in both houses; and was the cause that many bills were quashed, and others passed; insomuch, that once, when an Act of Grace for poor prisoners, that was liable to have and had an ill use made of it by unconscionable or knavish people, passed the houses and royal assent, he was upbraided with it by some of the creditors, and told that it was his Act."

The following extract is long, but contains many interesting details.

"Mr. Firmin was not insensible, that sometimes people come into prisons, or otherwise become poor, more by their own negligence, idleness, riot, and pride, than by mishap and misadventure; yet he could not join with those who say hereupon they hate the poor, and

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that such well deserve the straits and miseries that they bring on themselves. He was wont to answer to such reasonings, taht 'It would be a miserable world indeed if the Divine Providence should act by that rule: if God should show no favour, grant no help or deliverance to us in those straits or calamities, that are the effects of our sins. If the universal Lord seeks to reclaim and better us by favours and graces, do we dare to argue against the example set by him, and against a method, without which no man living may ask anything of God?

"There is no place whatsoever, but of necessity it must have divers poor, more especially London: where every house having one or more servants, who are obliged to spend their whole wages in clothes; when these servants marry, every little mishap in the world reduces them to beggary; their small, or rather no beginnings are crushed, by every accident. Mr. Firmin had so full a sense of this, that (in some years of his life) he begged about £500 a year, which he distributed to the poor, at their houses, or at his own, by sums of 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 5*s.*, or 10*s.*, or 15*s.* as he saw (or was well informed of) the necessities of the persons. The way he took, for the better effecting this charitable distribution, was, he would inquire of the most noted persons for honesty and charity, in the several parishes, who were the most necessitous and best deserving poor in that neighbourhood: he went then to their houses, that he might judge farther by their meagre looks, number of children, sorry furniture, and other circumstances, in what proportion it might be fit to assist them. He always took their names and numbers into a book, and sent a copy of so much of his book, to the persons who had intrusted him with charity, as answered to the money trusted to him by every such person: that if he so minded, he might make enquiry, by himself, or any other, concerning the truth of the account given in. But Mr. Firmin's fidelity grew to be so well known, that after a few years, divers of his contributors would not receive his accounts. I know a certain person, whose hand was with Mr. Firmin in all his charities: I should not exceed, I believe, if I said, that in twenty-one years' time he hath given by Mr. Firmin's hand, or at his recommendation, five or six thousand pounds: this person hath himself told me, that Mr. Firmin was wont to bring him the accounts of his disbursments, till he was even weary of them; and (because he was so well assured of him) he desired him, not to bring him any more. Sometimes the sums brought, or sent in, to Mr. Firmin, for the poor, were such, as did enable him to spare some part to some whom he knew to be charitably disposed like himself: in that case, he would send small sums, such as 40*s.* or £3. sometimes more, to those his acquaintance, which sums they were to divide among the poor of their vicinage; whose names and case those friends were to return to him. He hath sent to me, and divers others that I know of, many such sums; in Christmas time, in hard weather, and times of scarcity.

"In these distributions, Mr. Firmin sometime considered others, besides the mere poor; particularly the poorer sort of ministers: I doubt not he hath made use of many hands besides mine; but by me he hath sent (of his own proper motion) divers times the sum of 40*s.*,

sometimes two guineas, to ministers that were good preachers, and exemplary, but their vicariage, curacy, or lecture, small. I have known that he has sent no less than £10 to a clergyman in debt, or oppressed with many children, when he hath been well assured, that the person was a man of probity and merit. He asked me once, concerning Mr. P. of Gr. Ch. what sort of man he was? I answered, his mind was much above his purse: he was charitable, curious, learned; a father among young scholars, who were promising men; but his living not above £80 or £90 a year. Mr. Firmin said, 'I have done considerable for that man:' I answered, as I thought myself obliged; you may take it on my word, that your liberality was never better placed. Afterwards I met the widow of Mr. P. in London; I desired her to accept half a pint of wine, at the next tavern: while we were together, I asked her, whether there had not been some acquaintance between her husband and Mr. Firmin. She said, the acquaintance was not much, but the friendship great; she said, her husband was acquainted with many persons of quality, that he had experienced their liberality through the whole course of his life: because his address, as well as his merit, was so remarkable. She said, that of so many benefactors to Mr. P., Mr. Firmin had done most for him, both in life and death: when her husband died, his estate would not pay his debts; she was advised hereupon, by a clergyman, to propose a composition with the creditors: that seeing every one could not be fully paid, yet all of them might receive part of their debt. She consulted Mr. Firmin, by letter, about this; he approved the advice, and was one of the first that subscribed the composition: but withal, sent her a letter, wherein he remitted his whole debt; and desired to see her, when her affair was cleared, and she at quiet. When she came to him, he said, he had missed in his aim, in what he designed to procure for her, but he would do something himself: shortly after, he sent her a good Norwich stuff, that very well clothed her and her four children. She told me this, with many tears; to which I had the more regard, because I had long known her to be a virtuous and very prudent woman."

We have no space for enumerating the various objects which, in the course of a most active life, engaged the attention of Mr. Firmin; neither can we further record more remarkable specimens of his charitable munificence. We refer our readers to the valuable little volume itself, both as a register of important facts, and as one of the most consolatory and satisfactory works of the kind we remember to have met with. He who wishes to learn how to look upon human nature in the most favourable light, should study the character of this virtuous shopkeeper. He who wishes to accumulate as much of pure and sincere happiness, in the brief space of life, as is possible, may learn from Thomas Firmin, that the surest plan he can pursue is, the cultivation of a large benevolence. The last scenes of his illness and the summary of his character, with an account of his per-

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sonal appearance, will leave a strong impression on the mind of the reader, and thus make a suitable conclusion to this paper.

"I return once more to our dear Firmin, to take leave of him for ever. He had very much weakened his otherwise strong and firm constitution, by his manifold charitable employments, &c. having been sometimes liable to jaundies, often afflicted with colics, and scarce ever without a cough; his lungs had long been ptysical. He would often return home so tired and depressed in his spirits, that his pulse was scarce to be felt, or very languid: he would then take a little rest in his chair, and start up out of it, and appear very vigorous in company, especially where any good was to be done. The more immediate cause of his death was a fever which seized his spirits, beginning with a chillness and shivering, and then a heat ensued. He was at the same time afflicted both in his lungs with a great shortness of breath, not having strength to expectorate, and also with such terrible pains in his bowels, that for many hours nothing could be made to pass him. He had for many years been troubled with a large rupture. All which made his sickness very short. He had wished in his lifetime, that he might not lie above two days on his last sick bed; God granted to him his desire; he lay not so long by eight hours: and December 20, about two of the clock in the morning, Anno 1697, he died.

"During his decumbiture, he was visited by his most dear friend, the Bishop of Gloucester: What passed between them his lordship hath made me to know, under his own hand, in these words. Mr. Firmin told me he was now going: 'and I trust,' said he, 'God will not condemn me to worse company than I have loved, and used, in the present life.' I replied, 'that he had been an extraordinary example of charity; the poor had a wonderful blessing in you: I doubt not, these works will follow you; if you have no expectation from the merit of them; but rely on the infinite goodness of God, and the merits of our Saviour.' Here he answered, 'I do so: and I say, in the words of my Saviour: when I have done all, I am but an unprofitable servant.' He was in such an agony of body, for want of breath, that I did not think fit to speak more to him, but only give him assurance of my earnest prayers for him, while he remained in this world. Then I took solemn and affectionate farewel of him; and he of me.

"It is usual to conclude lives with a character of the persons, both as to their bodies, and the qualities of their minds: therefore, I must further add, Mr. Firmin was of a lower stature, well proportioned; his complexion fair and bright; his eye and countenance lively; his aspect manly, and promising somewhat extraordinary; you would readily take him for a man of good sense, worth, and dignity. Walking or sitting, he appeared more comely than standing still; for his mien and action gave a gracefulness to his person.

"The endowments, inclinations, and qualities of his mind, may be best judged by the account we have given of his life. It appears, he was quick of apprehension, and dispatch, and yet almost indefatigably industrious; properties that very rarely meet in the same man.

He was, besides, inquisitive and very ingenious; that is, he had a thirst of knowing much; and his fine and mercurial wit enabled him to acquire a large knowledge, with little labour, but he was utterly against subtilties in Religion. He could not dissemble; on the contrary, you might easily perceive his love or anger, his liking or dislike: methoughts, in both these respects he was rather too open; but both are the effects of sincerity, and arguments of an honest mind. He never affected proudly the respects of others, whether above or below him: with which I was the better satisfied, because it follows, that his charities proceeded not from any affectation of honour, or glory among men; but from the love of God and his afflicted brother. He was facetious enough, but without affecting it; for he valued, what indeed himself excelled in, judgment, rather than wit. He was neither presuming nor overbold, nor yet timorous; a little prone to anger, but never excessive in it, either as to measure or time: which acrasies, whether you say of the body or mind, occasion great uneasiness, and sometimes great calamities and mischiefs, to persons who are ridden by those passions. If the mind is turbulent by strong passions of any sort, the life is seldom serene and calm; but vexed with griefs and misadventure. His manner of conversing was agreeable; so that seldom any broke friendship with him. Being well assured in himself of his own integrity, he could even unconcernedly hear that this or that man spoke ill of him."

END OF PART I. VOL. XII.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XII. Part II.

Art. I.—*Memorials of the Civil War in the County of Devon.*

Having, in a former number, intimated our design to avail ourselves of such documents (both public and private, printed and in MS.) as have come to our hands, illustrative of the proceedings of both parties during the Civil Wars within the county of Devon, we trust that no further preface is wanted to the execution of such an intention. Profoundly interesting as is the subject of that eventful struggle to all classes of English readers, it may appear difficult, at this time, to clothe any general history of the period with enough of novelty to render the performance acceptable. The attempt at confining the attention to the limits of a particular district, claims, at least, the merit of originality; and it is hoped that the minuteness of detail, and the frequency of biographical and genealogical illustration, which no other plan would admit of, will be thought, in such an attempt as the present, not only excusable, but an advantage fairly taken of the occasion to stamp the circumstances of locality and individual identity on the actions commemorated. We have again to express our acknowledgments of the liberality of the keepers of the State Paper Office, for much of what is most curious and observable in the following memoranda.

To those who have attentively studied the history of the Civil Wars of England, nothing is more evident than the extreme advantage derived from the union and resolution with which the parliament opened, and continued its successful resistance to its monarch. It is singular, where there was no ostensible head to so

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large a party, except a considerable number of self-supported and almost self-constituted legislators, who, moreover, were in constant dispute concerning minor points, that the necessary spirit of unity should have been so long maintained; while, where the presence of the King of England, invested with seemingly absolute power, might have been expected to combine in one constant effort the united chivalry of the country, quarrels, divisions, and a perpetually vacillating and irresolute spirit seem to have presided alike in the sessions of the cabinet and the councils of the field. In the eastern provinces of the kingdom, almost uninterrupted peace was maintained by the presence of the parliament: while in the west and north, where lay the very strength and resources of the royalists, every town and station was disputed by the adherents of the opposite faction, their united strength being presented to meet the constant attacks of their separate enemies. Thus, in Somersetshire, the exertions of a single family (the Pophams) were sufficient to prevent the western part of the county from decided adherence to the royal party; while in the more important province of Devon, of which we now more particularly treat, although the mass of the population was, at the commencement (and so continued), decidedly royalist, a combination of parliamentary gentlemen and yeomen seems to have been formed, which all the romantic successes of the arms of Charles, in that quarter, could never dissolve or disunite.

When the first general act of open disobedience was committed, by the raising of the militia, it appears, from the histories of the times, that the proceedings of the parliament were conducted with much more regularity than those of the king's commission of array. The lord-lieutenant, appointed by parliament, opened his commission in the county town, was joined by his nominated deputy-lieutenants, and other gentlemen who were most disposed to activity in the cause, and presided in the levying of the trained bands, and other forces of the county; after which, he, probably, seldom exercised any other act of power, his attendance being for the most part required in parliament: nor does he seem to have had any authority in raising the pecuniary supplies of the county. For this purpose, parliamentary committees were formed: a powerful and well-constituted instrument of oppression or of liberation, as the circumstances might occasion. These were composed mostly of the gentlemen of the county, with a sufficient number of agents of the parliament, besides members of the House itself, to prevent them from forming themselves into separate and independent powers: which was further guarded against by the care taken that the money raised in the county for its own defence, should not be immediately applied to that purpose, but should be

transmitted, as far as possible, to the head-quarters of the party, thence to return in the shape of supplies for the troops, and payment for the agents. And the promptness with which the necessary measures were taken for assertion of the power of parliament was such, that the king was clearly seen to be the aggressor, or, at least, the beginner of the war, and to act the part which is usually that of the rebel. It must, moreover, be observed, that the members for every county and borough had a supreme interest in the preservation both of the government generally, and (separately) of their own peculiar district: while the king, who was unable or unwilling to call a parliament until after the commencement of military operations, had only to rely on the personal affection of those who voluntarily embraced his cause, and whose personal interest was almost always in opposition to that of their party.* Thus, his commission of array was sent, in many instances, to three or four principal persons of the county, whose quarrels and divisions speedily counteracted their extensive power.

From these early beginnings, a complete difference may be traced in the nature of the contest, as carried on by each of the opposed parties, during the three first and most interesting years of the war; for, in the last, the forces employed on both parts were reduced already to the description of regular armies. In the west of England, the trained bands were early raised by the parliament: but they formed an irregular and ineffective militia. The great magazine, from which they drew their numerous recruits, was to be found among the manufacturers, the clothiers of Somerset and of the east of Devon, and the artizans of the towns. From these populous districts, great numbers were assembled at once, and comparatively formidable armies collected in an astonishingly short space of time. But these troops, though easily called into existence, were (as the militia of cities have invariably proved,) incapable of being kept in action. Inexperienced and unconscious of their own strength, they fled upon the resolute charge of a far inferior number. They were, moreover, (if it be possible, at this distance of time, to form a correct idea of the force and equipments of that epoch,) too generally armed with the musket, or matchlock — weapons which, in the hands of undisciplined artizans, were of very little effect, and which exposed them (the bayonet not having been then invented) to the charge of a body of cavalry, absolutely unprovided with the means of resistance. The pike, (a more appropriate weapon,) was employed frequently with far greater

* See in Rushworth, vol. 4. p. 658, accounts of the commissioners of array.

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success. At the first battle of Newbury, a division of the London trained bands, armed in this manner, repulsed the reiterated attacks of the best cavalry of England, under their formidable leader, Prince Rupert. Resolution and obstinacy were qualities that never deserted them; and better or braver troops, for the defence of walled towns, it was impossible to find, as was proved in many famous sieges, particularly in that part of the country of which we now treat. They were also extremely wanting in officers. The small extent of the powers which the parliament confided to its military servants, and the habit of relying on that body for all directions and every kind of support, rendered them incapable of employing their own energies in enterprising schemes, which alone could supply life and vigour to the unorganized force of a nation totally unused to war.

On the contrary, those who carried on the affairs of the king were, at first, rather independant chieftains than military officers. By collecting their friends and dependants, they formed a spirited body of cavalry: after which, they trusted mostly to the spirit of loyalty, or the hope of plunder, to induce the adventurous youth of their districts to form into companies of infantry, and rally round the standard of monarchy. By desultory enterprises, always accompanied with pillage, and frequently with cruelty, they gradually formed their force into a little army; and then suddenly attacked the posts of their enemies, whose vigilance was seldom sufficient to ensure them against being taken by surprise. If, however, they were strong enough to resist the impression of the royalists, the latter had to expect in return a heavy retaliation, under the more legalized names of fines and contributions, for their own arbitrary oppression. And if, on the other hand, the arms of the royalists succeeded in driving within their fortifications their mechanic enemies, their march through the country was generally little more than the track of a ship on the ocean: the waters closed immediately behind them, and as soon as the regiments of the Malignants moved off to advocate the cause of their master in other districts, Committee-men and Sequestrators re-commenced their operations; thanksgivings were offered up for their escape from "Egyptian slavery;" and, except where (as in Devonshire) the spirit of the country was absolutely against them, they speedily resumed their government in the appointed places.

In the month of August, 1642, the whole county of Devon was in the undisturbed possession of the committees of parliament. The gentry of the county, although generally in favour of the king, were intimidated and disunited; yet still ready to join in any enterprise that might have a chance of success, against the overwhelming power of their adversaries. Three

petitions were presented by the grand inquest, at the assizes held in the castle of Exeter: one to Sir John Foster, the judge of assize; another to the Earl of Bath, lord-lieutenant of the county; the third, to those "right worthy patriots," Sir John Bampfield, Sir John Nothcote, baronets, and Sir Samuel Rolle,*

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* Our intention, as already expressed, being to confine our historical illustrations within the limits of a single county, we shall notice particularly such names of gentlemen and others, occurring in the course of these details, as were of Devonshire origin only.

Of the three worthies here mentioned, the two first were the lineal ancestors of the present Sir Stafford Northcote, of Pynes, and Sir George Bampfylde, of Poltimore, baronets.

Sir John Northcote, the first baronet, (the date of whose creation is July 16, 1628,) was born in or about the year 1600, and buried at Newton St. Cyres, (at Hayne, in which parish his ancestors had long resided,) in 1676; where a costly monument is still standing to his memory. He was an active and zealous partizan of the parliament, both as a man of war and a negotiator, and filled several offices under the usurpation, as a commissioner of militia, for raising money for the public safety, &c. His portrait (at Pynes, the seat of the present baronet,) exhibits him as of a grave and austere countenance, not ill-suited to the puritanical cast of the times, and with venerable white hair flowing over his shoulders. He is mentioned by Clarendon, on the occasion of his being sent by the Earl of Bedford to the Marquis of Hertford, when at Sherborne, "under pretence of a treaty, and the godly care to avoid the effusion of Christian blood; in plain English, to desire that he might fairly and peaceably draw off his forces, and march away: the which, how reasonable a request soever it was, the marquis refused; sending them word, That as they came thither upon their own counsels, so they should get off as they could."—Book 6. p. 19.

Sir John Bampfylde (then usually written Bamfield) was equally strenuous in the service, and filled similar offices under the successive revolutionary governments, with the preceding. He was of a family which had already been in possession of Poltimore (still its principal residence) during twelve generations; was created a baronet, July 14, 1641, and left at his death, (in 16 ,) by his wife (a co-heir of the ancient family of Copleston, of Warleigh,) a numerous issue of nineteen children, of whom Sir Copleston, the next baronet, amply redeemed (in the opinion of Prince, the loyal biographer of Devonshire worthies,) the errors of his father, no less by the active part he took in the affairs of the restoration, than by his constant allegiance to the crown, and attachment to the principles of the church of England. "Shall you respect his mien and outward appearance," says this eulogist, "he was the goodliest person that ever mine eyes beheld. Of stature, much above the common standard of men, exceeding, by some inches, six foot in height. For girth and bulk he was every way proportionable, which was also completely filled out with a vigorous and lively

knight, members of parliament, then attending the service of the Houses in Devon." These petitions, however, were not numerously signed, and the first of them complains "That we misse so many of our ancient and well-deserving justices in the commission of the peace now read to us, and doe feare what public damage may ensue thereby."

In the same month, the Marquis of Hertford (who had a general commission of lord-lieutenant for all the counties of the west of England, and some of Wales,) attended by Lord Seymour, Lord Pawlett, Sir John Stowell, Captain John Digby, Sir Ralph Hopton, Sir Francis Doddington, and others, opened the commission of array in Dorsetshire: but retiring from thence, they proceeded to a rendezvous at Wells, in Somersetshire. The country was immediately raised by the commissioners of militia, Mr. Popham, Sir Edward Hungerford, Sir John Horner, and others. In this populous manufacturing district, they made a great shew of numbers; and, by one account, 30,000 countrymen are said to have assembled under the parliament standard. The indignation of the people at this time was great against the royalists. Lord Pawlett was reported to have declared in a speech, on raising the array, "That no yeoman in England ought to be allowed more than £10. a-year of

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soul, of which we may say that it did, *non tantum benè sed augustè et splendidè habitare*, dwell, not in an easy and pleasant only, but in a very noble and stately mansion."

Sir Samuel Rolle, (descended from a younger son of George Rolle, the ancestor of the present lord, and first settler of that name in the county of Devon,) was of Heanton-Sackville, in the parish of Petrockstow, and elder brother of Henry, chief-justice under the commonwealth. His name, like the two preceding, occurs frequently in the history and records of the period, as among the most active promoters of the parliament cause; and Mr. D'Israeli (in the second series of his *Curiosities of Literature*) has lately opened a new field of inquiry, by suggesting, on the authority of an article in the Grub-street Journal, (Jan. 1731,) that this worthy knight—not, as commonly supposed, Sir Samuel Luke—was the original of Butler's *Hudibras*. The passage is as follows: "When Butler wrote his *Hudibras*, one Colonel Rolle, a Devonshire man, lodged with him, and was exactly like his description of the knight; whence it is highly probable, that it was this gentleman, and not Sir Samuel Luke, whose person he had in his eye. The reason that he gave for calling his poem *Hudibras* was, because the name of the old tutelar saint of Devonshire was Hugh de Bras." We strongly suspect, however, that the name of this "tutelar saint of Devonshire" was never known in that county; and the mention of it by the Grub-street journalist throws a strong suspicion of *hoax* over the whole narrative.

his earnings," which so enraged the assemblage, that they attempted to lay violent hands on him. Mr. Stroude rode up to Sir Ralph Hopton, who was putting his little band into order, and endeavoured to prevent his proceeding; upon which the cavalier seized the bridle of his opponent, and unhorsed him: Stroude immediately drew his pistol, and would have fired, had he not been prevented by those round him. However, the king's commissioners were obliged to retire to Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, and the numerous assembly at Wells speedily melted away. The trained bands only were marched to Sherborne, where the scanty force of the royalists was for some time closely besieged: but the marquis, finding his presence in Somersetshire of no avail, withdrew to Minehead, and thence took shipping for Wales; while Sir Ralph Hopton, at the head of the rest of the royalists, commenced a retreat into Cornwall. Two very characteristic letters were published at this time, as the intercepted correspondence of these two leaders. They are here subjoined.

"*The copy of a letter sent from the Marquis of Hertford to Sir Ralph Hopton.*

"Sir Ralph Hopton:

"I have acquainted his majesty of our disastrous fortune at Minehead and Dunster, owing to the multitude of your countrymen's evil dispositions, and cowardly behaviour in them: upon which I remembered a reverent speech of that worthy soldier, Swinden, who was general of Ostend in the time of the Infanta Archduchess of Flanders, who said, that the English stood too much upon their own conceit, and that he would, with a considerable army, run through our whole kingdom, knowing the vulgar sort of our nation to be faint-hearted and inexperienced in martial discipline. This relation of the general's happened to be true; for, in our best actions, and the middest of our hopeful successes, Captain Digby's, Sir John Stowell's, and your own soldiers ran cowardly away from us; insomuch, that had it not been for that small number of my own horse and foot, we had lost our ordnances, hazarded our persons, and lost the honour of that day's work. I have heard that you have many stout and courageous gentlemen at this present on your side; to wit, the Lord Mohun, Mr. Arundel, Sir Bevil Greenvil, and others, whom I hope will not wag with every blast of wind, but, with wisdom, stand firm, constant, and faithful to God, their prince, and country. I desire you to let me understand the number of your forces in those parts, that I may assure his majesty therewith; and if any occasion you shall have of my furtherance, you shall not need thereof. In the interim, be stedfast in your resolution, and manage those places under your command with valiant men, and no doubt but God will prosper you herein, and perpetually prosper you and yours.—VALE."

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*Sir R. Hopton's answer to the Marquis.**

"May it please your lordship: with humble pardon, according to my weak ability, I have considered your worthy advertisements, and to vindicate myself and country of your lordship's mistake, I shall make it appear, that my actions, and those under my command, have been concurrent to your lordship's command; and I have, in brief, devoted myself to answer every particular of your lordship's letter.

"First—whereas your lordship condemned our endeavours and cowardly behaviour at Minehead and Dunster, your lordship may well remember, and saw three to one of the Earl of Bedford's forsaken him, then those of your county, under your lordship, might see that his majesty's forces, under your lordship's command, had good success considering the great odds, (five to one.)

"Secondly—whereas your lordship remembered me of the general his speech of Ostend, 'that our nation stood too much upon our own strength and valour, and that he would, with a few experienced soldiers, run through the kingdom.' My lord, the question herein is not disputable; for nature at home bindeth filial affection; and one brother, or one nation, to fight against one another, is not warrantable by God's laws; and in that respect there might be faintheartedness in our nation: but, my lord, let the general of Ostend, or any other foreign prince, invade this our land, I know that your lordship believes that our nation will not run, nor give one foot of ground to such an enemy; for we are all sensible with whom we quarrel, the father against the son, and the son against the father: and if Alexander the Great, or the Emperor of Persia, were now alive, whose armies drank whole rivers, yet, my lord, it would daunt the hearts of these gallants to destroy their own blood.

"Thirdly—whereas your lordship hath desire to know the number of our forces in these parts; my lord, since the Earl of Bath his apprehending, our soldiers have revolted; yet we have a considerable strength at Penzance, Foy, Launceston, and other places, about the number of 5000, or thereabouts, and upon all occasions we can betake ourselves to sea, and so to land where we please; therefore, your lordship may stand upon firm ground in these parts, if you please to hazard your noble person among us.

"My lord, nature and nature, fortune and fortune, action and action, state and state, time past and time present, your lordship now seeth. I will here break off, for I find that I have exceeded the convenient length of a letter, and come short of such discourse as this subject doth deserve. Your lordship may, perhaps, find many things in this letter superfluous, and most of it lame; I will, as well as I can, supply that defect upon your lordship's second writing, if your lordship

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* This extraordinary epistle is correctly copied from the original, as it appears in the form of a printed pamphlet. Of its authenticity, we have no other proof than may be supposed to be founded on the internal evidence.

calls me to account. What confusion soever your lordship finds in my order and method, is not only my fault, whose wits are confounded with too much business, but the fault of the season in which confusion and disorder hath not only been winked at, but warranted. If there be but any one thing which your lordship may make use of, I think my pains well bestowed in all, and howsoever my counsel may be weak, yet my wishes shall be as strong as any man for your lordship's happiness. Your lordship's obedient servant, RALPH HOPTON."

The apprehension of the Earl of Bath * was a measure of the utmost importance to the commissioners of parliament, as

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* "Wherever they found any person of quality inclined to the king, or but disinclined to them, they immediately seized upon his person, and sent him in great triumph to the parliament; who committed him to prison, with all circumstances of cruelty and inhumanity." "Thus they took prisoner the Earl of Bath, in Devonshire, who neither had, or ever meant to do the king the least service; but only out of the morosity of his own nature, had before, in the House, expressed himself not of their minds; and carried him, with many other gentlemen of Devon and Somerset, with a strong guard of horse, to London; where, after they had been exposed to the rudeness and reproach of the common people, who called them traitors and rebels to the parliament, and pursued them with such usage as they use to the most infamous malefactors, they were, without ever being examined, or charged with any particular crime, committed to several prisons; so that not only all the prisons about London were quickly filled with persons of honours and great reputation for sobriety and integrity to their courtier, but new prisons were made for their reception; and, which was a new and barbarous insertion, very many persons of good quality, both of the clergy and laity, were committed to prison on board the ships in the River of Thames; where they were kept under decks, and no friend suffered to come to them; by which many lost their lives. And, that the loss of their liberty might not be all their punishment, it was the usual course, and very few escaped it, after any man was committed as a *notorious malignant*, (which was the brand) that his estate and goods were seized and plundered by an order from the house of commons, or some committee, or the soldiers, who in their march took the goods of all papists and eminent malignants, as lawful prize; or by the fury and licence of the common people, who were, in all places, grown to that barbarity and rage against the nobility and gentry, (under the style of cavaliers) that it was not safe for any to live at their houses, who were taken notice of as so many votaries to the parliament." (Clar: Book VI., p. 21.)

By the parliament journals it appears that, on the 27th of Sept. 1642, Lord Mohun and the Earl of Bath were voted delinquents, and estates sequestered, for refusing to obey the summons of parliament for their appearance. That he had previously been in opposition to

that nobleman had extensive influence, not only in the part of the country where his estates were situated, but from his office of lord-lieutenant of the county, and was strongly attached to the king's interest. It does not appear whether he had committed any overt act of insurrection against the established authority: he was, however, arrested with his chaplain, in Devonshire, about October 1642, at which time many other noblemen were in like manner seized in their respective counties, and conveyed to London, where they were retained in prison or under guard, in some cases during the whole period of the war. By this action, no ostensible chief was left for the royalist party in Devon, which was consequently retained for a long time in complete subjection. Sir Ralph Hopton,

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the court is manifest from another passage in Clarendon, where, speaking of his own speech made at the conference with the house of lords on the vote for taking away the high commission court at York, he says, "the Earl of Bath, who was to report it, and had no excellent or graceful pronunciation, came himself to Mr. Hyde, and desired a copy of it, that he might not do him wrong in the House by the report." III. 240.

This nobleman was Henry Bourchier, the last Earl of Bath of that family, by whose death, in 1654, the male line became extinct, and the title was conferred, at the Restoration, on the son of Sir Bevil Grenville, in recompense no less for his own than for his father's services. The house and estate of Tawstock (which had descended to the Bourchiers, by females, from the ancient house of Fitzwarren) passed, by the marriage of a niece of Earl Henry, to the family of Wrey, whose representative, Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bart., at this day enjoys them.

In the Earl of Leicester's Journal, recently edited by Mr. Blencowe, occurs the following passage respecting this nobleman. "The Earl of Bath told me at my house, (the 31st of May, 1647) that there were many now sitting in the house of commons who had taken pardons of the King at Oxford, and that he, having then the keeping of the privy seal, had entered their pardons, and did still keep the book of dockets wherein they were entered; naming Sir William Martin for one who had a pardon, and was now knight of the shire for Devonshire. I told him I thought that, perhaps, such persons now, after reduction of the West Country, Wales, &c., might get themselves chosen. That is true (said the E. of Bath) there are some such, and I take Sir W. Martin to be one of them; but I mean not them only, but those that were before of the house of commons, went away, deserted the parliament, took pardons, &c. and yet now sit upon their former elections.—Methinks, (adds Lord Leicester) this book of dockets might be of some use if it were called for; for it is a shame that so much scruple should be made to re-admit some, when others sit there who have so offended."

and the other gentlemen who were left by the marquis to prosecute the cause in the west, are thus described in the following letter, (dated Oct. 21, 1642,) which gives an account of the then state of these provinces:

"Mr. Arundell hath the greatest forces here, and is able to raise more than half the gentlemen in that shire (Cornwall,) and he alone was the first that began the rebellion there.—I can no ways disparage Sir Ralph Hopton's actions, for he carrieth himself nobly without doing any mischief or great spoil. But Sir Bevill Grenvil hath been a tyrant, especially to his tenants, threatening to thrust them out of house and home if they will not assist him and his confederates. I may boldly speak it to my grief, that he is the only persecutor of these parts. We have looked long for assistance and daily expect it, till which time we shall live in misery. The Earl of Bedford's forces are but few in number, billeted up and down, so that little service is expected till a greater supply can be raised. The Lord Mohun doth no great spoil, but his greatest malice is at the Lord Robert's house, at Truro. There hath been lately landed at some creek in that county, ten or more seminary priests, which is newly come out of Flanders, and harboured at Mr. Arundell his house. They are merciless creatures, and endeavoureth by many means to the papists in that country, to use a speedy dispatch for the voting out of the Protestants there, and there is great way laid for the apprehending of them. Sir Ralph Hopton hath sent to the Governor of the Isle of Silley for some therein, but they stand upon their guard, being men with stones able to contend with the whole world: and fain would Sir Ralph and his cavaliers set footing there, but Mr. Stukely, the governor, who is both wise and polite, durst not entertain his motion. We have nothing more to say but only this: our country is very weak for want of arms, and those few we have are very defective. There hath been more substantial armour found in Mr. Chichester's house, at Arlington, and at Master Courtney his house, (both recusants,)* than in our whole country (the gentry excepted.) At the searching of these gentlemens' houses, there were many wounded."

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* The noble and eminent family of Chichester, in its several branches, derives itself from Waleran de Cirencester, who did homage to William de Raleigh for the manor of South Isle, in the county of Devon, 22 H. 3, and is said to have been descended from a butler of Robert de Cirencester, Bishop of Exeter, 4th in succession after Leopic. Sir John, (the ninth in descent from Waleran) acquired the manor of Ralegh, near Barnstaple, by marriage with the heiress of the ancient family of that name. Another Sir John, (fifth in descent from the former) added Youlston, (the residence of the present baronet) to his paternal inheritance by marriage with the heiress of Beaumont, and transmitted it, together with the former estate of the family, to his issue by that lady; while on his two sons, by a second marriage, (Amias and John) he bestowed the manors of Arlington and Wid-

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After the marquis's departure from the west, Sir Ralph Hopton was left, (as will be observed from the preceding letters) to endeavour to rouse the inhabitants of Cornwall to resistance against the parliament. Sir Richard Buller and Sir Alexander Carew were actively engaged on the parliament side in that county: but the sense of the population was generally against them; and the law, which they endeavoured to make use of to the prejudice of the royalists, was wrested from their hands by the juries of the county. The posse comitatus was put under the orders of Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenvil: and hence was formed a body of 3000 troops, whose sub-

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worthy, which they, each of them, transmitted to their respective descendants. Of Amias Chichester, founder of the Arlington line, Prince relates, as "a remarkable instance of the strange fertility of that branch" of the family, that he (Amias) "had by Joan his wife, daughter of Sir Roger Gifford, of Brightleigh, nineteen sons: every one of which (what you may think much strange) had no less than four sisters—fourteen of the nineteen lived to be proper gentlemen, though not above three of them had issue. When they went all to church, the first would be in the church-porch before the last would be out of the house." The gentleman mentioned above as a recusant and malignant, was certainly of the same family—probably grandson or great grandson of this Amias; but his name does not occur among the royalist composition papers, in which I find only that of Henry Chichester, of Bittadon, a captain, whose fine is set at £7 : 18*s.* the Arlington branch still survives in John Palmer Chichester, Esq., a lineal descendant, who retains the property as well as the name of his ancestors.

John Courtenay, Esq., of Molland-Botreaux, the lineal descendant of Sir Philip, a younger son of the second Sir Philip Courtenay, of Powderham, to whom that manor was assigned for his portion about the middle of the fifteenth century, was the recusant above-mentioned; and he appears, by the composition papers, to have paid dear for his recusancy, although his delinquency is qualified by his having "without his priority, been made a commissioner for the king for raising monies for to maintain his forces, and did sometimes sit with others in the execution thereof; but was no ways active against the parliament, and was drawn into compliance much against his will." In his petition, he states that "he had, some time before his surrender, seen his error, and ceased to sit with the commissioners of array. His fine is set, nevertheless, at £750, a sum proportioned (no doubt) to the extent of his property, which was very considerable. This younger branch of the Powderham family, which continued attached to the Catholic faith through all its descendants, became extinct in the male branch in 1732, and is now represented by a younger brother of Sir George Throckmorton, who has assumed the name of Courtenay.

John Courtenay (the delinquent recusant) died in 1660, as appears by a monument in the parish church of Molland.

sequent actions compose one of the brightest pages in the history of the royalist armies. The parliamentary commissioners repassed the Tamar, deserting the county confided to them; a proceeding, which the subsequent treachery of Sir Alexander Carew may possibly in part account for. A difficulty was started about this time in the king's service, by the refusal of many of the militia, raised by the commission of array, to serve out of their own counties: a refusal which was pertinaciously insisted on by the Cornish men, who have in all times enjoyed the reputation of being particularly tenacious of the customs and privileges of their own province, and unwilling to admit any admixture of foreign intercourse. This, however, was obviated by a peculiar commission granted to Lord Mohun, Sir R. Hopton, Sir John Berkeley, and Col. Ashburnham, for the government of the county; and a considerable body of volunteers was armed, by assistance from France, as was asserted by their enemies, and partly admitted by their friends.

Their preparations were accomplished before the end of the autumn of 1642; after which, they marched into Devonshire, and commenced a series of predatory incursions over the whole county, where as yet no sufficient force was raised to oppose them. The numerous and rich gentry, who saw with pleasure the approach of these marauding parties, received them with eager hospitality, and lost no time in declaring their aversion to the parliament. The following extracts from letters sent "to the gentlemen and attorneys of Lyon's Inn," in the last week of December, 1642, give some account of the unhappy state of the country.*

"From Barnstaple, 29th Dec. 1642. That at Tawstock, at the Earl of Bath's house, there hath been these ten days about 200 gentlemen, by their carriage men of quality—yet no attempts against the town have as yet been practised; and how long they mean to continue there, our mayor knows nothing.

"From Atherington, (Sir Hugh Pollard's house) † that forty or

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* "True newes from Devonshire and Cornwall, being a collection of several letters sent to the gentlemen and attorneys of Lyon's Inn, this week, by the last post from the western counties."

† The family of Pollard was originally of Horwood, near Bideford, at which place it was settled in the time of Henry the Third, and became extinct about the beginning of the eighteenth century, (as it should seem) by the death of Thomas, the son of Sir Amos Pollard, of Bickington Barton. (See Lyson's Devon. p. 44.)

Sir Lewis Pollard, one of the judges of the common pleas, 1515, was son of Robert, second son of John Pollard, of Horwood. He

fifty gentlemen from Tavestock were there feasted, on Dec. 22d, and the day after they went to Mr. Pollard of Filleigh, Mr. Pollard of Horwood, and Mr. Hatch of Aller, and to other gentlemen in the

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purchased King's Nympton, and built the family seat there. His grandson, Lewis, was created a baronet in 1627, and Sir Hugh, (the second baronet) who was a zealous loyalist, was governor of Dartmouth, at the time of its capture by Fairfax in 1646, and, after the Restoration, appointed comptroller of the household to Charles II. The title became extinct by his death in 1667, according to Lysons; but Prince says, that it descended to his younger brother, Sir Amias—probably the same with Sir Amos, of Bickington, above-mentioned—who died in 1701, as appears from his monument in the church of Abbots Bickington. Very little, if any, of the ancient estate of the family came to him with the title.

"Sir Hugh Pollard," observes the biographer, "was a gentleman of a noble mind, that no way degenerated from his ancestors; being magnificently hospitable to all persons who came to his house, either occasionally, or by invitation. In the time of our late unhappy wars, he adhered (according to the obligations of honours and conscience) to the interests of oppressed royalty; and both by his purse and person endeavoured to support the tottering cause of his dear parents, his mother the church, and his father the king."—"Some time after, when the best cause and the best king fell by the sins of all, and the hand of some, Sir Hugh Pollard, able to yield distressed majesty no further service, retired to his house at Nimton Regis, where he spent the remainder of his fortunes in hospitality among his friends and neighbours; on which a witty poet in his time thus rhymed:

——————At Nymton Regis,
Where th' one drinks and t' other pledges."

A short time previous to the date of this letter, which describes him as entertaining forty or fifty gentlemen in his house at Atherington, (where it is possible that he might have possessed a seat as well as at King's Nympton) we find him petitioning parliament for his release from imprisonment in the compter prison, to which he had been committed after his apprehension in Somersetshire, on a charge of "levying war against the parliament." The petition (dated Oct. 28, 1642) is curious for its tone of servile repentance, and we may, on some future occasion, find room to insert it. In it, he implores compassion on behalf of his father, "an aged gentleman, who now lies desperately sick," and whose death will, he fears, be hastened by his misfortune, which will "as certainly disenherit him of his land as it hath already done of his affections." On 28th May, 1646, he was admitted to compound for his delinquency, and his fine set at £558, which appears to have been afterwards doubled.

Who were the other two Pollards, here mentioned, seems to be uncertain—perhaps brothers of Sir Hugh—since Prince says, that there were five or six of them "who lived to be as proper gentlemen

North parts thereabouts, and had great entertainments every where, (Master Gifford of Brightleigh excepted,) who absented himself from his house to save charges. (Dec. 23d.) At Southmolton, the Mayor feasted them all.

" (From Totness) Col. Hopton, on Dec. 22d, mustered his horse in the Marsh, and paid the soldiers 20*s.* a man, being about 1000, resident in the town: a greater number he hath lately entertained of journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and weavers, but wanteth horse for the present. Col. Ruthen is reported to have sent Sir Ralph Hopton a challenge to meet him upon Haldon, so many to so many, but I can hardly believe it, the rather for that Sir Ralph Hopton have drunk drink, and wished it might poison him, if he would not fight any man alive in this just quarrel of the king's, unto whom he would live or die.

" Baronet Seymour,* and his lady, have left their house; Master

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as most in this or any other county, and were most of them commanders in the king's army; not one of them left any issue." Besides Sir Hugh's brothers, however, there were, at this time, an Anthony Pollard, of Horwood, who died 1687, and a John Pollard, of Langley (1667).

The family of Hatch (or Hacche) was of North Aller, in the parish of Southmolton, and appears to have become extinct about 1750. They were of considerable consequence, and matched with the first families in the county—but I cannot trace the individual here mentioned, nor can I find the name among the composition papers.

Col. John Gifford, of Brightleigh, acted too conspicuous a part, both as a military man in these troubles, and also in his capacity of justice of the peace after the Restoration, to be despatched in a note on the mere incidental mention of his name. We shall recur to him hereafter.

* The " Baronet Seymour," here mentioned, was Sir Edward, son of Sir Edward Seymour, created Baronet in 1611, and grandson of Sir Edward, son (by his first marriage) and heir of the Protector Somerset, to whom the Castle and Lordship of Berry Pomeroy, with other great estates in Devonshire, descended; the dignity, and titles, of Duke of Somerset, Earl of Hertford, &c. with the immense possessions attached to those titles, having been, by special entail, settled on the Protector's male issue by his second marriage, and which, having been forfeited by his attainder, were partly restored in the person of William, Marquis of Hertford, the nobleman who has been already mentioned as Lord Lieutenant (for the King) of the Western Counties.

Sir Edward, the second baronet, was knight of the Shire for Devonshire in two of King James's Parliaments, and member for Totness in that which met on the 6th of Feb. 1625; on the dissolution of which he lived retired at his castle of Berry Pomeroy, which he made (says Risdon) " a stately house;" as sufficiently appears from its noble ruins at present existing. Here he died, in

XUM

Young and his family, and other gentlemen, their habitations; and dwell in Totness for more security of their persons. Exeter, St. Thomas, and other gaols, are full of prisoners, taken by the parliament forces between Ashburton and Buckfastleigh. Eight or nine horsemen were taken by Capt. Thomson, who had great treasure about them. Sir Ralph hearing thereof, sent two troops of horse, but too late. Nevertheless, they narrowly missed Captain Thomson, who swimmed with his horse over the river, and came to Capt.

1659, very much lamented," (according to the Peerage) "having, by an obliging temper, attracted the love of his country, and, by a prudent management, gained the character of a person of honour, conduct and experience."

His eldest son, also named Edward, who succeeded him, and became the third baronet, "was elected one of the knights for Devonshire, in the two last parliaments of King Charles, and, adhering to his sovereign in the times of the rebellion, had his house of Berry Castle plundered and burnt. He sat at Oxford, among those members the king convened in 1643; and, shewing a ready concurrence in the measures for supporting monarchy and episcopacy, endured many hardships, till such time as the constitution was restored, &c." He died, and was buried at Berry Pomeroy, in 1688. It is to him that the following extract applies, from the royalist composition papers.

"Edward Seymour, of Berry Pomeroy, Esq.

"His delinquency, That he deserted the parliament, and took up arms, and was at Oxford; and it doth appear, as well by certificate of Sir William Waller, knight, as by several affidavits, that divers months before the 9th September last (1645) he expressed his intentions and desires to submit himself to the parliament, and to that end sent up his wife" (this lady was a daughter of Sir William Portman) "from Berry, about the beginning of November last, and had come up himself, but that divisions of the king's forces were then, and about two months before, quartered at his said house, whence if he had come in person during that time, he must have left his house and all his goods to their mercy. *And so within a third.*" It further appears that he had taken the negative oath and covenant, in April, 1646; and his fine, after certain allowances, is fixed at the great sum of £3133.

Among the same papers we have found the following entry.

"By a deposition (signed Robert Seymour, and others,) that the goods mentioned in duplicate, &c., taken and sold by Cornet Charleton, by order of the late committee, were not the goods of Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., but of Edward Seymour, Esq., or conveyed by him to Margaret, his sister, in part payment of her portion: and that there was not, from 1642 to 1651, any goods of Sir Edward Seymour first sequestered and sold by the late committee, or their agents, neither any profits of real or personal estate taken and sold by way of sequestration. Also, whereas it is certified by the late

Clifford,* of Chudleigh, and by that means he and his escaped their fury. (Dec. 24th.)

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committee, that Sir Edward Seymour (with others) assisted Sir Edmund Fortescue (High Sheriff) at a Posse Comitatus at Modbury, and was there taken prisoner by the parliament forces, we do depose that the greatest part of the south division of the county was then under the power of the king's forces (except only Exeter, Plymouth, and Dartmouth,) and that the said Sir E. S., with others of the country, came thither upon summons of the said sheriff, and was taken by a party of horse that came out of Plymouth, but not then in arms, nor any hostile condition. And this we acknowledge, because we were there present, and observed his actions."

The lady of "Baronet Seymour," also mentioned in the text, was Dorothy, daughter of Sir Henry Killigrew, by whom, including his eldest son and successor, he had six sons and five daughters. The fourth son was named Robert, and was, probably, the person whose signature appears to the above deposition.

* Anthony Clifford, of Borscombe, Co. Wilts, and King's Teignton, Co. Devon, who acquired Ugbrooke (the present seat of the family) by marriage with the daughter and heir of Sir Piers Courtenay, and who died in 1580, had five sons, of whom Henry (the eldest) inherited his paternal estates, and transmitted them to two generations, after which they passed by marriage to Hugh, the son of Sir Copleston Bampfylde.

Thomas, the third son of Anthony, was first a soldier, then entered into the Church, and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He married a daughter of Staplehill, of Bremble, and on him and his issue was settled his maternal estate of Ugbrooke. This Doctor Clifford is described by Prince as "an eminently pious and learned person," as may appear, were it not too tedious, from that large elegant Latin epigram, made in his praise by the celebrated poet Charles Fitzgeffry, beginning

> Flosque, leposque virûm, proavitæ nobile germen
> Stirpis, et heroæ laudis non degener hæres.

He died, according to the peerage, in 1634, and is reported (in a small volume in MS. in the British Museum, entitled "An Account of some Noble Families in Devonshire, and of some Members of the Parliament in the year 1640. By Samuel Somaster, 1694,) to have been "drowned in a duck-pond:" it is not added whether by design or accident, though the latter is most naturally to be inferred from so concise a mention of the circumstance.

His eldest son, Hugh Clifford (mistakenly called in the same MS. Thomas,) married Mary, daughter of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart., was a Colonel (according to Anthony Wood, though the fact is not borne out by Rushworth's catalogues,) in the king's army, on the expedition against the Scots in 1639, and died (according to the

(" From Ermington and Modbury.

" Two hundred men and horse are here billetted, and the country have not received the worth of one penny towards their expences; and having complained to Sir Ralph Hopton, for their satisfaction and reward, he presseth the country with two hundred more.

" At Buckland, Mr. Grymes's* house was pillaged, and himself and servants carried to Totness, and imprisoned, by command from Sir Ralph Hopton—Mr. Crocker,† of Lyneham, assaulted by Sir

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peerage) in the latter end of the same year; but this last assertion is plainly a mistake; since his epitaph, in Chudleigh Church, attests his having lived twenty years after that period. It must be presumed that this inscription is correct; and, if so, it seems to follow that he was the " Captain Clifford" mentioned in the text; and his connexion with the Chudleigh family may sufficiently account for his house affording an asylum to a fugitive from the fury of the " Hoptonians."

This Colonel Hugh Clifford was the father of Thomas, the celebrated Lord Treasurer; who, being born in 1630, was, consequently, too young to have taken part in the Civil War, and could not, by possibility, be the " Captain Clifford" here mentioned.

It is needless therefore to speak, in this place, either of that distinguished nobleman, or his descendants, except to notice that the present noble possessor of Ugbrooke is the seventh lord in succession, though only in the fourth line of descent.

No name of a Clifford appears among the Royalist composition papers.

* In the Royalist composition papers we find

" Symon Crymes, of Buckland Monachorum, Gent. His delinquency, that he was in actual arms against the parliament, and in Oxford at the time of the surrender, 24 June, 1646. He petitioned, 20 Dec. 1647; and his fine was set at £337. 10s., being for a moiety of his estate." A medical certificate annexed, represents him as a " diseased man, from small pox, and other infirmities, since October, 1647."

This family were entitled, as grantees of the Abbey of Buckland, after the dissolution, to the manor, and other property, which had belonged to the Abbey. A great part of the estate was sold in 1620; and, in 1660, the manor itself was parted with. " Crapstone (in the same parish,) which was their residence, was sold by the late Reverend Amos Crymes to John Elford, Esq., the present proprietor." Lysons, p. 84.

† The family of Crocker is of the most undoubted antiquity, as appears by the old homely distich,

Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,
When the Conqueror came, were at home.

" I have heard," says Prince, " the present heir of the family, Courtenay Crocker, Esq., of Lineham (who hath been a traveller, and is a well-accomplished gentleman) say, that when he was in Saxony

Ralph Hopton's troopers—the beacons were fired, Captain Chidley raised the trained Tinners, and marched towards Lyneham. Farmer Westcocke slain, and others of the Tinners taken prisoners, with the loss of two of Sir Ralph Hopton's troopers. A Cornet of one troop was slain by Mr. Crocker's miller; four horse taken; Captain Arundel struck off his horse, gasping in the way for dead; taken by the Cavaliers, and brought to Berry Castle, at Baronet Seymour's; sorely wounded, if not dead.

"At Chagford, about twenty of Sir Ralph Hopton's troopers scoured the country, and did great robberies on the Moor side. Two taken, and sent to Exeter gaol; the rest still roving up and down, doing great mischief.

"(From Brent) What with Capt. Tompkins's horse, and Sir Ralph Hopton's troopers, the town wanteth bread to feed on, and both parties have beggared that place. Mr. Forster, Mr. Carre, (the person) and others of the better sort, have fled to Exeter. Mr. Forster is gone to Sir Ralph Hopton, and made a Cornet, as reported.

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he met some gentlemen of his name there; and that they gave the same coat of arms that he doth."

John Crocker, of Lineham, Esq. (the gentleman named above) was born in 1610; married, in 1657, Jane, daughter of Sir John, and sister of Sir Courteney, Pole, Barts, by whom he had issue the aforesaid Courtenay Crocker, by whose daughter, and heiress at law, the estate passed on to the family of Bulteel, its present proprietors.

"There have been several other very eminent persons of this name and family, one, whom for his great loyalty to his prince, I may not pass over in silence, Sir Hugh Crocker, Knight, who, being a younger brother, was bred a merchant in the city of Exeter. God was pleased to bless him with great success a long while in that employment; insomuch, he was possessed, at one time, with no less than ten ships, entirely his own. He lived also in good reputation in the city, and was chosen mayor thereof, anno 1643, at what time K. Cha. I. of precious memory, came thither in pursuit of the Earl of Essex; whom, having overthrown, his majesty returned to Exeter again, where he was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon this gentleman: a title which, how well soever deserved, he was not very ambitious of. For he was a person of great humility, as well as of great integrity, and eminent loyalty, always expressed to that best of princes, in the worst of times; for which, when rebellion became predominant, he suffered much, both in purse and person. His composition at Goldsmiths' hall cost him no less than £288., as it did, at the same time, his brother-in-law Sir John Colleton, of Exeter, Knight (whose sister he had married) £244. 10s."

This account is confirmed by the composition papers, which further inform us, that the worthy mayor's delinquency consisted in his being a Captain of trained bands in the city, and in arms at the time of its surrender.

XUM

"(From Exeter.) Well fortified, raising horse and foot to the number of 4000, to assist Col. Ruthen, &c. upon notice of which Sir Ralph Hopton is building a bridge over against Powderham Castle, for his army to march through; Master Courtney* have assisted him

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* Sir William Courtenay (then spelt Courtney) of Powderham, Knight, fifth of that name, and ninth in lineal succession from Sir Philip, to whom that noble castle and demesne, with the princely possessions attached to it, were assigned by his father, Hugh, Earl of Devon, died in 1630, at the advanced age of 77, and was succeeded by his son Francis Courtney, Esq., who, by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., had issue William, his eldest son and heir; which William was found (at his father's death in 1638) a minor of the age of 9 years and 6 months, and his wardship (in consideration of £2000.) granted (together with a lease of the property) to his mother, and to her brother, Edward Seymour, Esq., his maternal uncle. This William, who was afterwards knighted, (and who married a daughter of Sir William Waller, the parliament general, at so early an age that it is said their united years, at the time of the birth of their eldest son, were short of 30,) was evidently too young to take any part in the Civil War; and his person, together with his property, were (at this period) under the administration of Sir Amos (or Amias) Ameredith, who had married his mother. What is said about "Master Courtney" in the text is, probably, therefore the mere invention of the news-writer, unless it so happened that another Sir William Courtney (who was the son of Thomas, third son of the first-named Sir William, and younger brother of Francis,) was at Powderham at the time in question.

This Sir William Courtenay, the son of Thomas, was an officer in the king's army, mentioned with honour by Clarendon, who relates a very remarkable and unhappy accident that befell him during the siege of Taunton. His name also appears in the composition papers, as Sir William Courtney, of Branbridge, in the county of Southampton, where it is stated, that he was seized in right of his wife, (for her jointure by Gilbert Wells, Esq., her former husband,) of certain farms there specified, for which he petitioned (Nov. 1647) to be admitted to compound without the oaths, but was refused, being alleged a papist; upon which he went abroad, but soon afterwards returned, renewed his petition, and (by Order 15 Feb. 1648) was admitted as comprised (he being Governor of Farringdon Castle) within the articles made on the surrender of Oxford.

The names of three other Courtenays (all of Cornwall) also occur in the same papers; Sir Peter (of Trethurfe), Richard (of Lanivet) and William (of Erme), in that county. All these were descendants of the Powderham family, from which they branched off at the distance of seven generations from the times of which we are treating.

Francis Courtenay, the son of the first named Sir William, who is characterised by Westcote (in his view of Devonshire) as "a noble heart, that keeps bountiful hospitality, like his honourable ancestors,

therein, and it is near finished. The citizens have near it at Apsom (Topsham) a continual guard of horse and foot, and can destroy the bridge at their pleasure; but by letters from Baronets Prideaux, Poole, Sir Thomas Drewe,* and others, who stand firm for the par-

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and gives kind and courteous entertainment to all comers," died (as already mentioned) in 1638. Yet in the Commons' Journals, (March 14, 1645,) we find an entry, as sent down from the house of Lords, of "the Petition of Mr. Francis Courtney and the Gentlemen of Devon." We know not how to solve this enigma.

Cleveland (in his Genealogical History of the House of Courtenay) says that Sir William, the father of Francis, had one of his sons slain in the unhappy expedition to the Isle of Rhéa, but says nothing of the father's having been there. But Lilly (in his Observations on the Life and Death of King Charles I.) tells us that the retreat from that expedition was committed "to old Sir William Courtenay, a heavy, dull, covetous old man, who, having been twenty or thirty years a private captain, in Holland, was, by Sir John Burrow's means, made colonel in that expedition," and then relates a ludicrous story of his falling into a saltpan in the eagerness of his flight, and being preserved from a bullet-shot by a twenty-one shilling piece in his fob. This story (provided there is any truth in it whatever) cannot relate to Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham (who never had a command in Holland), but may, probably, have been told of a different Sir William, who was uncle of Sir Peter Courtney, of Trethurfe, before mentioned.

* "Paganus de Prideaux was lord of the Castle of Prideaux, in Cornwall, at the Conquest." In 1169, Nicholas, Lord of Prideaux, died, leaving twin sons, to the youngest of whom he left his Devonshire estates, which he greatly increased by marriage with the heiress of Orcharton, a manor in the parish of Modbury, which became, from thenceforward, the principal seat of this branch of the family. His descendant, Sir John Prideaux (temp. E. 3.), killed his kinsman, Sir William Bigberry, at a place called "the five crosses," and, to obtain his pardon, parted with seven manors, retaining (however) Orcharton, which continued, for seven further descents, in the family. "From the time of that unhappy murder," says Prince, "'tis observable, not only the estate but the honour of the house greatly declined; for, however it had yielded several knights before, it never produced one in that place after—of so dangerous consequence is it, to have one's hands dipt in blood." Roger Prideaux, Esq., high sheriff of Devon, 22 Eliz., was a younger son of this family, and purchased the estate of Souldon, which became the inheritance of his family. Sir Edmund Prideaux, the first baronet, was himself a younger son of this Roger; and "being a younger son," says Prince, "was bred to the law in the Inner Temple; where he contented not himself with the formalities of a student (that is, with gown, cap, and commons in the Hall), but so diligently applied his business, that he became very eminent for his skill and learning in that profession." He also

liament, have desired them not to cut off the bridge, but to let his army march through, and they will be ready to give him a meeting."

Even with the important assistance of Master Courtenay, it is probable that Sir Ralph must have called in the help of another power, (with whose good offices the opposite party

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acquired, in the practice of it, a very considerable fortune, was created a baronet in 1622, and purchased "the gentile seat of Netherton," which became the residence of his family. He married a daughter of Sir John Chichester, of Ralegh, and, dying in 1628, left his estate and title to his eldest son Sir Peter, the "Baronet Prideaux" named in the text. Edmund (the younger brother of Sir Peter) was a person eminently distinguished in the Parliamentary and Civil History of the period, and must have a distinct article. It is, probably, owing to his good offices that the baronet's name does not appear in the list of compounders.

Sir John Pole, of Shute, (the "Baronet Poole" of the text) was son of Sir William Pole, Knight, the celebrated antiquary, and seventh in descent from Sir John Pole, Vice Admiral of the West of England, who was younger son of Sir John Pole, of Wirrall, in the county of Chester, and the first of the family that settled in Devonshire. *Our* Sir John was knight of the shire for Devon in the year 1628, and, the same year, created a baronet, in the life of his father. He had issue two sons, Sir William Pole, Knight, who died, 1648, in his (the first baronet's) life time, and Sir Courtenay Pole, who succeeded to the title of baronet at his father's death in 1658, and lived to the age of eighty. Sir William Templar Pole, the present baronet, is seventh in succession.

Sir William Pole, the Antiquary, father of the first baronet (who died in 1635, and who left behind him, among various other historical works, the collections towards a description of his native county, which were published, in 1791, by Sir John-William de la Pole, father of the present baronet,) resided at Colcombe, in the parish of Colyton, an ancient seat of the Earls of Devon, which was purchased by his father, and which he himself re-built, and made it his habitation. It was burnt and plundered during the siege of Lyme, and has ever since remained in a state of dilapidation.

The composition papers contain the following entries.

"Sir William Pole, of Culliton, Knight. His delinquency, That he was one of the members of the parliament, who deserted the parliament, and sat with the king at Oxford, and was afterwards taken in arms against the parliament, at the surrender of the city of Exeter."

After giving a particular of the property to which he states himself to be entitled, principally, in reversion after his father, Sir John Pole, Bart., he claims to be allowed no less a sum than £10,000, in respect "that his houses have been burnt down by the garrison of Lyme, and his goods wasted and plundered, and otherwise damnified

were always ready to assert his and his friends' familiarity,) to accomplish the throwing a bridge across a river a mile in breadth, especially before the invention of suspension bridges: however, notwithstanding the apprehensions of his enemies, who appear to have thought him capable of any thing (Lord Clarendon affirms that it was reported, after the siege of Bristol, that the Hoptonians had the faculty of walking up perpendicular walls), he remained on the south side of the river, and, in the last week of December, collected his vagabond forces and made a sudden attempt upon Exeter, in which he failed, and was obliged to retreat southward, before the advance of a body of parliamentary troops. These were commanded by Col. Ruthen (mentioned above) and the Earl of Stamford, the third nobleman, in order of time, to whom the parliament committed the authority of General of the western counties (the Earls of Bedford and Pembroke having been both previously invested with that title.) They were joined by great numbers of the militia of the county, and easily pursued the scattered Royalists over its border, crossing the Tamar, at Newbridge, on Jan. 11, 1642-3, with the dispersion of a small division which was left for its defence.

The parliament commissioners, after this deliverance, exercised their authority with great severity; searching the houses and seizing the persons of the disaffected, and forcing many to

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by the troubles," to that extent. His loss at Colcombe alone he estimates at half the sum. His fine (at a tenth) £1142.

In the same papers, we find "Courtenay Pole, of Culliton, Gent." (the second son, and who succeeded his father in the baronetcy) whose delinquency consisted in his being taken in arms at Exeter, and whose property is stated as the reversion only of a few cottages to which he was entitled at the death of his grandmother; a curious instance of what was then considered as a fair portion for the younger son of so opulent a proprietor. His fine is only £20.

Sir Thomas Drewe, Knight, (son of Edward Drewe, serjeant at law, who resided at Kellerton, the present seat of the Aclands,) was the first of the family who settled at Grange in Broadhembury, and who there built the mansion which has continued to be the principal habitation of his descendants. In a pamphlet entitled "Certain Information concerning the Commission of Array, Aug. 27, 1642," is the following notice. "Sir Thomas Drewe is very much against this array; grounding on that wise man's speech in parliament against it, and says it is altogether illegal, and will die upon it, and, when occasion serves, we believe he will shew it, as about the Hill he hath declared his mind already: and he has much armour in his house, enough for twenty men." The name of Sir Thomas Drewe does not occur in the composition papers.

compound, even on suspicion, by the payment of considerable sums of money. A letter from Exeter gives a long list of persons who had been forced to ransom themselves by fines of one, two, five, and eight hundred pounds; among whom are "Master Culme, the last year's high sheriff, and Justice Ashford;"* the latter of whom was a magistrate of long standing and noted activity. "The cathedral men," adds the rejoicing puritan, "look like ghosts now their mouths are stopt, that they can sing no longer. There was this week £400. found in that church, which Canon Hellian (Hellier) confessed, and more they hoped to find." Many prisoners of note were made in the county; some of whom were sent up by sea from Exeter, in the last week of 1642, and, among them, "John Fortescue, Esq., late high sheriff; Sir Edmund Fortescue, Knt., now high sheriff; Col. Sir Edw. Seymour, Knt. Bart.; Edward Seymour, Esq., knight of the shire; Colonel Henry Champernon, Arthur Bassett, Esq., and others."† One of the ensigns of

* The families of Culme and Ashford are, both, now extinct in the male line; the former having become so, in the elder branch, by the death of Hugh Culme, Esq., in 1658, and, in a younger, by the death of John Culme, Esq., of Tothill, in 1804, who left two granddaughters, his co-heiresses. In the pamphlet referred to by the last note, we are told, "The last week Master Ashford came to Exon, with Mr. Culme, the sheriff, and, by all probability, to read the commission of array, for they brought it with them, and produced it, and made warrants to send abroad for the stopping of our mustering," &c.

The site of Canonleigh Nunnery, in the parish of Burlescombe, was purchased by the ancestor of this gentleman, who made it the residence of his family; and the name of Richard Culme, Esq. (who was high sheriff in 1642,) occurs in the composition papers; from which it appears, that he was a commissioner of array for the king, and that, during the year of his shrievalty, the county gaol was broken open by the parliament's forces, and prisoners for debt released therefrom, to the amount of £10,000, for which he consequently became responsible. He was, moreover, plundered of goods and chattels to the amount of £500. His fine was fixed at £2906.

Henry Ashford, Esq., of Ashford, in the same parish of Burlescombe, also served the office of high sheriff, in 1632, and is stated, in the composition papers, to have been named a commissioner of array, and one who executed that commission; that he, subsequently, deserted his dwelling-house, and went to reside in Exeter, when a king's garrison, and was there at the time of the surrender. "His fine, at a tenth, £1150.; at a sixth, £1725." John Ashford (or Ayshford), the last heir male of the family, died in 1688, and the estate passed, with an heiress, into the family of Sandford, its present proprietors.

† The name of Fortescue requires a more extended notice than we can at present afford it; and it is the less necessary to dwell upon

these cavaliers, which was captured together with them, had for device a cannon, with this blasphemous motto issuing from it:—"O Lord! open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." Yet far more rigour, than was at this time actually exercised, might have been justified on the principle of retaliation.

Stamford and Ruthen, pursuing their first successes, followed the retreating enemy along the broad moorish district which occupies the centre of Cornwall. At Liskeard, however, Sir Ralph Hopton rallied his men, and a few miles west of it, on Bradrok Down, obtained a complete victory over the parliament's regiments, (about Jan. 20,) the circumstances of which are detailed in Clarendon. Ruthen escaped into Plymouth, and Lord Stamford retreated to Exeter. The Cornish men retook Saltash, re-crossed the river, and fixed their head-quarters at Tavistock, after some vain attempts to reduce Plymouth to a surrender. Here they re-commenced their predatory system of warfare with such vigour, that they effectually prevented Sir

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it in this place, because the actions of Sir Edmund Fortescue, of Fallapit, (who was high sheriff of Devon, in 1643, as here mentioned,) will hereafter furnish a fitter oportunity for illustrating it.

Colonel Henry Champernowne, here mentioned, was probably the gentleman whose monument, in the church at Dartington, (the later residence of this noble and ancient family,) is inscribed, "To the memory of the Honorable Henry Champernowne, Esq., who died 1656." The estate of Dartington (which, with its venerable mansion, escheated to the crown, on the death of Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter,) became, by purchase or exchange, the property of Sir Arthur Champernowne, (a younger son of Sir Philip, of Modbury,) in the time of Elizabeth, or somewhat earlier. It continued to be the residence of his descendants till the failure of the male line by the death of Rawlin Champernowne, Esq. in 1774, when it devolved to Arthur, only son of the Reverend Richard Harrington, by Jane Champernowne, who assumed the name of Champernowne. His son, a minor, is the present proprietor. The name of our colonel does not occur among the composition papers; but we find that of Philip Champernowne, of Modbury, gent., who was in arms, and surrendered upon the Articles of Truro, and whose fine was fixed at £39.

Arthur Bassett, Esq., the other "worthy," whose name occurs on the present occasion, will be frequently mentioned hereafter; and we, therefore, defer particularly noticing him for the present.

Sir George Chudleigh, Baronet, and his son, the major; the Lord Mohun and Sir Nicholas Stanning, Sir Bevil and Sir Richard Grenville, (all of whom it is incumbent on us to notice more largely than the necessary limits of the present article will allow,) we now mention incidentally for the like purpose of reserving them to a fitter opportunity.

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George Chudleigh, (who now took the lead amongst the parliament's commissioners of militia,) from raising any considerable force in the county. The leaders of the western army at this time were Hopton, Lord Mohun, and Godolphin; Ashburnham and Berkeley remaining (it should seem) in Cornwall. Of the second of these three gentlemen (Lord Mohun), Clarendon reports, that it was believed his intention had been to desert the king after the battle of Edgehill, in October, had not his affairs taken a prosperous turn; but that, finding his loyalty confirmed by circumstances, he became very active in his county (Cornwall), where he had, moreover, a private quarrel with the Lord Roberts, a powerful adherent of parliament. Godolphin, a young royalist of great expectations, was killed about this time in a skirmish at Chagford. And, on February 21, a tumultuary force of eight thousand "armed and clubmen," under the commissioners of the north of Devon, attacked Sir Ralph in person, at Modbury, defeated him with some loss, and forced him to retire to Tavistock, principally by the courage of the "London grey coats," and "Barnstaple and Bideford men." "We hear," (says a pious letter-writer of Plymouth,) "that Sir Nicholas Stanning received a death's wound at Modbury, and fell dead off his horse before he came to Plympton, *which I hope is true*. Thus, you see how the Lord doth follow us with mercy upon mercy. I desire, and will endeavour, to follow him with prayers and praises. Cease not in your prayers," &c.

The consequence of this action was, that the Cornish forces were so much weakened as to desire a cessation; which was carried into effect, principally by the instrumentality of some Cornish gentlemen, who had been dispossessed of their estates for adherence to the parliament; and cemented by a protestation, which was taken by both parties, (the terms of which are in Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 137.) By this singular agreement it was specified, that the two counties of Devon and Cornwall should remain neutral in the quarrel between his majesty and his parliament, during a short space of time, which was preparatory to the establishing a peace of longer duration, and the settling of all differences in the west of England. It does not appear, however, that the parliament looked with a favourable eye upon these proceedings and their supporters. Many of the heads of the party in Devonshire were suspected of lukewarmness and indifference in the cause. During the month of March, however, while the treaty was yet in force, great exertions were made to arm and discipline the militia; want of arms being the principal difficulty under which the rebels at this time laboured. We find, from the papers of a private gentleman of no very extensive estate, but of unquestionable zeal in the parliament's service, (Christopher Savery, of Shilston,

Esq.*) that his assessments in three months' space, at the beginning of 1642-3, amounted to £200. The militia of the county of Devon formed, at this time, a body of 6579 men, of whom 2573 were pikemen and 4006 musqueteers. They were nominally officered by gentlemen of the county; but these gentlemen were mostly either in the ranks of the royalists, with Sir Ralph Hopton, or prisoners in London, or under scarcely less rigorous surveillance on their own estates. Their places were supplied, partly by the gentry of the opposite party, partly by the needy adventurers who swarmed in the parliament armies, great numbers of whom were Scotchmen, allured from the wars of the north of Germany (like our excellent friend, Captain Dalgetty, in the well-known Legend of Montrose,) by the prospect of better pillage nearer home.

The preparations for the proposed treaty were soon broken off, with mutual abuse and recrimination. The roundheads alleged a treacherous design of the Cornishmen for the surprise of Bideford; the royalists complained of the artifices and intrigues of "Master Edmund Prideaux,† a lawyer," who became

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* Christopher Savery, of Shilston, Esq., was descended from a family apparently of French origin, but of respectable antiquity, in the south-eastern parts of Devonshire. The first of the name known in this county, was Robert Savery, of Halberton, 1501. His descendants settled as merchants at Totnes; and, from 1550 to 1600, the family almost constantly furnished one of the representatives for that borough in parliament. Christopher (the father of the present subject) married Johanna, daughter of Thomas Carew, of Haceombe, Esq., a lady who, notwithstanding her ancient and illustrious descent, signed all deeds executed by her with the mark W, which is mentioned as her mark; from whence it is presumed that she could not write. He became sheriff of Devon, in 1619, was knighted, and died 1622. His eldest son, Christopher, appears to have taken no very active part in affairs during the troubles between king and parliament; although he contributed largely to the maintenance of the forces raised by the latter. In 1648, however, he was appointed to the commissions of militia and public safety. He died in the year of the Restoration; and, in the following year, his son and heir, Servington Savery, Esq. received a formal pardon from King Charles the Second, for all acts committed, or which might have been committed, during the rebellion and subsequent usurpation. The family were afterwards distinguished for their attachment to Whig principles, and for their activity in the cause of the Revolution of 1688.

† The gentleman here noticed was Edmund Prideaux, Esq., younger brother to Sir Peter Prideaux, Bart., who, "being of so great reputation in his time, as well for zeal to religion as skill in the law, 'tis not strange he was chosen a member of that which was called the Long Parliament, wherein he became a very leading man; for, striking

afterwards well known as the Parliament's Attorney General. This gentleman came down to Exeter, to the assistance of the commissioners, where he made "a pithy speech, which gave great content and encouragement," in consequence of which it was determined that Sir George Chudleigh, Sir John Bamfield, and Sir John Pole, should proceed to Plymouth, and dissolve at once the treaty which was still on foot. This was in the beginning of April, 1643: the truce lasted a few days longer.

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in with the prevailing party of those times, (though he never joined with them in setting upon the life of his sovereign,) he grew up to great wealth and dignity. He was made commissioner to the great seal, worth £1500 per ann.; by ordinance of parliament, did practice within the bar as one of the king's counsel, worth £5000 per ann.; after that was attorney-general, worth what he pleased to make it; and then postmaster-general for all the inland letters, which, at 6*d.* the letter, as they were in those days, was worth £15,000 per annum. From all which rich employments he acquired a great estate; and, among other things, purchased the Abbey of Ford, where he built a noble new house out of the ruins of the old, which he left to Edmund Prideaux, Esq. that now is, his only son by his second wife, the daughter and co-heir of Every;" from whom it passed by marriage to Gwynne, the present possessor.

So speaks the loyal biographer of Devonshire worthies, respecting one who was certainly among the chief supports of the parliament interest, and who is dealt with accordingly in the party pamphlets of the time, though the exorbitant profit which he made of his learning and abilities, appears to be the principal, if not the only, ground of exception to his character. The influence which he thus acquired in his native county, and generally throughout the west, is made the subject of satire by Walker, *(Hist. of Independents,)* who says, that "Prideaux, the postmaster, being *King of the West Saxons*, his viceroy, or lord-deputy for the county of Somerset, is that running colonel, John Pyne, who, being often inspired with sack, rules the committee and county by inspirations." And, in the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, (Dec. 19-26, 1648,) noticing a "Protestation in detestation of the vote which declared his majesty's concessions the ground of peace, &c.," which was ordered to be published, it is said that divers members subscribed the same; such as (among others) "Prideaux, and his monkey, Sir Thomas Wroth;" and that "those which had the grace to refuse subscription departed; which *the brethren* much distasted: for this is a new device to purge the House, and leave none but *the pure animals* in possession," &c.

Under the date of 17th Oct. 1643, we find an order of the committee for sequestrations, indemnifying him out of the sequestered estates, to the extent of £200, for the plunder of his property, and "his wife and children being driven away from his house, and come thence to London."

The commissioners acted up to the very letter of the treaty, being well determined not to give their enemies any advantage by a more liberal interpretation. Major Gen. James Chudleigh, son of Sir George, (a gentleman of great influence in the county,) conducted a strong party to within two miles of Launceston, by twelve o'clock of the night; on the morning following which, (April 22,) the cessation was to expire. A straggling action followed; and, after a few days' skirmishing, the parliament forces were obliged to retire to Okehampton.

We have no satisfactory account of the earlier part of the campaign of 1643 in the west: that of Clarendon, though substantially correct, being insufficient and careless. At this particular period, there were few military operations carrying on in other parts of the kingdom, and the successes of the Cornish men had excited the public interest to such a degree, that the most improbable and extraordinary accounts of passing events were promulgated both at Oxford and London. The miraculous and happy victories of the saints, which formed the never-failing theme of *The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, and other London diurnals, were echoed at Oxford by the glorious successes of the king's cause, weekly commemorated in the *Mercurius Aulicus*, (or, *Mendacium Aulicum*, as it was denominated by the bitter pun of some satirized roundhead.)* However,

* "In the third place march their adventurers; the Roundheads' Legend; the Rebels' Romance; Stories of a larger size than the ears of their seats; enough to strangle the belief of a Solifidian.

"I'll present them in their order. And, first, as a whiffler before the show, enter Stamford, one that trod the stage with the first, traversed his ground, made a leg, and exit. The country people took him for one that, by order of the houses, was to dance a Morrice through the West of England."—"This Cubit and a half of a commander, by help of a diurnal, routed his enemies fifty miles off."—"But the squib is run to the end of the rope: room for the prodigy of valour; Madam Atropos in breeches, Waller's knight errantry: and because every mountebank must have his zany, throw him in Hazlerig to set off his story. These two, like Bel and the Dragon, are always worshipped in the same chapter: they hunt in couples,—what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heels.

"Thus, they kill a man over and over, as Hopkins and Sternhold murder the Psalms with another of the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the saints' bell. *I wonder for how many lives my Lord Hopton took the lease of his body.* First, Stamford slew him, then Waller out-killed that half a bar: and yet it is thought the sullen corpse would scarce bleed, were both these manslayers never so near it."—"But the Diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an Hosanna to Cromwell, one that hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the genealogy of our Sa-

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the daring valour of the leader of the Cornish soldiery, (whose very name inspired terror among the enemies of royalty, from Plymouth to London,) appears to have been completely successful in repressing the attempted invasion of Cornwall. After a skirmish at Lifton, on the 25th April, Chudleigh's men were so terrified, that they could not, by any means, be brought to face their opponents. That leader found himself shut up in Okehampton, with 4000 Cornish foot and 500 horse, marching along over Sourton Down, an elevated moorish tract on the western skirts of Dartmoor, to attack him. His infantry refused to come to action, in spite of the utmost endeavours of their commander to rally. In this emergency, as night was fast approaching, he determined on the execution of a stratagem, which evinced great boldness and sagacity. He required his foot soldiers to leave their matches burning on the furzes of the down, which, as the night advanced, presented to the cavaliers the appearance which, in those days, testified the presence of a body of musqueteers. With about 120 horse, who remained with him, he cut off the scouts of Sir Ralph Hopton's army, made several charges, with great execution, on his vanguard, and, finally, terrified the assailants into a precipitate retreat. The confusion was augmented by the circumstance that Chudleigh's men had got the word of the Cavaliers, which was "Launceston;" their own being "Religion."

"During the rout and flight of the Cornubians, an extraordinary storm of lightning and thunder fell upon them; which lightning singed and burnt the hair of their heads, and fired the gunpowder in their musket pans and bandeliers, which so lamentably scorched and burnt many of their bodies, that they sent for twelve chirurgeons from Launceston to cure them; and (which is more remarkable in their scorching) they said that the militia fought not against them but the devil, so that living without God in the world, as the apostle saith, they had not God in their thoughts, as the psalmist saith, to acknowledge their judgment therein, but ascribed their sufferings to the devil, their director, whose ways and suggestions they follow."

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viour by the names in his regiment: the muster-master uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew," &c. &c. (*Cleveland's Character of a London Diurnal.*)

"Had not indulgent mercy provided for troubled spirits sacred oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter!"—was the reply of a parliament officer to one of Cleveland's profane sallies. We have already given some specimens of this humorous writer's genius; but it was impossible inthis place to resist so apposite a quotation.

Such was the moral of the affair at Sourton-Down, as extracted by the parliamentary reporters of the victory.

In consequence of this defeat, the royalists once more retreated behind the walls of Launceston, while considerable preparations were making for effectually suppressing them. Under the command of Lord Stamford, a numerous but disorderly force had been collected at Exeter; and they were increased by volunteers from the county of Devon, who formed a considerable body of horse, under the orders of Sir George Chudleigh. This force was conducted by its leaders into the north of Cornwall, where the population was supposed to be best affected to government. The main army encamped on a steep hill near Stratton. Sir Geo. Chudleigh was despatched into the west of the county, to secure, if possible, the persons of the high sheriff and others, who were employed in collecting forces for the king. The chief of the royalists, who were now placed in imminent danger, did not hesitate to adopt the simple tactics of the day; and with a force, amounting to no more than half that of his enemies, attacked them in their encampment on the sixteenth of May, at Stratton. The advantages of position and numbers availed nothing against the persevering courage of the assailants, who ascended the sides of the hill in detached parties, beating off the parliament's troops on every side, until the whole united on the top of the hill, when the route of their opponents was complete and effectual. Major General James Chudleigh fell into the hands of the royalists; and the Earl of Stamford asserted, that he had passed over, at the head of his division, in the heat of the action; an accusation to which the similar treachery of Sir Faithful (alias, as the parliament wits gave his name, Sir Faithless) Fortescue, at Edgehill, afforded additional credibility in the minds of those to whom it was addressed. Lord Clarendon has defended the character of this officer in a laboured apology, in which he maintains, that he acted with all the valour of the bravest officer, until made prisoner in a charge, and was afterwards converted by the arguments of his captor, and received a commission among those against whom he had taken up arms. But there are many circumstances in the history both of the individual, and of his family connexions, which render his original fidelity to the parliament's cause extremely questionable. His apologist confesses, that Chudleigh had already offered his services to the king at Oxford, and that some fancied slight had induced him to transfer them to the rebels; an admission, which goes some way towards proving, that he was capable of such treachery as he was accused of by Stamford. His brother (Thomas, third son of Sir George Chudleigh) was at this time, or shortly after, in the royalist ranks: for which he apologized in the following

petition, presented in 1648, to the commissioners for compounding:

"That your petitioner is the third son of Sir George Chudleigh, (a man well affected to parliament) and in his younger years was an apprentice in London; and his master breaking in his credit, your petitioner, in the beginning of the troubles of Ireland, was, for his maintenance, obliged to serve in that unhappy war, under the command of Sir Charles Vavisor, and falling into great necessity there, by occasion of the troubles of this kingdom then growing, your petitioner, under the command of the said Sir Charles, repaired into England again, and then in obedience to his said commander, took up arms in his majesty's behalf against the forces then raised by the parliament. For which his delinquency your petitioner humbly prayeth he may be admitted to a moderate composition, he having no other livelihood to maintain himself withal, but only a voluntary exhibition given him by his said father, of twenty pounds yearly, which is in his power to take from him when he pleaseth."

Sir George himself, having effected only the dispersion of a meeting of royalists at Bodmin, hastily fled with his party to Exeter; where he found himself obliged, from the general suspicion under which he fell, (augmented by the reported discovery of letters from his son, confessing his intended treachery), to surrender the commission which he held as lieutenant to the Earl of Stamford: accompanying that act with a declaration, in which he sets forth that "his lot had been cast on the side of parliament," but that the calamities of war, and confusion of religion, appeared to him only to be avoided by a general following of his example. "This (he concludes) may suffice for this time, making my prayer according to my hopes for speedy peace; but if the war shall continue, (which God forbid,) I may happily take up some further determinations."

The real meaning of this declaration appears to be, that Sir George Chudleigh perceived the approaching overthrow of the parliament interest in Devon, and was willing either to change sides with the best grace possible, or, by an easy retraction, to remain in his former allegiance. But his sentiments, at this period, were, doubtless, those of many gentlemen who, like him, had devoted their power and influence to the service of parliament. The remembrance of those general acts of oppression, those violations of the rights they possessed, and the utter insecurity of those they still retained, which had first caused them to enlist under the banners of insurrection, was fast fading away before the sense of the actual and tangible evils which surrounded them; before their aristocratic disgust at the violence and insolent demeanour of the plebeian fanatics who constituted the strength of their party; and their dissatisfied

feeling at the vigilant restraint which the parliament did not fail to exercise even over its most favoured ministers. They retained an habitual and respectful veneration for the forms of the church in which they had been bred, and distinguished in their minds (which the vulgar never did,) between the pride and bigotry of the higher members of that establishment, and its own intrinsic doctrinal and ceremonial value: and at all events, while the oppressions of an archbishop or a court of high commission were known to them but by hearsay, they were every day subject to the spiritual arrogance of that self-constituted ministry, which was gradually filling the place of the sleek and contented pastors of the falling church. With regard to Sir George Chudleigh, the Devonshire biographer, Prince, with a laudable desire to exculpate him from the crime of having adhered to the party which he first embraced, infers, from some passages in his declaration, that he afterwards sat in the king's parliament at Oxford; but this appears improbable, from the terms in which he is spoken of in the petition above cited.

At Exeter, the Earl of Stamford rallied as many troops as could be got together, and was joined by most of the disaffected gentry of the county. Sir Ralph Hopton, however, whose force did not amount to 4000 men, contented himself with marching rapidly through the county to join the army, with which Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford had entered Somersetshire. He never afterwards returned into the west, until he was called to defend it in the final and disastrous campaign of 1645. He left behind him the memory not only of the bravest among the supporters of royalty, but of one who had invariably prosecuted the public good at the expense, and to the utter neglect, of his own. He was created Lord Hopton, of Stratton, in September; after having been severely wounded in one of the successful battles, fought between his troops and those of Sir William Waller, in Wiltshire. After that time, he ceased to make a brilliant figure among Charles's generals, being a man, according to the character given him by Clarendon, fitter to carry the orders of another into execution, than to be entrusted with any single command of an important nature.

Lord Hopton left behind him a few garrisons, at Columb-John, the house of Mr. Acland*, (a vehement royalist) and elsewhere, to watch Exeter. But the spirit which his victories had excited in the county, soon obtained the ascendancy without the aid of military force. The straggling parties of the

* For a very full account of this gentleman, and his sufferings in the cause of loyalty, see our last number.

rebels gradually retreated into their strong places; tumultuous and irregular musters, violent and forced contributions, which, raised with difficulty by means of severe oppression, were yet never found to answer the purpose for which they were designed, marked the difference between the disorderly zeal of the loyalists and the steady and legalized extortion of the parliamentary commissioners. The apostate Major Chudleigh was the officer appointed to keep up the blockade of Exeter, until the arrival of Sir John Berkeley, who was sent with a party from the head quarters of Prince Maurice, at Wells: he had orders to send back Sir James Hamilton's regiment of horse, whose licentious proceedings were said to cause disaffection to the king's party. With the concurrence of the gentlemen of the county, a complete blockade was soon effected; the timidity of the Earl of Stamford (or his being seized with a fit of the gout) preventing a sally, although the number of those shut up in the walls considerably exceeded that of the besiegers. An unsuccessful attempt was made by the parliament admiral, (the Earl of Warwick) to relieve the city: and, shortly afterwards, an event occurred which put the whole northern division of the county into the hands of the royalists.

Col. John Digby had been sent into the North with a few horse, by Sir John Berkeley. He fixed his head quarters at Torrington, in August, 1643, and soon collected a considerable body of foot. The parliament garrisons of Barnstaple and Bideford marched out to surprise him with a superior force. Although he had received intelligence of their intentions, yet, not crediting the report, he stationed himself without the town at the head of 150 men; and the place was shortly afterwards attacked by the whole force of the parliament. Reduced to this extremity, he, with a few other officers, made a daring charge on the forlorn hope of the enemy, which retreated with precipitation on the main body, and threw it into utter confusion, which created such terror in the minds of the men of Barnstaple and Bideford, that both places were shortly after surrendered to Digby.

About this time, Prince Maurice arrived with his army before Exeter: having, probably, been delayed by his quarrels with the Marquis of Hertford, which were with difficulty composed by the king himself. On the fourth of September, 1643, Exeter surrendered on articles to the besieging army. By the fifth article of the capitulation, pardon was provided for the Earl of Stamford, Sir George Chudleigh, Sir John Bampfield, Sir John Northcot, Baronets; Sir Samuel Roberts* and Sir

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* So in Rushworth; but should, probably, be Sir Samuel Rolle, Knight, already mentioned.

Nicholas Martin, Knights; and the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty of the city of Exon, "for all treasons and other offences whatsoever." This article occasioned great displeasure against the Earl of Stamford in the two Houses; in whose eyes, any confession of treason by their adherents, however circumstanced, appears to have been regarded as a dereliction of their duty.

As soon as they were in possession of the metropolis of the west, the conquerors called together the force of the county in his majesty's favour. In a few days, Prince Maurice had under him 7000 foot, besides cavalry; making the most numerous and best appointed army which had yet been seen in the west. At the same time, Colonel Digby, with another considerable force, was pressing the siege of Plymouth, and had captured from the garrison a work of importance, christened, (probably after the name of the general,) Mount Stamford. At this time, the power of the Houses, throughout the kingdom, was at the lowest ebb; and both the forces and hopes of the royalists in the highest vigour: and now, when unanimity was most wanted to press and conclude the war, the disaffection, the division, the irresolution and irregular ambition which ever surrounded Charles in the person of his adherents in the camp as in the court, broke out into such disorder, as to counteract all the advantages which the valour of his adherents had procured for him, while they were yet unconnected, and acting under every disheartening circumstance. Three thousand men, under a few resolute gentlemen, conquered the west, in the spring of 1643, from an enemy far superior in numbers and policy. More than three times that number, under a prince of royal blood, with a rich and extensive county to support them, effected absolutely nothing. "The first error, (says Clarendon,) committed by Prince Maurice, was that of staying too long at Exeter; the second, that of not marching upon Plymouth without diversion." For the latter he accounts, by saying, that his ignorance of the country induced him to listen to those who advised an attack on Dartmouth, as a sea-port of importance—a singular excuse for a general officer who had now remained above a month in the very county in which both places were situated. However, towards the latter end of September, he sat down before Dartmouth, which was already blockaded by flying parties; a place ill situated for defence, standing in a succession of long terraces, on the lower part of the declivity of a steep hill; and ill provided with fortifications. It held out a month, during which, sickness and defection weakened the besieging army: Colonel James Chudleigh (the apostate) was killed before it. The place surrendered October 6. From Dartmouth, Prince Mau-

rice marched to Plymouth; of which, from whatever cause, he does not appear to have commenced the regular siege before the middle of November.

The place, however, had been constantly beleaguered by various parties of the royalists ever since January, when Hopton, Mohun, and Godolphin came into it with propositions, one of which was, that the first of these officers should be admitted to the government of the town. They were refused entry by the magistrates, and made one or two sharp attacks on the place. It was said that Hopton and his officers pledged themselves, by oath, to the capture of it; "kneeling on their knees," (as one of the London diurnals informed its readers with pious horror,) "kneeling on their knees, with each man a glass of sack in his hand." The cessation, the history of which has been given above, shortly afterwards intervened. The following curious passage of Lord Clarendon's history not only gives the description of the state of Plymouth, but also of many other towns which long maintained, under every difficulty, their adherence to parliament:

"It was a rich and populous corporation, being, in time of peace, the greatest port for trade in the west; and, except Bristol, then more considerable than all the rest. There was in it a castle, very strong towards the sea, with good platforms and ordnance: and little more than a musket shot from the town, was an island*, with a fort in it, much stronger than the castle: both which were, before the troubles, under the command of a captain, with a garrison of about fifty men at most; and were only intended for a security and defence of the town against a foreign invasion; the castle and island together having a good command of the entrance into the harbour, but towards the land there was very little strength. This command was in the hands of Sir Jacob Ashley, and as unprovided to expect or resist any enemy as the other castles and forts of the kingdom; less for the receiving a recruit; there being only ordnance and ammunition, without any other provisions for the support of the soldiers within the walls; and the garrison itself being, by time, marriages, and trade, incorporated into the town, are rather citizens than soldiers. So that, Sir Jacob Ashley being sent for to the king, before his setting up his standard, as soon as there was any apprehension of a party for the king in Cornwall, after the appearing of Sir Ralph Hopton and those other gentlemen there, the mayor and corporation of Plymouth quickly got both the castle and island into their power."

The Mayor took upon himself the command of the place: but he was soon saddled with a committee of parliament, of

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* Called St. Nicholas' Island.

whom Sir Alexander Carew was a leading member. This gentleman had the government of St. Nicholas' Island, and entered into a plot for the delivery of his trust to the royalists. His plan failed from overmuch caution, as he was determined not to come to any conclusion with those who treated with him, until the king's seal was affixed to a solemn instrument for his pardon. He was betrayed by his servant, some time in August this year; and sent up by sea to London, where he was shortly afterwards executed*.

After his success at Barnstaple, Colonel Digby formed the blockade of Plymouth; and a severe loss was sustained by the garrison in a sally which they made, at a place called Knocker's Hole: they beat up the quarters of the enemy, but were intercepted on Roborough Down, and many of them made prisoners: only one Major Serle charged through and escaped with the remainder. On the 4th of November, they lost the important outwork of Mount Stamford; and upon this occasion it is asserted by Clarendon, that the mayor himself was inclined to treat for a surrender, had the Prince arrived. From Rushworth it appears, that on this occasion, he imposed an oath on the garrison to defend their trust to the utmost, which, (according to the custom of the times) was published in the assemblies by the ministers of the town. Plymouth was again summoned, shortly after, by Colonel Digby, and repeated skirmishes took place, in which a great deal of resolution was displayed on the part of the besieged. On the third of December, Prince Maurice's men took, by surprise, the outwork of Lazy (qu. Lory) Point: but a fresh sally was made from the town, in which the besiegers suffered considerably, a number of their heavy armed horse being forced into the oozy bed of the Plym, near Lypson works, where they were drowned or lost in the morass. On December 18th, batteries were opened against the town, which were successfully counterbattered from the works. At length, on the morning of Christmas-day, the besieging army retired from before the town, contenting itself with maintaining a distant blockade. In this manner, many places were bravely defended by their inhabitants, which were equally destitute of all natural advantage of situation, and of all regular fortification: and the spirit which gained such romantic victories for the cavaliers in the field, too frequently failed them as soon as an earthen mound and fosse were placed between them and their mechanical antagonists. "It was remarked as a providence, that in this siege, when the

* See the account of his execution in Rushworth, where are some interesting details respecting it.

people were straitened for food, such a vast number of pilchards drifted into the harbour, that they were taken in baskets, and got such abundance, that being preserved and salted, they yielded them store of provision."

At this time, the gentlemen of the county effected what the promptitude of the supporters of parliament had at first prevented them from doing, but what they might easily have performed in the early part of 1643, had not each of them been more intent on prosecuting his private fortunes, or raising assessments and commanding independent troops of horsemen, than on the public service. An association was formed for the king, in Devon and Cornwall, under the sanction of an oath, one of the principal articles of which provided for the prosecution of the siege of Plymouth.

With the termination of this year's campaign in the two counties, and the establishment of the royalist association between them, it seems expedient to pause in these memorials; and, before proceeding to another chapter of our history, we shall probably retrace the steps we have already trodden, for the purpose of introducing facts and references illustrative of what has been written, which could not conveniently find a place in our notes; premising that we are far from aspiring to the character of historians, and shall be satisfied with the humbler title of compilers of "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire," and collectors of "Pieces Justificatives" to attend them.

ART. II.—*Extracts from such of the Penal Laws, as particularly relate to the peace and good order of this Metropolis: to which are added, the Felonies made so by Statute; some general cautions to Shopkeepers; and a short Treatise on the Office of Constable; by* Sir John Fielding, *one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Surry, and for the City and Liberty of Westminster. A new Edition,* 1762.

Given the laws of any country to find the manners and morals of the people, is, perhaps, for an ingenious logician, a soluble problem; but whether or not the mere laws may be sufficient data for this purpose, there can be no doubt, that an examination of the statutes, their history and changes, in any nation, would afford material assistance to both the historian of events,

and of manners. The work before us, partly compiled from the manuscripts of the celebrated Henry Fielding, and partly the composition of his brother, Sir John Fielding, displays frequently, in a striking manner, the existing state of manners in the metropolis, in their time, and, in many instances, shews, very decidedly, the great improvement which has taken place in London, in every respect, since the period at which it was written, an improvement which has not been enjoyed alone by the capital, but in common with the whole kingdom; for the date of the book is pretty nearly the date from which the prosperity and happiness of this kingdom began to increase in a stupendous ratio, and from which time, both the face, and much of the character, of the country have been entirely changed.*

With the view of giving our readers an opportunity of making some comparisons for themselves, we propose selecting a few extracts from the work before us, which has likewise another interest arising out of the name of its authors. Fielding, in the most happy manner, turned the laborious discharge of his duties as a magistrate, to the amusement of the public; for, in his magisterial occupation, we are to look for the source of many of the most instructive and entertaining of his productions. The share which the great novelist had taken in one of the parts of this work, is thus mentioned by his brother.

"The late Henry Fielding, who, for some time, executed the important office of principal acting magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and city and liberty of Westminster, so much to his own honour, and so much to the advantage of his country, observing, from daily experience, the great difficulties and dangers to which the peace officers were exposed in the execution of their office, either from the desperate behaviour of felons, the cunning of cheats, or, what is worse than both, the attacks of litigious persons, under the influence and directions of the lowest of attornies, who are ready on all occasions to point out any irregularity committed by a peace officer, and to make their advantage of it, to the injury, nay, often, to the ruin of the officer, resolved to draw up, and publish a plain and complete account of the office of constable, which he begun, but by a lingering illness, which put a period to his valuable life, he was prevented from perfecting this useful work; and, as several constables have of late subjected themselves to prosecutions from errors in their judgment, I have carefully collected and revised the observations found among my brother's manuscripts on this subject, and have made such additions as may possibly render the work more useful, though I am far from offering it to the public as a perfect treatise."

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* See *Dupin's Commercial Power of Great Britain*, vol. ii., p. 6, *et passim*.

But to turn to the extracts which we propose to make illustrative of the former state of London: they are to be found not in the statutes themselves, but in the observations upon them, by Sir John Fielding, at the end of each division of his work.

Under the head of *enlightening the streets*, Sir John makes some suggestions, which shew the condition of the metropolis in that particular. Let any one read the following passage, and then traverse, in a winter's evening, any of the principal thoroughfares of the town.

"As the above acts only oblige inhabitants to hang out lights till twelve o'clock; and, as the manner in which many of them do hang out their lights, is the occasion of much inconvenience, it were to be wished, that one law was made for enlightening the city of Westminster, and the adjoining parishes, in the county of Middlesex, by which, lamps should be fixed on posts on the outside of the footway, or otherwise, and in courts and passages, in the best manner they will admit of, at such distances as the church-wardens and overseers, for the time being, of every parish, and one justice of the peace, shall think proper; with a power for every such parish, to make and raise a rate for the payment of the same. The said lamps to be lighted by five in the evening, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and during the other part of the year by nine. And as the watch at present are of very little use, from the smallness of the wages given, which puts the trust into the lowest hands, and from the length of the time which they watch, which makes them often leave their stands to refresh themselves, or subjects them to sleep, it would be useful, if, in the same law, one provision was made for the watch throughout the above-mentioned parishes, whereby each parish might be enabled to make a larger rate for the watch; so that there might be a double number of watchmen, who might relieve one another in the middle of the night, which would not much increase the present expense, but would induce more reputable persons to undertake this duty, as they would be able, by means of this relief, to follow their ordinary callings the next day, which at present is impossible, as they are obliged to sit up the whole night."

The following passage will remind those of our readers who attend to the events of the day, of some projects which have been lately broached. The more we look into old books, and old measures, the more we are tempted to confirm the hackneyed proverb, which declares, that nothing under the sun is new.

"When one reflects as an Englishman, what a blessing the seas on our coasts have in store for us, what a peculiar benefit the plenty of sea fish would be to the poor, what a conveniency to the rich of this metropolis, and that this immense blessing is intercepted from us by the contrivance and combination of a few designing, avaricious men,

how can we sufficiently lament that the pains and attention of the legislature to redress this evil, has been hitherto fruitless? Nay, I am informed, that the evil is rather grown worse than better; it is, therefore, with great deference and respect, that I offer my opinion on this subject, which I do rather that it may beget in some other a better plan, than that I think the following one to be perfect: but I do apprehend, that if the gentlemen belonging to the free British herring fishery, a large, able, and respectable body, would (besides the catching of herrings) become fishermen for this metropolis; which, as they have much leisure from their other fishery, are accustomed to, and conversant in, the building of boats, making of nets, and hiring of fishermen, they can carry on, with more ease, and less expense to themselves, and more utility to the public, than any other body whatever. By this means an immense quantity of fish would be brought to Billinsgate and Westminster markets, yet not more than this town would consume, and would totally destroy the present monopoly of different fish, viz. lobsters, turbots, &c. as well as the little combinations lately practised to make an artificial scarcity.

Again:

"In this plan, public spirit and interest will go hand in hand; and as they will be enabled to fit out a larger fleet of fishing-boats than was ever yet sent to sea, great plenty of fish must be the consequence, and cheapness will naturally follow; and by little bounties and rewards, which they themselves will be able to give to fishermen, it is hoped that the evil now so loudly complained of, will be most effectually cured; and the fishmongers themselves, who have lately been the dupes of the fishermen, and the monopolizers of particular fish, would have reason to rejoice; for, by selling more fish at reasonable rates, their gain would be the same, if not greater.

"But while salesmen and fishmongers have shares in, or, perhaps, the whole property of fishing-boats, it will always be in their power to bring as few fish to market as they please, and, consequently, to raise the price agreeable to this no less artful than wicked scarcity of their own making. In what an amazing manner do the fish of the sea multiply, and how shamefully is this blessing intercepted, as well from the poor as the rich; and, yet, how easy the remedy, if this plan be practicable; though the bringing sea fish by land carriage to London, bids fair to reduce the evil."*

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* The new companies, for supplying the metropolis with fish, proceed upon similar arguments. A much more novel, as well as more remarkable, and, perhaps, in the end, infinitely more useful plan was broached by Dr. M'Culloch, in some philosophical journal. The scheme of breeding sea fish in fresh water ponds, which he has proved practicable, is again produced, and very pleasantly urged in a late number of the *London Magazine*, in an excellent article on the "Domestication of Wild Animals."

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In the chapter respecting "the keeping and breeding of swine," in the metropolis, we find this extract from the statutes, and the observation appended to it.

"By 8 and 9 W. 3, which has the following remarkable preamble, viz. 'Whereas, by a statute made in the second year of the 'reign of William and Mary, the breeding, feeding and keeping any 'sort of swine within the backsides of paved streets of the said cities, 'borough or parishes, where the houses are contiguous, is prohibited 'on pain of forfeiting all such swine; which, nevertheless, hath not 'prevented the same; but, that the inhabitants of the said cities and 'borough, are still much annoyed, and the health and lives of many 'families endangered by the unwholesome savour of such swine, 'which are still in great numbers, kept within the backsides of several 'paved streets of the said cities and borough:' It is enacted, That the said Act, and the Clause therein, against the breeding, feeding, and keeping of swine, shall be, from and after the 10th day of April, 1697, actually put in execution against all persons whatsoever, who shall presume to breed, feed, or keep any manner of swine within any part of the houses, or backsides of the paved streets, or lanes, of the said cities, borough or parishes, so far as the contiguous buildings of them, or any of them, extend, or within the space of fifty yards thereof.

"Obs. Either from the ignorance of, or inattention to, the above statutes, the evil they were intended to remove is increased to an enormous degree; and a number of sows for breeding, and other hogs, are kept in cellars, and other confined places, in the city and liberty of Westminster, which are very offensive and unwholesome."

In one respect, the metropolitans may be supposed to have degenerated.

"The very common use of silver tankards, cups, &c. in public houses at this time, has been attended with very melancholy consequences, as it is too great a temptation for many low persons to withstand, who frequent public houses; for, as an alehouse is free for every body, there is no guarding against this inconvenience, otherwise than by disusing plate."

The next passage betrays an illiberality, from which most men of the present day, of Sir John Fielding's condition and education, are pretty well emancipated. The second part of the extract will remind the reader of the change in the English law respecting slavery.

"And, here I cannot avoid taking notice, that among the various instances of domestic reformations, which we have lately experienced in this kingdom, none gives me so sensible a pleasure as the great scarcity of French cooks, French valet de chambres, and French milliners, now to be met with in the English families of rank and fortune; and, as they first obtained a footing here by their artifice, and our own

caprice, I hope that they have now lost it from a conviction, for ever to be established in the minds of our ladies and gentlemen, that the English cook can dress ragouts, the English valet de chambre can dress hair, and the English milliner dress caps better than any French man or woman whatever. The mixture of foreign servants with the English, never fails to beget jealousies, quarrels, and disturbances in the families where they live; for, as the former are too often beheld by the master or mistress with a partial eye, they, consequently, enjoy a greater share of their confidence, which they constantly abuse by making them dissatisfied with the behaviour of their own faithful countrymen. Indeed, I have now and then heard a jemmy gentleman say, that no Englishman could dress hair in taste; but when he recollects, that hair was never more wore, or better dressed than at present, and that chiefly by Englishmen too, he may, perhaps, allow himself to be in the wrong for once; and it is clear to demonstration, to every impartial mind, that there cannot be a conveniency that ought to be expected from a servant, but what may be certainly found among those who are born and brought up in Great Britain. The immense confusion that has arose in the families of merchants, and other gentlemen who have estates in the West Indies, from the great number of negro slaves they have brought into this kingdom, also deserves the most serious attention: many of these gentlemen have either, at a vast expense, caused some of these blacks to be instructed in the necessary qualifications of a domestic servant, or else have purchased them after they have been instructed; they then bring them to England as cheap servants, having no right to wages; they no sooner arrive here, than they put themselves on a footing with other servants, become intoxicated with liberty, grow refractory, and, either by persuasion of others, or from their own inclinations, begin to expect wages according to their own opinion of their merits: and, as there are already a great number of black men who have made themselves so troublesome and dangerous to the families who brought them over, as to get themselves discharged, these enter into societies, and make it their business to corrupt and dissatisfy the mind of every fresh black servant that comes to England; first, by getting them christened or married, which they inform them makes them free, (though it has been adjudged by our most able lawyers, that neither of these circumstances alter the master's property in a slave.) However, it so far answers their purpose, that it gets the mob on their side, and makes it not only difficult, but dangerous, to the proprietor of these slaves to recover the possession of them, when once they are spirited away; and, indeed, it is the less evil of the two, to let them go about their business, for there is great reason to fear that those blacks who have been sent back to the plantations, after they have lived some time in a country of liberty, where they have learnt to write and read, been acquainted with the use, and entrusted with the care, of arms, have been the occasion of those insurrections that have lately caused and threatened such mischiefs and dangers to the inhabitants of, and planters in, the islands in the West Indies; it is, therefore, to be hoped, that these gentlemen will be extremely cautious, for the future, how they bring blacks to England; for, besides that they are

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defeated in the ends that they propose by it, it is a species of inhumanity to the blacks themselves, who, while they continue abroad in a degree of ignorance so necessary to render a state of slavery supportable, are, in some measure, contented with their condition, and cheerfully submit to those severe laws which the government of such persons makes necessary; but they no sooner come over, but the sweets of liberty, and the conversation with free men and Christians, enlarge their minds, and enable them too soon to form such comparisons of the different situations, as only serve, when they are sent back again, to imbitter their state of slavery, to make them restless, prompt to conceive, and alert to execute, the blackest conspiracies against their governors and masters."

The subject of *combinations* of workmen is looked upon in rather a new light.

"The master taylors in this metropolis have repeatedly endeavoured to break and suppress the combinations of their journeymen to raise their wages, and lessen their hours of work, but have ever been defeated, notwithstanding the excellent provision of the above statute; and this has been, in some measure, owing to the infidelity of the masters themselves, to each other; some of whom, taking the advantage of the confusion, have collected together some of the ablest of the journeymen, whose exorbitant demands they have complied with, while many other masters have had a total stop put to their business, because they would not be guilty of a breach of so necessary a law; but the success of the journeymen in these disputes, and the submission of their masters, is chiefly owing to the custom the masters now have got, of charging extra wages in their bills, by which means they relieve themselves, and the imposition is thrown entirely on the public, who can alone redress it, by throwing it back again upon the master taylor, for whose benefit and security the legislature has taken such pains as leaves him without room for complaint."

The next extract is a very long one, and consists of a little treatise on the ways of thieves. It is interesting to the antiquary in manners, and betrays, we think, some touches of the hand of Sir John's immortal brother.

"Cautions to Shopkeepers, and Tradesmen in general, and to their Journeymen, Apprentices, Errand Boys, and Porters; and to Bookkeepers, Inn-keepers, &c.

"Misfortunes and distresses have been observed to have very different effects according to the disposition of the party on whom they fall. When well-disposed persons are afflicted, it is apt to make them mild, humble, grateful, and resigned; but when the malevolent meet with difficulties, it generally makes them envious, impatient, malicious, and repining. Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention; and when that arises rather from accident than extravagance, the in-

vention is generally employed in what is useful to mankind, and its productions deserve the name of ingenuity; but when the necessity arises from extravagant debaucheries, the invention is then racked to the injury of mankind, to obtain their property, as fuel for their own profuseness. The produce of this species of invention is what I call fraud; and excelling in this sort of deceit, is what constitutes the character of a gambler, whose various devices are the subject of what follows.

"Doubtless, there are gamblers in every rank of life, as well as gamesters; as to those who trick you out of your knowledge, by what they commonly call sucking your brains, or out of your reputation, your wife or your daughter, under the specious pretence of friendship, they are out of the reach of the law. The greater the capacity of a gambler, the more dangerous he is to society, as his abilities and resolution enable him to execute great and destructive schemes, while those of a lower rank content themselves with smaller acquisitions. But in order to convey a just idea of this animal, I shall endeavour to shew him in all the different spheres in which he exerts his ingenuity, from the lowest to the highest.

"A pickpocket, though a felon, seems to be in the lowest class of gamblers; but his success rather arises from the dexterity of his hands, than the contrivance of his head; and, like rats and other such vermin, they appear rather to take the advantage of your negligence and inattention, than to contend with your understanding. The first and lowest class of gamblers then, who would cheat you with your eyes open, are those who invite you to prick in the belt or garter, for a wager; and the certainty of winning at this sort of diversion appears so clear to the novice, that he never fails to bite, if he be a proper object. And here I must premise, that these gamblers are such exquisite judges of their prey, that they seldom fail of success.

"The next class are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather have found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20*s.* for four or five brass rings, washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown, before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good-luck in a glass of wine, or a pot of ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an ale-house, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where cutting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most certainly tricked out of all his money, watch, and every thing valuable he has about him.

"The next set attend at inns; and as porters are instructed to carry boxes and parcels that come from the country, the gambler takes

notice of the directions, and sends his comrade immediately to the house, where he waits for the arrival of the porter; meets him within a few doors of the house, or, if the door be shut, he stands on the steps, and begins immediately to abuse the porter for his delay; damns him, and tells him he was just coming for it; that he had a great mind to give him nothing: the porter asks pardon, the gambler pays him, and takes possession of the goods, with which he decamps the instant the porter's back is turned. And as tradesmen generally employ country fellows for porters in their houses, two or three of these gamblers are generally waiting at the corner of the streets, near some of the great inns; and if they hear one of the porters, charged with a box or bundle, ask his way to the inn, one of them steps up to him very civilly, tells him that he is going that way, and will shew him the house. The countryman implicitly follows his guide, whilst the gambler's comrade takes the hint, marches before, and plants himself at some convenient passage, puts his hat into his pocket, and sticks a pen in his wig to represent a book-keeper; the guide acquaints the countryman, that that is the book-keeper of the inn, who immediately lays down his burthen, and the book-keeper desires him to go over the way to his wife for the key of the warehouse, and, in the mean time, the two gamblers march off with the goods.

"The next class use the following stratagem:—One of them goes in the dress of a footman, and desires some tradesman to carry goods to his master, which are generally sent by the journeyman, who is carried into a parlour, hired for that purpose by the footman, who tells him that he will carry the goods up to his master, and will bring down an account of what he chuses; but the moment he has got possession of the goods, he shuts the parlour door, and marches out of the passage; or, if the master has a mind to assist the servant, he sends the tradesman back for other sorts; but, before he returns, makes off with what he has. Servants, who have lived with tailors, mantua-makers, milliners, and other trades that send frequently to the shops, have, when they have been discharged, gone in the name of their masters and mistresses to the said shops, and taken up great quantities of goods, in which they have succeeded the easier from their being known to the shopkeeper. Might it not, then, be useful to give notice to the shopkeepers, used by the said tradespeople, of their discharge of such a servant?

"There is another set who defraud tradesmen by taking on themselves false names, and by pretending to be related to, or connected with, some persons of credit and fashion, and produce false letters to prove their intimacy. Some of these gamblers attend most of the fairs in the country, where they make it their business to inquire at inns who serves them with their wines and brandies from London; and fish out of shopkeepers the names of the tradesmen here who supply them with goods. Furnished with this knowledge, they come to London, and one day appearing in the character of a country innkeeper, they go to the distiller, whose name they have learned, telling him that he has taken an inn in such a country; that he was recommended to him by one of his customers, whose name he tells him, and describes his

house and family. The distiller's suspicion being lulled asleep by this stratagem, he cheerfully supplies his new customer with some of his best goods, and sends them to some appointed inn in town, from whence they are conveyed by the gambler and converted into cash, by selling them, as run goods, for half price. The very same scheme is practised on grocers and other shopkeepers, only by changing their character into that of a country shopkeeper: it is immaterial to them what goods they purchase. A gambler, the other day, bought of a farmer ten ton of potatoes, to be delivered one ton at a time, and when two ton were delivered, they were to be paid for; but when the second ton came, the gambler disappeared, and had not the farmer been a man of spirit, he would have lost his property; but finding himself defrauded, he took possession of the gambler's warehouse, and rescued his goods out of his hands.

"There is another set of gamblers, commonly called duffers, who attend at Charing Cross, at St. Clement's Church, and Ludgate Hill, and invite you to go down some alley, and buy some cheap India handkerchiefs and waistcoats; but this cheat growing stale, they use another method, which of late has been very successful: they apply themselves to some young publican to borrow £20. or £30. to make up a sum; and, to shew they do not want money in general, they produce a large purse well crammed with counters and brass medals, which they give the publican a distant view of, that he may take it for money; they then produce some silk waistcoats embroidered with tinsel, which, if not strictly examined, may pass for silver: these waistcoats they propose, with other India goods made in Spitalfields, to leave in the hands of the publican or his wife, as a security for the money they want, who, ignorant of the value of such goods, generally fall into their trap.

"The following stratagem has been, of late, very successful. The gambler goes to a shop, and, with great coolness and composure, looks over many goods, deals hard, calls himself a ready-money customer, and expects, for that reason, to buy cheaper; the goods being pitched on and their price fixed, he orders them to be packed up, with a bill and receipt, and to be sent to his house in about an hour, where he promises to be and to pay for them. Suspicion being thus removed, the porter carries the goods, but the gentleman is not come home, though the wife is there, ready to receive all that comes, and who generally by artifice baffles the porter, and gets possession of the goods. The tradesman calls time after time, but the gentleman is not at home, and the truth is, he lodges at some distant part of the town, and makes use of this house only as a warehouse, to deposit such goods as he can obtain by fraud from tradesmen.

"In the cases of such ready-money customers as these, porters should be directed not to leave the goods till they have received the money for them, on pain of paying for them themselves.

"The highest rank of cheats, who attack the understanding, have made use of the following stratagems: one of the gang, who is happiest in his person, and has the best address, is pitched upon to take a house, which, by means of the extreme good character given of him

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by his comrades to the landlord, is soon accomplished. The next consideration is to furnish it, when Mr. ——, a young ironmonger just set up, is pitched upon to provide the squire's grates; who, glad of so fine an order, soon ornaments his chimnies with those of the newest fashion. This being done, Mr. ——, the upholder, is immediately applied to for other furniture, and is brought to the house in order that he may see the grates; which he no sooner beholds, than he tells his honour that he could have furnished him likewise with grates of the best kind, at the most reasonable rates; to which 'Squire Gambler replies, that he intends taking some little villa in the country, where Mr. —— shall furnish every thing he can. The house being now completely furnished, the 'squire dresses himself in his morning gown, velvet cap, and red morocco slippers, puts one or more of his comrades into livery, then sends for tailor, linen-draper, silversmith, jeweller, &c., takes upon him the character of a merchant, and by getting credit of one, by pawning the goods the moment he has got them, he is enabled to pay ready money to others; by which means he extends his credit and increases his orders till he is detected, which sometimes does not happen till he has defrauded tradesmen to a very considerable value. Nay, I have known them sometimes carry their scheme so far, as to fix one of their comrades at some rendezvous in Wapping, in the character of a captain of a vessel lying at such stairs, and bound to some of the American plantations, by which means the aforesaid merchant procures goods to be sent aboard; and as his credit advances, he makes use of drafts, which are constantly accepted by his comrades, who have constantly changed their lodgings when the said drafts have become due.

"There is a set of sharpers, who have lately purchased several estates without money in the following manner:—They make a bargain with the seller, or his agent, for the estate; in consequence of which they draw articles of agreement, by which they oblige themselves to pay the purchase money at such a time, and give a bond for the performance of covenants: they then immediately go to the tenant, to shew him the articles of agreement, and tell him that he will soon have a new landlord; upon which the farmer begins to complain of the old one, and hopes his honour will repair this, rebuild that, and alter something else, which the new landlord promises to do. Credit being thus gained with the tenant, the new landlord falls in love, perhaps with the farmer's daughter, or with a fine horse, or else borrows money of him, and gives him a draft upon his banker in town, who seldom has any cash in hand, and often is not to be found.

"There are a set of cheats, who constantly attend at inns to which coaches and waggons come; and if any baskets, bundles, or portmanteaus are put into hackney coaches, or sent from thence by porters, they immediately follow them, and take the first opportunity of getting them into their possession, either by sending the porter on some message, for a bottle of wine, &c. pretending to take care of their goods the while, or else by following them to the door where they are going, and pretending to be the servant of the house, or by some such trick. At other times, they walk up and down in inn-yards, in

the dusk of the evening, at a distance from the warehouse; and if any porter or apprentice brings a parcel, and inquires for the book-keeper, his hat in a minute is whipt into his pocket, and a pen in his mouth: the porter is sent into the tap-house, of some message, and the sharper escapes. Sometimes they go into a public-house, and desire them to send a gallon of beer to some neighbour, whose name they have inquired, and to bring change for a guinea, which is generally sent by the maid or some little boy. The sharper takes care to meet the boy in the way, receives the change and beer, sends him back for a pipe, and then makes off. These sharpers likewise, sometimes, take portmanteaus from behind stage-coaches, when there are no outside passengers, out of the tails of waggons, or from behind post-chaises, or out of shops in the evenings, where goods lie near the window, or out of shew-glasses, by breaking the glasses. To prevent some of these evils, the following cautions would be useful: first, for book-keepers and inn-keepers to keep their yards clear from loitering fellows, and to caution their porters not to deliver goods at the outside of the door of any house to which they are sent: to caution the waggoners and stage-coachmen to watch their coaches and waggons off the stones; shop-keepers should remove goods from their windows or shew-glasses, early in the evening, and to fix a bell at their shop-door at that time: to direct their porters, apprentices, and errand-boys, when sent with parcels, to be cautious of asking their way in the streets, but at houses or shops; or of entering into any conversation with strangers; or to carry messages for them, always to deliver the goods in the inside of a warehouse or inn, or the inside of a house whither they are sent to. Sometimes these sharpers, when families are out of town, carry some old insignificant books to the servant, and tell them they are come for the second subscription, which, if they do not pay now, their master or lady will never have their books, by which they obtain of some a guinea, and some less; or else they find out the servant's name and country, come and tell them there lies a parcel at some inn, directed for them till called for, demand the money for carriage, and then give them a note to fetch the goods: or else they watch the master out, and come as a waiter from a coffee-house, to fetch their master's great coat; or else as a tailor's apprentice or journeyman, to fetch a suit of clothes to alter. Some of these sharpers make it their business to deceive young women, and obtain their money and clothes under pretence of marrying them; by which last stratagem many young women have lost their places, their little money, and all their apparel.

"A new species of cheat has lately been practised by a gambler and his gang, who, to my knowledge, have practised every other with impunity, and is what follows:—the head of the party calls himself a coal-merchant, in which character he applies to some tradesmen to buy goods in his way; tells him he is out of cash, but, if he chuses, will pay him in coals, of which he is rather overstocked. The tradesman approving of this, the gambler goes down to some wharf, and orders one or more chaldron of coals to be delivered at that tradesman's house for his use. Thus far the gambler who attacks the understanding.

"I shall now mention a set of cheats who make a dupe of the heart, and impose on the benevolence and compassion of the charitable: these are called sky-farmers, and execute their schemes in the following manner: one of them dresses himself extremely genteel, and takes upon himself either the character of a private gentleman, or reputable tradesman. He is attended by two men in the character of country farmers, with clumsy boots, horseman's coats, &c. The objects pitched upon for imposition are good old charitable ladies, to whom the solicitor tells a dreadful story of losses by fire, inundation, &c., to the utter ruin of these two poor farmers and all their families; their wives are big with child, their children down in the small-pox, &c. A book is then produced by the solicitor, who undertakes this disagreeable office purely out of good-nature, knowing the story to be true. In this book are the names of the nobility and gentry, set down by himself, who have contributed to this charity; and by setting out with false names, they at length get real ones, which are of great service to them in carrying on their fraud; and well-disposed persons are daily imposed upon by false appearances of distress. There are persons in this town who get a very good livelihood by writing letters and petitions of this stamp, with which those noblemen and gentlemen, who are distinguished for their generosity and benevolence, are constantly tormented; and these wretches often obtain relief for their false distresses, whilst the really miserable suffer, from their modesty, the acutest afflictions. A woman stuffed up as if she was ready to lie in, with two or three borrowed children, and a letter, giving an account of her husband's falling from a scaffold and breaking his limbs, or being drowned at sea, &c. is an irresistible object.

"Lastly, the following cautions to inns and livery-stables may not be useless: it is become a trick for a man to hire a horse at one place, and at his return to London to put him up at another as his own, and to borrow money at that place, and then give notice to the owner of the horse where he is.

"As persons coming to London in a stage-coach from a distance, are desirous of getting into a hackney-coach as soon as they can, they stop at the first stand, which is generally near some inn; here the sharpers attend, and, by their pretending to be porters, or by other stratagems, frequently rob the passengers of their box or portmanteau; who, being eager to see their friends, throw aside their caution, and trust too much to the care of the coachman. These sort of sharpers also attend the unloading of road waggons, where quantities of goods are put into a cart to be dispersed about town; this cart they follow, till they have an opportunity of taking something out of it, while the carter or porter is making some inquiry: a man riding in these carts would prevent these robberies. Fastening portmanteaus behind post-chaises with chains, instead of straps, will preserve them; and stable-keepers not letting their saddle-horses to strangers, unless they bring some persons with them known to the stable-keeper, will prevent many highway robberies."

These extracts will serve as a sort of introduction to a

paper we shortly propose to insert on the Antiquities of the Police of London. Perhaps the consideration of its past state may not only throw light on the comic and other old writers, but may even suggest some future amendments on this most ill-managed department of our municipal government.

ART. III.—*Psyche, or Love's Mystery; in twenty-four Cantos: displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soul.*

Ὁ Θεὸς Ἀγάπη ἐστί.
——Οἱ πάλαι προσῆδον ἐμμελεῖς λόγους.
Τὸ τερπνὸν οἶμαι τοῦ καλοῦ ποιούμενοι
Ὄχημα, καὶ τυποῦντες ἐκ μελῶν τρίπους.
S. Greg. Naz. in de Carminib. suis.

By Joseph Beaumont, D.D. *late King's Professor of Divinity, and Master of St. Peter's College in Cambridge. The Second Edition, with Corrections throughout, and Four new Cantos, never before printed. Cambridge, printed at the University-press, for Thomas Bennet, at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church Yard, London,* 1702.

In resuming our extracts from Dr. Beaumont's poem, we are not without apprehension lest our readers should consider the extent of our selections more than proportionate to the importance of the work. It must, however, be remembered that *Psyche*, besides its extraordinary length, is particularly rich in producible passages. We have, however, endeavoured to confine our collection within as narrow limits as possible, and have accordingly omitted a number of passages which our own partiality would have induced us to extract; much that was ingenious, much that was amusingly fantastic, many vivid descriptions, many glowing effusions of religious feeling. In the last class of passages, indeed, the poem is peculiarly rich; insomuch that to the devout reader, who is not scared by the appearance of the antique-looking folio, with its stately columns of stanzas, like the squared stones of some massy edifice, we scarcely hesitate to recommend the perusal of the entire volume.

The following apostrophe is glowing and luxuriant.

" O happy ye, stout eagles, happy ye,
Whose pure and genuine eyes are tempered

•"

To that brave vigor, that the majesty
Of your beloved Sun can never shed
Such bright extremities of heav'n, but you
Can drink them in as fast as they can flow.

You, perch'd on some safe rock, can sit and see
How when the east unlocks his ruby gate,
From rich Aurora's bed of roses he
Sweeter than it doth rise: what robe of state
That day he deigns to gild, what tire of light
He on his temples binds, there to grow bright.

Not one of those brisk eyes with which, by night,
Heav'n looks so big and glorious, but at
The mighty dint ev'n of his dawning light
Its conquer'd and abashed self doth shut.
'Tis your prerogative alone to bear
That splendor's stroke which dazzles every star.

Into his chariot of flaming gold
You see him mount, and give his purple steeds
Leave to draw out the day; you see him roll'd
Upon his diamond wheels, whose bounty breeds
That gorgeous family of pearls, which dwells
On eastern shores in their fair mother-shells.

You see him climb heaven's highest silver hill,
And through cross Cancer make the hours run right,
There with his widest looks your own you fill,
And riot in that royal feast of light;
Whilst to your eyes your souls fly up, and gaze
On every beauty of his high-noon face."

Jannes, an Egyptian magician, evokes his gods to avenge the overthrow of their images, which are said to have fallen down on the approach of the infant Jesus.

" In this deep temple of infernal arts
Lighting a taper, temper'd with the fat
Which grew about his predecessors' hearts,
It in a dead man's mossy skull he set.
The mists and stinks long wrestled with the flame
Before the vault laid ope its naked shame.

Then gaping wide, both with his mouth and eyes,
He spew'd seven solemn curses on day-light,

Which though it saw the broken deities,
Would not detect what sacrilegious might
That ruin wrought: and then those Gods be blest
Whose luck it was in gloomy holes to rest.

For on a shrine still-standing there appear'd
Serapis, Isis, and a smoaky rout
Of lesser gods; the altar was besmear'd
With bloody gore; and scatter'd round about,
In reeking fragments, lay cheeks, noses, eyes,
Hearts, shoulders, livers, legs, arms, bowels, thighs.

These hideous dainties was the breakfast for
A crocodile, whose sacred den was there;
But, tam'd by strong enchantments, durst not stir
When in their magic business's career
The priests were hot: no monster but compar'd
With raving them, serene and mild appear'd.

But Jannes having now thrice wash'd his hand
And stain'd with it that Stygian ink which stunk
In his black laver; up he takes his wand,
That wand which once liv'd on a cypress trunk
Planted on Acheron's bank, but now was made
The deadly sceptre of their conjuring trade.

A sceptre unto which the moon, the sun,
The stars, had often stoop'd, and nature bow'd:
Oft had it turn'd the course of Phlegeton,
Oft had it troubled hell, and forc'd the proud
Tyrant, for all his iron mace, to be
Obedient to its wooden witchery.

With that a circle on the floor he draws
(Spread thick with ashes stol'n from funeral piles)
Which with strange lines, and hooks, and forks, and claws,
And scrambling frantic shapeless shapes he fills:
Wild hieroglyphics, stark mad characters,
A jumbled rout of snarl'd ill-favor'd jars.

Into this hell of scratches in stepp'd he
(A seemly actor for that scene,) and there
Three groans he gave, three times he bow'd his knee,
He thrice with blood besprinkled his left ear;

Three times he mumbled over those profound
Monsters, his wand had written on the ground.

Then lifting up his hollow voice, he cry'd."

The healing of the Syrophænician woman is related with great sweetness and beauty; we extract part of the passage.

" But here she found a strange physician, whose
Sole physic is his sovereign self, and who,
Gratis on all, his heav'nly art bestows;
Yet her unclean disease's shame did so
Confute its pain, that rather than reveal
Her sickness she resolves its cure to steal.

(O gracious modesty, how potent are
Thy tender laws, which, though despised by
Bold self-applauding souls, alone outdare
The saucy armies of impiety;
And keep in safety's garrison from peril
All those who war in virtue's noble quarrel!)

Her meekly-faithful heart had caught fast hold
On Jesu's garment's verge; and O, cry'd she,
Could but my fingers do as much, I would
Not doubt to catch my safe recovery.
Which said, the pious thief took heart, and stept
Into the crowd, and there behind him crept.

Then her most trembling most undoubting hand
Upon his lowest hem she gently stay'd;
Which with a triple kiss she reverenc'd, and
Her meek soul on that humble altar lay'd;
But whilst her blushing blood flush'd in her face,
She felt its other current dryed was.'

The following two extracts are from the proems of Cantos XIV. and XV.

" O soul of sweets, O life, how dear art thou
To all that ever had a taste of thee!
How much of heav'n itself triumphs to flow
Into the region of thy suavity!
Indeed, heav'n, were not heav'n, unless it had,
By marrying thee, the court of bliss been made.

Thou, in the centre of divinity,
Before the birth of ages had'st thy spring,
Where thou didst sweetly smile amidst the Three
Most undivided One, and traversing
Those heights and depths of glorious pleasure, through
Eternity's immense expansion flow.

Thence, when the world burst out from nothing, Thou
Let'st out some streams created souls to cheer;
With which sweet influence when they 'gan to glow,
All bosoms straight of it enamour'd were;
Which, as their richest, dearest jewel, in
The temple of their hearts obtain'd its shrine.

Goods were no longer goods, compar'd with Thee;
Parents and children were no more of kin,
If they disturb'd thy consanguinity:
Their tenderer selves, though lying treasur'd in
The bosom of their love, they thence would throw,
Counting no wives so near them as wert Thou.

For thy sweet sake they durst rejoice to bear
All bitterness, and not to blush at shame;
Their joints, limbs, skin, they readily could spare,
Yea and allow their precious name and fame
A prey to injury, so they by them
May Thee and thy security redeem.

The buried captive, whose dark dungeon is
His antidated and his sadder grave,
Though banish'd thus from vital happiness,
Yet hugs his life as dearly, as the brave
And freest gallant who his lust can please
With all the fat of pleasure and of ease.

The leper, clothed in his winding sheet
By his disease, abhors the thought of death;
Life still is, ev'n in his dead body, sweet;
And full as precious he reputes his breath
As lovely virgins, whose fair features' dress
Of native roses and of lilies is.

He whom a cancer gnaws, had rather feed
That monster, than the worms; nor sticks to buy

Wounds, cauterisms, dismemb'rings; and be dead
In part, a mangled life a while to try.
On piteous stilts he'll rather choose to creep
Than in a sumptuous tomb lie down to sleep.

The cursed traitor fettered alive
In death's strong iron chair, though sadly sure
Abandon'd he in vain for life shall strive,
Yet will, in mighty love, of it endure
To feed on his own arms, that so he may,
Though by self-torture, live one other day.

He who disjointed on the rack doth lie,
Though now his shatter'd life be scarcely his,
After a thousand deaths, is loth to die;
And ne'er-thought treasons willing to confess:
Confess he will what needs must be his death,
Only to gain a little longer breath.

Thus all the gall that sharpest misery
Into the heart of mortal life can pour,
Meets there such resolute powers of suavity
As conquer all its bitterness; such store
Of precious mystic delicacies, as
Eas'ly outweigh the heaviest sorrows' mass.

* * * * *

Vicissitude, how doth thy welcome change
Cheer up the world, which else would droop and faint!
Strange things thou long permit'st not to be strange,
Since with all companies thou canst acquaint;
For thy cameleon's skin no colours meets
But with compliance fairly them it greets.

When wisdom fram'd this world's vast fabric, she,
As nature's noble sport and recreation,
Firmly enacted thy uncertainty
For ever certain in its variation;
That as God knows no change, so all things else
May feel the motion of mutation's pulse.

Night first was every thing; then day burst forth,
But soon the ev'n restored night again;
Yet crept she in the morn behind the earth,
And suffer'd light her full twelve hours to reign:

Thus have all ages only been the play
Of interwoven checquer'd night and day.

Who seeth not how beauteous generation
Fails not to tread on foul corruption's heels;
And how corruption, by sure circulation,
Upon the back of generation steals:
Whilst by this trade of interchange, from wombs
Death takes its constant rise, and life from tombs!

When peevish winter's blasts churlishly blow
His frozen Scythia all about the earth,
Commanding nature in a bed of snow
To lie and sleep, and let no bud peep forth;
What hopes would fancy she could break again
Out from the bondage of her icy chain?

Yet when the sun leaps in the lusty ram,
Forthwith the spring takes heart, embraved by
The neighbourhood of his enliv'ning flame,
And clothes the world with fresh fertility:
Cashiering frost and snow, and changing Queen
Tellus's white mantle to a lovelier green.

After the earnest ploughman hath by day
Worry'd himself, and earth, and water'd it
With his own sweat, cool night his head doth lay
Still on his crib, and teach him to forget
His toilsome work, whilst soft and gentle sleep
Yields him a crop of pleasant dreams to reap.

When tedious sickness, by her rampant fits,
Has in the body her sad revels kept,
Health takes her happy cue, and fairly quits
Her cheerly self; by her the veins are swept,
The stomach purg'd, the spirits, which 'gan to tire,
Rous'd and encouraged by vivid fire.

Though grief sometimes, conspiring with the night,
On wounded hearts disconsolation throws,
Yet comfort, dawning with the morning light,
Smootheth the sullen furrows of the brows,
And with its virgin beams of sweetness dries
The briny moisture of the clouded eyes."

XUM

Canto XVIII. opens with a tribute to the memory of the author's wife, from which we must quote a few stanzas.

" Sweet soul, how goodly was the temple, which
Heav'n pleas'd to make thy earthly habitation!
Built all of graceful delicacy, rich
In symmetry, and of a dangerous fashion
For youthful eyes, had not the saint within
Govern'd the charms of her enamouring shrine.

How happily compendious did'st thou make
My study when I was the lines to draw
Of genuine beauty! never put to take
Long journies was my fancy; still I saw
At home my copy, and I knew 'twould be
But beauty's wrong further to seek than thee.

Full little knew the world (for I as yet
In studied silence hugg'd my secret bliss,)
How facil was my Muse's task, when set
Virtue's and grace's features to express!
For whilst accomplish'd thou wert in my sight;
I nothing had to do, but look and write.

How sadly parted are those words; since I
Must now be writing, but no more can look!
Yet in my heart thy precious memory
So deep is grav'd, that from this faithful book
Truly transcrib'd, thy character shall shine;
Nor shall thy death devour what was divine.

Hear then, O all soft-hearted turtles, hear
What you alone profoundly will resent:
A bird of your pure feather 'tis, whom here
Her desolate mate remaineth to lament,
Whilst she is flown to meet her dearer love,
And sing among the winged quire above.

Twelve times the glorious sovereign of day
Had made his progress, and in every inn
Whose golden signs through all his radiant way
So high are hung, as often lodged been,
Since in the sacred knot this noble she
Deign'd to be ty'd to (then how happy) me.

Ty'd, ty'd we were so intimately, that
We strait were sweetly lost in one another.
Thus when two notes in musick's wedlock knit
They in one concord blended are together:
For nothing now our life but musick was;
Her soul the treble made, and mine, the base.

How, at the needless question, would she smile
When ask'd, what she desir'd or counted fit?
Still bidding me examine mine own will,
And read the surest answer ready writ.
So center'd was her heart in mine, that she
Would own no wish, if first not wish'd by me.

Delight was no such thing to her, if I
Relish'd it not: the palate of her pleasure
Carefully watch'd what mine could taste, and by
That standard her content resolv'd to measure.
By this rare art of sweetness did she prove
That though she joy'd, yet all her joy was love.

So was her grief: for wrong'd herself she held,
If I were sad alone; her share, alas!
And more than so, in all my sorrows' field
She duly reap'd: and here alone she was
Unjust to me. Ah! dear injustice, which
Mak'st me complain that I was lov'd too much!

* * * * * *

She ne'er took post to keep an equal pace
Still with the newest modes, which swiftly run:
She never was perplex'd to hear her lace
Accus'd for six months' old, when first put on:
She laid no watchful leaguers, costly-vain,
Intelligence with fashions to maintain.

On a pin's point she ne'er held consultation,
Nor at her glass's strict tribunal brought
Each pleit to scrupulous examination:
Asham'd she was that Titan's coach about
Half heav'n should sooner wheel, than she could pass
Through all the petty stages of her dress.

No gadding itch e'er spurr'd her to delight
In needless sallies; none but civil care

Of friendly correspondence could invite
Her out of doors; unless she pointed were
By visitations from heav'n's hand, where she
Might make her own in tender sympathy.

Abroad, she counted but her prison: home,
Home was the region of her liberty.
Abroad diversion throng'd, and left no room
For zeal's set task, and virtue's bus'ness free:
Home was her less incumb'red scene, though there
Angels and God she knew spectators were.

* * * * * * *

This wean'd her weary heart from things below,
And kindled it with strong desire to gain
Her hope's high aim. Life could no longer now
Flatter her love, or make her prayers refrain
From begging (yet with humble resignation)
To be dismissed from her mortal station.

O how she welcomed her courteous pain,
And languished with most serene content!
No paroxysms could make her once complain,
Nor suffer'd she her patience to be spent
Before her life; contriving thus to yield
To her disease, and yet not lose the field.

This trying furnace wasted day by day
(What she herself had always counted dross,)
Her mortal mansion, which so ruin'd lay,
That of the goodly fabric nothing was
Remaining now, but skin and bone; refin'd
Together were her body and her mind.

At length the final hour (sad hour to me!)
Releas'd the longing soul: no ejulation
Toll'd her knell; no dying agony
Frown'd in her death; but in that lamb-like fashion
In which she liv'd (O righteous heav'n! said I,
Who clos'd her dear eyes,) she had leave to die.

O ever-precious soul, yet shall that flight
Of thine not snatch thee from thy wonted nest:
Here shalt thou dwell, here shalt thou live in spite
Of any death, here in this faithful breast.

Unworthy 'tis, I know, by being mine;
Yet nothing less, since long it has been thine.

Accept thy dearer portraiture, which I
Have on my other Psyche fixed here;
Since her ideal beauties signify
The truth of thine: as for her spots, they are
Thy useful foil, and shall inservient be
But to enhance and more illustrate thee."

We give part of the description of Ecclesia, or the Church personified, in Canto XIX. which is paraphrased from Solomon's Song.

" As through the roseal casements of the east
Aurora looks, when fresh come out of bed,
So is her briskly-blooming aspect drest
With all the delicates of blushing red:
Yet though these streams of blushes overflow,
Firm truce maintain they with their neighbour snow.

He who by fair Bethrabbim gate hath seen
The pools of Heshbon even with the brim,
Where living smiles inhabit, where serene
And genuine purities delight to swim;
Where both the stars by night, and sun by day,
As in a softer heav'n, delight to play:

The emblem of her eyes hath he beheld;
Her eyes, the smiling mirrors whence those beams
Which dart forth loves and joyes, which sweetly gild
Spectators' hearts, pour out their gracious streams;
Her eyes, the sparkling nests of brightest bliss,
The purest springs of mystic paradise.

Her royal robe is all of purest silk;
In softness parallel to her own skin,
In spotless whiteness to her precious milk.
A cunning needle over it had run,
And scatter'd pretty hills and valleys, where
Neat flocks of lambs feeding and sporting were.

But as when April's gentle breath doth wake
The flow'ry eyes of Lebanon, or plays

Against his balmy boughs, the odours take
The soft alarm, and their sweet powers raise:
So this rich vesture's smell replies to all
The compliments of every fanning gale."

The following is from the introduction to Canto XXII.

"Full well she knows that stealing rust will creep
Upon the briskest sword, if lazily
In his blind quiet sheath he lies asleep,
And be not rubb'd, nor chaf'd, nor vexed by
Harsh scouring, churlish whetting, or kept bright
By its perpetual bus'ness in the fight.

The purest air, if in tranquillity
It loiters in the sun, will putrid grow:
But when 'tis startled and afflicted by
Thunder and lightning: when it feels the blow
Of boisterous winds; its drowsy dull disease
Wakes at the frightful news, and vanishes.

That sluggish lakes which always sleeping lie
Upon their easy beds of mud, beget
Of toads and stinks a nasty progeny:
But those brisk busy rills, which, though beset
With craggy hindrances, still struggle through,
Preserve their worth, and clean and limpid flow.

That never soil was so ingenuous yet,
But, if not duly worried, digg'd and plow'd,
Harrow'd and torn, and forced to be fit
By such sharp usage, with a rampant crowd
Of useless thorns and thistles would defeat
All hopes of honest advantageous wheat.

That never tree was known so thrifty, as
To spare his juice and husband it aright;
But on loose idle suckers would misplace
The careless bounty of his verdant might,
Until the disciplining pruner's hook
Lopp'd off those wantons, and reform'd the stock.

That if the goodliest watch be not wound up;
In vain the curious wheels are glib and fit,

Even and stout the string; in vain that shop
Of artificial life is clean and neat;
The virtue of the spring, alas, is dry,
The hand turns only lame, the quick doth die."

There is much grandeur in the following personification of Imperial Rome, in the same canto.

" Thus came the monster to his dearest place
On earth, a palace wond'rous large and high,
Which on seven mountains' heads enthroned was,
All which it higher rais'd with majesty;
Thus, by its sevenfold tumor, copying
The number of the horns which crown'd its king.

Of dead men's bones were all th' exterior walls,
Rais'd to a fair but formidable height;
In answer to which strange materials,
A graff of dreadful depth and breadth did wait
Upon the works, fill'd with a piteous flood
Of innocently-pure and holy blood.

Those awful birds, whose joy is rav'nous war,
Strong-talon'd eagles, perch'd upon the head
Of every turret, took their prospect far
And wide about the world; and questioned
Each wind that travell'd by, to know if they
Could tell them news of any bloody prey.

The inner bulwarks, rais'd of shining brass,
With firmitude and pride were buttressed.
The gate of polish'd steel wide opened was
To entertain those throngs, who offered
Their slavish necks to take the yoke, with which
That city's tyrant did the world bewitch.

For she had wisely order'd it to be
Gilded with liberty's enchanting name:
Whence cheated nations, who before were free,
Into her flattering chains for freedom came.
Thus her strange conquests overtook the sun,
Who rose and set in her dominion.

But thick within the line erected were
Innumerable prisons plated round

With massy iron, and with jealous fear:
And in those forts of barbarism, profound
And miry dungeons, where contagious stink,
Cold, anguish, horror, had their dismal sink.

In these, press'd down with chains of fretting brass,
Ten thousand innocent lambs did bleating lie;
Whose groans, reported by the hollow place,
Summon'd compassion from the passers by;
Whom they, alas! no less relentless found,
Than was the brass which them to sorrow bound.

For they designed for the shambles were
To feast the tyrant's greedy cruelty,
Who could be gratified with no fare
But such delights of salvage luxury."

At the opening of the twenty-fourth and last canto, the poet thus apostrophises "the end."

"Sweet End, thou sea of satisfaction, which
The weary streams unto thy bosom tak'st;
The springs unto the spring thou first doth reach,
And, by thine inexhausted kindness, mak'st
Them fall so deep in love with thee, that through
All rocks and mountains to thy arms they flow.

Thou art the centre, in whose close embrace,
From all the wild circumference, each line
Directly runs to find its resting place:
Upon their swiftest wings, to perch on thine
Ennobling breast, which is their only butt,
The arrows of all high desires are shot.

All labours pant and languish after thee,
Stretching their longest arms to catch their bliss;
Which in the way, how sweet soe'er it be,
They never find; and therefore on they press
Further and further, till desired thou,
Their only crown, meet'st their ambition's brow.

With smiles the ploughman to the smiling spring
Returns not answer, but is jealous till
His patient hopes thy happy season bring
Unto their ripeness with his corn, and fill

His barns with plenteous sheaves, with joy his heart;
For thou, and none but thou, his harvest art.

The no less sweating and industrious lover
Lays not his panting heart to rest upon
Kind looks and gracious promises, which hover
On love's outside, and may as soon be gone
As easily they came; but strives to see
His hopes and nuptials ratified by thee.

The traveller suspecteth every way,
Though they thick trac'd and fairly beaten be;
Nor is secure but that his leader may
Step into some mistake as well as he;
Or that his strength may fail him; till he win
Possession of thee, his wished inn.

Nobly besmeared with Olympic dust,
The hardy runner prosecutes his race
With obstinate celerity, in trust
That thou wilt wipe and glorify his face:
His prize's soul art thou, whose precious sake
Makes him those mighty pains with pleasure take.

The mariner will trust no winds, although
Upon his sails they blow fair flattery;
No tides, which, with all fawning smoothness, flow,
Can charm his fears into security;
He credits none but thee, who art his bay,
To which, through calms and storms, he hunts his way.

And so have I, cheer'd up with hopes at last
To double thee, endur'd a tedious sea;
Through public foaming tempests have I past;
Through flattering calms of private suavity;
Through interrupting company's thick press;
And through the lake of mine own laziness;

Through many syrens' charms, which me invited
To dance to ease's tunes, the tunes in fashion;
Through many cross misgiving thoughts which frighted
My jealous pen; and through the conjuration
Of ignorant and envious censures, which
Implacably against all poems itch:

But chiefly those which venture in a way
That yet no Muse's feet have chose to trace;
Which trust that Psyche and her Jesus may
Adorn a verse with as becoming grace
As Venus and her son; that truth may be
A nobler theme than lies and vanity.

Which broach no Aganippe's streams, but those
Where virgin souls without a blush may bathe;
Which dare the boist'rous multitude oppose
With gentle numbers; which despise the wrath
Of galled sin; which think not fit to trace
Or Greek or Roman song with slavish pace.

And seeing now I am in ken of thee,
The harbour which enflamed my desire,
And with this steady patience ballas'd me
In my uneven road; I am on fire,
Till into thy embrace myself I throw,
And on the shore hang up my finish'd vow."

We shall conclude by stringing together a few shorter extracts.

Jesus is described as mingling with the crowd which flocked to John's baptism.

" —— first hid in his own humility,
Jesus himself had mixed with the crowd;
In which blind tumult's open torrent he
Unto that river undiscover'd flow'd:
So purest airs in a confused cry,
Though most melodious, breathe no melody."

Famine is described as

" That living death by which unhappy man
Is forc'd himself his funeral to begin;
Whilst, past hope's sphere, he wanders faint and wan,
Wrapp'd in the winding sheet of his pale skin,
And seeks his grave, through whose cool door he may
Into a milder death himself convey."

In the narrative of the miraculous conversion of water into wine, an old, and, we think, obvious conceit occurs:

" The cool and virgin nymph, drawn from the pot,
All over blushed, and grew sparkling hot."

Of a meteor:

" Thus when a dainty fume in summer air
To lambent fire, by nature's sporting, turns,
And lightly rides on men's attire or hair,
With harmless flames it plays, and never burns
Its habitation, but feeds upon
The delicates of its own beams alone."

Of the sudden restoration of sight to the blind:

" —— his releas'd sparkling pupils show'd
Like sprightful lightning from the broken cloud."

Of hope:

" So strange a thing 's faint hope, if unawares
It be surpris'd by full fruition, that,
In fond ambiguous jealousy, it bars
Out what it does possess; and aiming at
Some proofs of what is absolutely clear,
Transfigureth itself from hope to fear."

We think we have seen the following elsewhere.

" rest may here
Be reap'd, ev'n in this world of restlessness."

Of a miraculous renewal of memory.

" Hast thou not seen, when courteous Titan's beams
Pour his bright bounty through the summer air,
How, in the golden bosom of his streams,
Thick shoals of atoms swim? About this fair
Irradiation's scene thus scudding here,
Millions of memorative figures were.

And those not thin and starv'd, not blind, or lame;
Not crude and embryo notions; no shreds
Of half-lost things; no open-eyed dream;
No slow-pac'd topics, whose dull tedium leads
Poor recollection long long ways about,
And often seeks what needed not be sought:

But fair and full ideas, which were all
Muster'd in method's rational array,

Off'ring their ripe and perfect selves to fall
Into the gatherer's eye, without delay;
And telling brisk Anamnesis that she
And all her pains henceforth might spared be."

Of news:

" ——— idleness's business, tickling news."

The dispelling of a delusion is illustrated by the following simile:

" As when the sun's stout beams burst out upon
A waxen idol; straight its goodly face,
Too weak to bear that glorious dint, doth run
Away in droyling drops, and fouls the place
Which it adorn'd."

Of the effects of sudden joy:

" So when the unexpected virgin light
Broke from the glorious mouth of God upon
The rude disconsolate heap of first-born night;
That flashing morn with cheerful terror ran
About the universal deep, which was
Astonish'd at the dint of lustre's face."

Before we quit *Psyche*, we ought, perhaps, to take notice of the coincidence between some of its thoughts and expressions with those of Milton. As the two epic poems of the latter, in which the passages alluded to occur, appeared nearly twenty years later than the first publication of *Psyche*, and about thirty before the death of Dr. Beaumont, it is matter of curious speculation whether these coincidences were accidental, or, if not, which was the original. The passages are as follows. In Canto IV. where the Senses are represented as displaying their allurements, in succession, before Psyche, after a whimsical description of a feast, which bears considerable resemblance to hat in the second book of *Paradise Regained*, Geusis, or Taste, he caterer of the feast, speaks as follows:

" These dainties, which are fairer far, I trow,
Than that poor green raw apple, which could win
A wiser far than Psyche is, to throw
All other bliss away."

Thus Milton, in the passage referred to:

" Alas! how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple which perverted Eve."
Paradise Regained, II. 348.

In Canto VI., Eve is described as plucking the fatal fruit:

" Up went her desperate hand, and reach'd away
The whole world's bliss, whilst she the apple took.
When lo, with paroxisms of strange dismay,
Th' amazed heav'ns stood still, earth's basis shook,
The troubled ocean roar'd, the startled air,
In hollow groans, profoundly breath'd its fear.

The frighted trees through all their bodies shiver'd,
Their daunted faces down the flowers held;
Th' afflicted beasts with secret horror quiver'd;
With sudden shrieks, the birds the Wolkin fill'd;
And deep-pain'd nature, though but fresh and new,
In this sad moment crack'd and crazy grew."

Thus Milton:

" So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate:
Earth felt the shock, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost." *Paradise Lost*, IX. 780.

" Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original." *l.* 1000.

In Canto X., after relating the dispossession of the legion of devils, the poet proceeds:

" But O, that men, whom mystic obligation
Of mutual membership doth them invite
To careful tenderness, and free compassion;
With such confederate zeal, and stout delight,
Would help their brethren up the heavenly hill,
As these contrive to plunge them deep in hell!

" O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only disagree

Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
Which, day and night, for his destruction wait."

Paradise Lost, II. 496.

In Canto XV., Christ's ascension is described:

" In this array the triumph marched on,
Abashing day, and dazzling the sun."

" So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon." *Paradise Lost*, IV. 797.

Of these resemblances, the first is by far the most remarkable, and the passage which contains it is the only one which is not to be found in the first edition of *Psyche*. In this instance, therefore, it is evident that if the coincidence were not the result of accident, Dr. Beaumont must have been the copier. We think, however, that the similarity, though remarkable, is not too great to be accounted for by chance; and we verily believe, strange as the supposition may appear to those who have not read *Psyche*, that our zealous high-churchmanwould have regarded the adopting an idea of Milton's, however valuable for the illustration of a religious subject, as little less criminal than bringing the accursed gold of Canaan into the camp of the Israelites. The other instances are less striking; and though Milton's reading was extensive, and it was his common practice to borrow the mere skeleton of his ideas from other writers, giving them a life and character of his own, we are disposed to think that in the present case there was no borrowing whatever.

ART. IV.—*Roman Comique de Scarron*, 3 *vols. Londres*, 1785. *Edit. Cazin.*

" The *last* new Novel" we cannot discuss; and heaven forfend that we should ever lose our prudence, and our regard for our editorial tranquillity, so far as to criticise the last new

French novel. Leadenhall has boasted, still boasts, but in these days of refinement ought not to boast of the fecundity of her Pallas; with her no proper blue-eyed maid, but a naughty wench, teeming with a never ending progeny of bad print and worse paper. The Minerva press, however, is modest and barren, if put by the side of the sister machine at Paris; which beginning with M. Barba,* and the countless copies of the countless tales of Pigault le Brun, and ending with the dispensers of the fine writing of D'Arlincourt, pours forth from heads of writers, translators, and adapters, a deluge of ingenious lying, such as the world never saw before.—It is physically impossible, we speak seriously, it is physically impossible to say which is the "last new Novel" at Paris.—*Ipsiboé;* be sure, before you decide, that Madame de Montmorin has not flown again in the face of the public on the wings of a score tales of Auguste Lafontaine, from Leipsic. Be sure that Madame de Souza, or M. Picard, does not threaten to stifle you with a *Roman de longue haleine*, a serious one too, to teach you the virtue of weariness. Be sure that some ingenious gentleman of the Chateau has not just lauded the Bourbons, by turning a little tale of 12 vols. upon the vices of Napoleon, in which that *homme borné*, as he is pleasantly called, is made to play a sadly imbecile part, to the infinite amusement of all the Marquis de Carabas of the court and chambers: Madame de Staël is no more; M. de Chateaubriand has forgotten his fantastic fables of savage life in writing political pamphlets; and Benjamin Constant has forgotten not only his novels, but even his politics, in whining, in a bastard tone, some of the accents of Lepaux. Still neither death, nor desertion, thins the writing phalanx. Are the books of these innumerous writers read, and how? Behold a question which we would not venture to solve. The geometrical friend of the *Homme aux quarante écus* could alone assist with effect at such a discussion.

This excessive fecundity in letter-press might be supposed to indicate a proportional barrenness of idea. The French novels, however, seldom, like ours, sink below a certain level of respectable mediocrity, and, in many instances, rise to a pitch of excellence rarely reached in this country. For many reasons they are not much read on this side of the Channel, and it would be no difficult task to point out writers of the greatest celebrity in France, whose names have never been heard in this country. And of those with whom English

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* We have just learned that the French government has deprived this gentleman of his *brevet;* so that he is no longer a bibliopole.

readers are acquainted, few are here properly appreciated. We will mention the name of one in particular. Though many of his works are translated, how few know any thing of the real merits of Pigault le Brun. For ludicrous incident Pigault le Brun is perfectly unrivalled, we believe, in the whole round of novelists; whilst he frequently emits sparkles of wit that strongly remind us of the spirit of *Candide*. The naïveté and single-heartedness of Brandt, his perfect freedom from delicacy in deed, and, at the same time, his immoveable affections; the stupid indifference of the Baron (somewhat of a copy of Commodore Trunnion) contrasted with the refinement of the Countess, and the feminine archness of Crettle, make the first volume of the *Barons de Felsheim* one of the most amusing books in the world. The latter part of this novel, as is the case with all the others by the same writer, except *L'Homme à projets*, is rather dull, though, strange to say, it has given birth to sundry mawkish operas and dramas. It is unfortunate that Pigault le Brun has given too loose a rein to his passion for promulging notions upon certain subjects, which are not in accordance with prevailing opinions. This unfortunate heterodoxy has sealed his infinite wit to many who will not seek it in a mixture of unseasonable levity, and M. Franchet has thought this distaste sufficiently prevalent to back him in prohibiting the publication of too many of his works. Pigault le Brun, like too many others, has written himself out. *Il compilait, compilait, compilait.* Wit is not an article that can be dispended at will; it must be reserved for few and distant occasions.

Take some historical facts, and put them together without regard to dates or probability; have an impertinent *imbecile* for a hero *eo nomine;* put in a savage knight, a high-flown woman, and an idiot, a beggar, or a madman, to make the duller parts more piquant by the contrast of a good bore; make your characters all speak in a forced style, a kind of slang; paint a mountain, a cataract, or a sky; do all with a show of learning, but without wit or humour; and you may chance have your book mistaken for a production from the north of the Tweed. Take a common sort of personage; fill him entirely with one passion, such as hate or curiosity; or expose him to be acted upon by a series of events so arranged as to appear unnatural, or make use of an unnatural power like ventriloquism or self-combustion, or of a loathly and horrible superstition; write earnestly, but in a tone of exaggeration, with no regard to verisimilitude, and you may be mistaken for the author of *Mandeville, Edgar Huntly*, or *Melmoth*. These are the recipes by which the different classes of our contemporary novelists compound their books. There are some who make use of all the ingredients,

and, by that means, produce works of a mixed character; but the traits of this mulatto progeny may be distinctly traced up to the different parent stocks. They have all one distinctive mark; a total absence of wit and humour, either of character or incident. Quaintness of speech and extravagance in action supply their place. The ridicule of those false generalities, which pass so gravely and currently, like the subject of *Candide*, is but rarely to be met. Imitations of Voltaire there have been a few; but with doubtful success. Those that have most succeeded are *Melincourt*, and the other productions of the same author. We know not how to account for this universal dearth of wit in English Romance literature; for we discover nothing in the popular taste which should lead our writers to eschew it. We speak of it as one of those moral phenomena which, like the total want of poetical genius from the time of Grey down to Cowper, have causes too mysteriously concealed for the acuteness of a Retrospective Reviewer. We need not confine this assertion to romances. Plays, poetry, oratory, have all the same "flat, stale cast." Smartness, imagination, and judgment are plenty. The last embers of English wit, and they but faintly burning, were extinguished with Sheridan.

The literature of French fiction has, with the exception of its character of wit, become very assimilated to our own in all its features. The same scenes, the same passions, the same interests, the same, or nearly the same, morality are to be found in both; but, we think, of a better kind on the side of our neighbours. There is a strong tone of vulgar pretension, vulgar sentiment, vulgar philosophy, and vulgar piety pervading many of our leading novels. Those of Miss Porter, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Godwin, are, perhaps, the most strongly marked with various of these qualities. With them the French cannot be justly charged.

There was, however, an æra when the romantic literatures of the countries were as strongly distinguished from each other as they are now closely assimilated. Why they are become alike it is not our present business to inquire. We only propose to speak of their condition at the time to which we refer. It has been supposed that each people has a mode and taste of its own; a species of literary idiosyncracy. Thus the lighter observers refer us to German literature, or Spanish literature, as systems belonging solely to those particular countries, originated by those countries, and having, in fact, their "being, end, and aim" exclusively within them. It has always appeared to us that the taste of each country may be traced without difficulty to some foreign source; from which it has been derived by means of superior ascendancy in politics.

XUM

Political power not only claims the obedience of the citizen, or of the inferior state in the ordinary political services, but it also vindicates the submission of taste and opinion. Who are the creators of tastes, feelings, and habits of the mass of the people? The governing aristocracy. Who dictate the poetry, the music, and the painting, but they who pension the workmen? Who create the religious feeling, but they who ordain and sustain the ministers? Who prescribe the rules of common, current morality, but they who are regarded as the head and front of society? If these creators and dispensers of taste and sentiment be themselves under authority, we have only to use the same reasoning to shew that the power they exercised, when uninfluenced, will be exercised in obedience to the will of the influencing authority. Have the aristocracy a foreign fashion to follow? It is most probable they have. Would you search the reason? See whether the foreign country inflicting the fashion has not some political ascendancy. Let us see how this reasoning applies towards accounting for the state of the literature of English and French fiction at the æra we have referred to.

The source which supplied Europe with romantic literature was Italy; which poured the works of her tale-writers and poets into England, France, and all the rest of Europe, with the exception of Spain. Chaucer appears to have been familiarly acquainted with Petrarch and Boccacio. Italy, in other words Rome, was the mistress of those countries. She influenced their politics and their creed, formed their morals and their habits, and created their tastes. From Chaucer's æra, down to the Restoration, we have, with a few exceptions in a different style, romances either borrowed or imitated from the Italian; whilst our plays consisted of dramatic adaptations of the tales of Boccacio, in some cases so faithfully rendered, as to be little more than versifications of the original text. Sir Philip Sydney wrote the *Arcadia* after the model of Sannazaro; and the whole list of poets, Milton inclusive, were close imitators from the same school down to the same period.

Romance literature had assumed very different features in Spain, which, however, up to the time of the prodigious ascendancy which that country reached under Ferdinand and Charles the Vth., had followed nearly the same courses. But during the continuation of that ascendancy, Spain, following the example of all ascendant countries, inflicted her own tastes and feelings upon all those countries which were submitted in any degree to her. The romantic literature, which she had not received from Italy, and which, owing to the stirring Spanish spirit of the time that scorned every thing which had not its ostensible origin within the

limits of the Peninsula, soon pushed the Italian taste off the boards, was compounded from the chivalrous legends of that "renowned, romantic land," and the tales of the extinguished Moors—the Zegris and Abencerrages. The first gave the heroism; the latter the love and the spirit of intrigue. The hero of Cervantes is mad upon the article of chivalry, which formed the exclusive subject of certain tales, that had intoxicated the Duke of Lerma, and others of the Spanish nobility, and which it was the object of that celebrated novel to hold up to ridicule. But the episodes of that performance are of the mixed character; full of heroism, love, and intrigue, and answering, in every respect, to the parentage which we have provided for them. In calling for the political submission of France, Spain also invited a subordination of her taste in matters of literature. During more than the first half of the sixteenth century, and before the Spanish ascendancy was established, or, rather, was supposed by the French to be established (for, in fact, it never existed) the species of fiction most in vogue in France were those tales of monstrous invention, which it was partly the intention of Rabelais to ridicule. These gave way on the coming in of the Spanish taste; till, at the beginning of the 17th century, we find French poetry, dramas, and romances, all strongly infected with the foreign manner. It was shortly after this period that the first of that class of Romances called *heroic*, and contemptuously by our own writers *French romances*, was written by Gomberville—*Polexandre*. This was followed by the *Cléopatre* of Calprenéde, in 12 vols. octavo, and by the *Illustre Bassa*, *Le Grand Cyrus*, and others of Mdlle. Scudéri. With French perriwigs and plays the restored Stuarts tried to bring French novels into vogue in England, but they never succeeded with the taste of the people; who, though they had cast off the pope and the devil, hated the French, and loved Shakspeare's Italian dramas too mortally, to take kindly either to *Parthenissa*, or the shorter *Oronooko* of Aphra Behn. This was the period we alluded to in stating that there was a time when English and French Romance literature were antipodically opposed to each other. Why, or how, they have since become alike we shall not now inquire.

La Harpe, with his usual flippant coxcombry which reminds us so strongly of many of the discursive light writers of the present day, says, that he never could read the *Cyrus*. This is worse than Rhadamanthus, who, according to Lord Coke, at least heareth after he punisheth. We should have been bold to hint that a writer, who proposed to publish a *course of literature*, and especially one like the *Lycée* which is little more than a course of French literature, should be the last person in

the world to indulge in this gaping contempt of a novel which, for a full century, had a greater celebrity than any romance published in his language, with the exceptions of *Télémaque*, *Candide*, and *Julie*. La Harpe ought to have read the whole of that class of novels. He ought to have known, in spite of the wit of Moliere and Boileau, that all that large class of French tragedies, containing love intrigues, from the *Cid* down to *Tancrède*, the taste for which Voltaire thought of such importance as to call for incessant reprobation, may be distinctly traced to the influence of the heroic novels. The long, wiredrawn conversations, the intricate intrigues, the absence of individuality of character, the metaphysical, unimpassioned discourses upon love, the exaggerated honor, the chivalrous gallantry, and tumid courage of the characters of Corneille, are obvious imitations from the novels; one of the writers of which made his power over the public taste profoundly felt by that great dramatist. The same mistakes, as to the manners of different countries and ages; the attributing of the exaggerated breeding of Louis the Fourteenth and his courtiers to characters of antiquity; the making Brutus talk refinedly, and Alcibiades discourse *en petit maître;* the same error that made Addison make Juba too genteel, and Voltaire throw somewhat of a French manner around Zaïre and Orosman; these may be all found in Scudéri. Boileau's prescription for forming the novel, will serve quite as well for constructing the play.

> " Gardez donc de donner, ainsi que dans *Clélie*,
> L'air et l'esprit Français à l'antique Italie;
> Et sous des noms Romains faisant votre portrait,
> Peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret."

The main mistake in these novels, after all, was their length. *Clélie* consisted of 10 vols. octavo, of nearly 800 pages each; *Cléopatre* of 12 vols. of the same bulk! These *ballots de papier*, as a wit has termed them, call for too much patience. Even Richardson, with all his tenderness and beauty, is found, in these degenerate days, too heavy an infliction upon our attention, now that we are habituated to thin, widely-sown, four-duodecimo-volume parcels of fiction, which may be spelt through by the most unskilled wight at his alphabet, in a few hours. But reduce these lengthy performances to a single octavo, as did Madame Lafayette, and they will be read, admired, and called pictures of nature and real passion.

Our school-boy recollections will enable us to recall the same defects in a celebrated romance, the prosaic dullness and inconsistencies of which, with all deference to its admirers, are by no means redeemed by calling it an epic. That there may be

more skill in the management of the episodes, owing, perhaps, to the author having plunged *in medias res*, according to the established rules for the epopeia, that the story is continuous, that the style is beyond example elegant and simple, and the learning great; these may be all true. But they do not conceal the great faults, which it has in common with the heroic romances. Télémaque is a French gallant, and Calypso and her nymphs a well-bred set of court ladies. All is refined and polite; the dialogues, manners, and sentiments altogether modern, and different from the savage simplicty of the *Odyssey*, the professed archetype of the tale. The same defects may be charged upon the *Cyrus* of Ramsay, and the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* of Madame Gomez, which had a prodigious reputation long after Boileau had contrived to drive Scudéri from public favor. The long, wiredrawn, metaphysical, and phrase-cutting conversations may be traced, though faintly, in parts of the *Julie* and *Emile* of Rousseau, who confessed that his father and himself were accustomed, in his childhood, to spend the night in a diligent perusal of the heroic romances.

If works of fiction be valuable or interesting as representations of manners or peculiar habits, the heroic romances may so far claim title to be read. It is said, that Calprenéde and Mademoiselle Scudéri formed the taste for *galanterie* by their works. This appears to us to be going somewhat beyond the mark. The idea of the novels was borrowed in principle from the habits that actually existed amongst the upper classes of France; all that their authors did was to inflame such habits, and to induce them to be practised in a more exaggerated form. This has constantly occurred. The fine folk of the days of Elizabeth, both in England and France, spoke Euphuism, a species of affectation which gave so much Latin both to the French and English tongues. Rabelais ridiculed this taste, and justly. Lily wrote the *Euphuist*, as an enlarged copy of the existing affectation. He did not create, he only confirmed the habit. We will not deny that it must have been wonderfully ludicrous to hear, not only the fine gentlemen, but the grave military men talking *galanterie;* to see Turenne, reeking from the Palatinate, surveying *La carte du pays de tendre*, or Condé making *jolis vers*, or the sage La Rochefoucault declaring to his mistress, Madame de Longueville, in allusion to the war of the Fronde,

> " Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
> J'ai fait guerre à mon Roi, je l'aurais fait aux Dieux."

But ludicrous as these habits were, it is highly interesting to possess accurate notions of them, as part of the history of man-

ners. A century before this time, in the days of the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, men were chivalrous. Chivalry was now replaced by gallantry, and gallantry has since been replaced by the modern politeness. In the first period, there was nought but hard knocks, short tales of wonderment, rough manners, and rough verses.

" Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grande ville
Et qu'il me faut quitter
L'amour de ma mie;
Je dirais au roi Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris ;
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gay!
J'aime mieux ma mie."

In the second, there were fewer blows, (though we believe, if we may place faith in Cardinal de Retz, a duel a week was the allowance of fighting that every decent person reasonably expected,) long romances, soft manners, and softer verses. See Voiture, *passim*, or take the following from *Clélie*.

" Quand verrai-je ce que j'adore
Eclairer ces aimables lieux?
Oh! doux momens momens précieux
Ne reviendrez vous point encore?
Hélas! de l'un à l'autre Aurore
A peine ai-je fermé les yeux."

A tender madrigal, in which Mademoiselle Scudéri makes Brutus—Junius Brutus—pour out love to the Roman Lucretia!

In the third there was,—but this we must not tell; for, as Retrospective Critics, we must not review things as they are.

We must avow that, maugre our sense of the ridicule of these manners, this semi-deification of the softer sex has some advantages in it, which the Jansenistic code of our present female morals is without. If women be deified and idolized, they, at least, are not deprived of the society of the master sex. The age of Scudérisme was an age of instructed women, sometimes *précieuses*, but better withal than the insipid beings so often found ranged with that sex now a-days. If the men were ludicrous, the women, at least, took occasion to improve. Nobody will compare the Ninons, the Daciers, and the frequenters of the Hotel de Rambouillet, or their successors, the Tencins, Geofrins, Dudeffands, and Duchâtelets, to the ignorant, vicious creatures who formed English female society in the days of the Spectator and Lady Montagu. It is the charge against all

novels, that they excite false feelings; that they give erroneous views of the human character; that they teach reliance upon chance, or upon improbable events. Happily for the heroic novels, they are, to a considerable extent, less guilty of these faults than nearly all the works of fiction that have been written. There is no feeling, Minerva-press passion; no excitations of green girls or raw boys. Character they represent little of, and the events are so perfectly improbable, as not to hazard the slightest risk of delusion. All they can teach is, the good-breeding of their age, or rather what Madélon calls "Le bel air des choses." Who ever heard of *Cyrus* being a work of danger? Who ever heard that a perusal of *Cléopatre* would ruin the female reader, as *Julie* is calculated to do, according to Jean Jacques himself? For our part, we would rather see our daughters or sisters gaping over the fine things of the former, than weeping away their nights and their nerves over the sad things of the latter. A taste for the former may co-exist with prudence; but a taste for the latter is entirely opposed both to good sense and proper feelings.

We should hardly dare to pronounce upon the standard of romance-composition; but we may venture to hint a few of the greater features with which novels should be marked. They ought to be faithful delineations of existing manners, or of manners that are tolerably well remembered. They ought to contain accurate pictures of character. If they at times be tender, they ought at others to be lively and witty. They ought not to be vulgar, nor to encourage common prejudices or weaknesses. They may, here and there, be sprinkled with delineations of other things than men and women, but at distant intervals; and not thick set in every chapter, like certain tales we wot of, in which, when not "babbling o' green fields," the writer does nought but mouth of hills, clouds, cliffs, and such ordinary gear. Mademoiselle Scudéri has, at least, the merit of depicting a certain sort of manners, those of the great in society. It is known that her heroes and heroines are pictures, or, as they were then called, portraits, of people who figured in her time. *Je vous avoue que je suis furieusement pour les portraits; je ne vois rien de si galant que cela.* But she has not the praise of having painted one single individual character. All her heroes are heroes of the same family; and their qualities are comprehended in a set formula which heralds them to the notice of the reader. All brave, all chaste, all faithful, all unfortunate, all gallant,—*Fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus.* So of the women, so of the knaves, so of the fathers and mothers. The following are the rules for making love laid down by the witty Moliere, the observance of which would effectually prevent that dreadful consummation, marriage. Quick marriages, horrible

things! exclaims Madelon; with them, "Un roman serait bientôt fini. La belle chose que ce serait si d'abord Cyrus épouserait Mandane et qu' Aronce le plain-pied fut marié à Clélie."—The tabula of rules is "Il faut qu'un amant, pour être agréable, sache débiter les beaux sentimens, pousser le doux, le tendre et le passionné, et que sa recherche soit dans les formes. Premièrement, il doit voir au temple, ou à la promenade, ou dans quelque cérémonie publique, la personne dont il devient amoureux; ou bien être conduit fatalement chez elle par un parent ou un ami, et sortir de là tout rêveur et mélancholique. Il cache un temps sa passion à l'objet aimé, et cependant lui rend plusieurs visites, où l'on ne manque de mettre sur le tapis *une question galante* qui exerce les esprits de l'assemblée. Le jour de la declaration arrive, qui se doit faire ordinairement dans une allée de quelque jardin, tandis que la compagnie s' est un peu éloignée; et cette déclaration est suivie d'un prompt courroux qui parait à notre rougeur, et que, pour un temps, bannit l'amant de notre présence. Ensuite il trouve moyen de nous apaiser, de nous accoutumer insensiblement au discours de sa passion, et de tirer de nous cet aveu qui fait tant de peine. Après cela viennent les aventures, les rivaux qui se jettent à la traverse d'une inclination établie, les persécutions des pères, les jalousies conçues sur de fausses apparences, les plaintes, les désespoirs, les enlèvemens, et ce qui s'ensuit. *Voilà comme les choses se traitent dans les belles manières; et ce sont des règles dont, en bonne galanterie, on ne saurait se dispenser.* Mais en venir de but en blanc à l'union conjugale, ne faire l'amour qu'en faisant le contrat du marriage, et prendre justement le roman par la queue; il ne se peut rien de plus marchand que ce procédé; et j'ai mal au cœur de la seule vision que cela me fait."

All the characters employed in these scenes may be picked up any where. In fact, they are not characters, meaning, by characters, individuals marked by certain traits, which segregate them not only from the world, but, to a certain degree, from their class. Clélie in this, is Cléopatre in that; in a third she becomes Almahide, in another Mandane; whilst Oroondates is Alexandre, Alcidiane, Cyrus, and Ibrahim. "His name is Legion." This entire absence of all insulation of character is one of the most remarkable characteristics, not only of their novels, but of the French tragedies, and even of their *haute comédie*. Sémiramis and Eriphyle are precisely the same characters. Shakspeare would have distinguished them. There are some exceptions which break this monotony, which shew, by the skill with which they are drawn, that it was not the power but the taste that was wanted. Zaïre and Amenaïde are the most beautiful and exquisite specimens of individualization that exist in fictitious literature. The truth is, that the

business of such romances and dramas is the representation of action and sentiment; that of our own, character. Which is the best of these two objects, we shall not trouble ourselves to determine. A mixture of both is better than either singly. It may be a kind of *Lèse-majesté* against the supremacy of Shakspeare, to "hesitate dislike" of his plays; but we will be bold to say, that there are but few who could accurately comprehend the action and plot of *Hamlet* or *Othello* on the stage, if habitual perusal had not cleared up their difficulties. The haughtiness and jealousy of the latter, and the capricious ill-humour and melancholy of the former, are obvious to the spectator, because they are painted in the expressions put into their mouths; but these expressions have but little to do with the action. On the contrary, *Phédre* may be understood from the beginning to the end. The action opens, the intrigue, the *nœud* of the piece forms under the eye of the beholder, and the denouement comes round, not as the consequence of the last incident only, as in most of Shakspeare's dramas, but as the winding-up of a whole series of connected actions. It is hardly necessary to state, that these romances are without a single spark of humour. Wit, the wit of those days, when wit was not wit, these romances are full of. In the *Illustre Bassa*, Solyman, the Grand Turk, resolves to put the illustrious bashaw to death; but he suddenly remembers that he had once sworn that during his life the bashaw should not be killed. This is a case of conscience, on which he applies to the Mufti—the Père Lachaise of Constantinople. Now, the Mufti being a man *plein d'esprit et de finesse*, as the ingenious authoress hath it, casuistically avers that sleep is but a species of the genus death, and therefore the Turk might get rid of the Bashaw and his scruples together, by bowstringing the former, while he (the Turk) dozed. Of this kind of wit, we take it, more than enough might be found in Sanchez, if he were not such heavy reading. But of liveliness, humour, in short, of what we know to be genuine wit, in spite of the difficulties of its definition, these great books contain not a symptom. They are like Falstaff, as touching their bulk, and their power of causing wit in the beholder; but unlike him, as touching the want of that quality in themselves. Humour, indeed, it is vain to expect in romances, which teach a serious gentility. To attack the faults of the people of the *vieille cour* with humour, would have rendered aristocratic defects too familiar to the profane vulgar, the shocking *bourgeoisie*, whom the aristocracy were too delicately sensitive to admit "betwixt the wind and their nobility." And it would be altogether monstrous to suppose that it was the duty of the teachers of *galanterie* to handle the crowd with so gentle a lash as humour. Nothing but the most profound scorn

was to be used for the "habitual immorality of such lions and tigers," as Scriblerus would call them. The lightest of the modes of treatment which Martinus prescribes for his young noblemen for self-correction, would reduce the most perfect gallant to nought. "Let him survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly." What a portrait of an Oroondates!—There is nothing vulgar in the tone of these romances. Princes and kings, sultans and bashaws, with corresponding characters of the other sex, stalk through them, and talk of honour, fidelity, and bravery, as necessary qualities, and denounce baseness, faithlessness, and cowardice, as the most ungallant vices. Mademoiselle Scudéri carries her heroes over wilds and oceans, "antres vast and deserts idle," through tempest, storm, shipwreck, slavery, and so forth; but it is impossible to derive any notion of the scenes. Oroondates is predicated to be in a desert, and Cyrus in a storm. Sometimes the desert is called a dreadful desert, and the storm a shocking storm. But they are all every day deserts, &c., known to be deserts, &c., because so called in terms; and not from a description of details. Put this authoress, nevertheless, into a palace or a cottage, and she tells all the articles it contains: the room how high, by how many feet wide and long. The couches, chairs, and tables are all set forth: or, as Boileau says, she never will let the reader get out of a house until she has taken an inventory of the furniture.

But we fear we have gone a little out of our way in this discussion, when we ought to be busying ourselves with the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article. Boileau was not the first either to distinguish or to decry the absurdity of the passion for these romances. They were always unpalatable to wits and humourists, whose occupation is not to be fine or serious, but to find wherewithal to joke whenever those qualities present themselves. Place a jester by the side of a formalist, and no power can withhold him from venting his quips and quiddities against the gravities of the latter. Ridicule is not only the touchstone of false gravity; it is the enemy of all that is grave. *Magnas—secat res.* It falls foul of seriousness wherever found. Scarron felt the inspiration of the god of laughter as a species of phrenzy. He laughed at his own misfortunes, he made mockery of his disgraces, and ridiculed his sufferings. Gravity was unknown to him, even in the most important affairs of life. Their importance only increased the broad grin with which he viewed all things under the sun. Such sombre books, therefore, as the heroic romances, roused the ire of his wit as naturally as their leaves would feed a flame. He laughed at them, because he laughed at all. With these

feelings, he strung together, under the title of *Roman Comique*, a number of the most ludicrous incidents, told in terms equally ludicrous. The writers of the heroic romances speak of kings, queens, and the great; Scarron of poor players, country attorneys, and innkeepers. The former write in a formal, measured style; Scarron in a style coarse, familiar, and careless. The former make use of empires and princedoms; the latter of paltry country towns and villages: all is "base, common, and popular." The witty writer of the *Characteristics* advises that popular passions or panicks should be treated in a "Bartle'my-fair mode;" by which he means, that they should be subjected to raillery as unlicensed as the drollery of a fair. So also thought Scarron, upon the panick of *galanterie* and romance-reading which raged in his day. His wit is as gross as the antics of the show-booth; and is as broad a satire upon that gravity, as the tumblings of a clown would be, if performed in derision of Terpsichore. Scarron also intended to ridicule the pretensions of the troops of actors who wandered over the provinces of France, committing great extravagancies, and, frequently, dangerous crimes. The countenance that Cardinal Richelieu had afforded to the stage, had raised the notions of the players of their self-importance so high, that their insolence gave general annoyance and disgust.

The *Roman Comique*, as its name imports, is a history of the adventures of a company of actors, who arrive at the town of Mans in a cart, with their theatrical *matériel*, and dressed in clothes partly borrowed from the professional wardrobe, and partly consisting of such as were commonly worn. The company consisted of three persons: Destin, the actor of young parts; La Rancune, an elderly person, who brought a bass-viol slung over his shoulders, which made him look like a tortoise; and La Caverne, the female of the troop. On stopping at the sign of La Biche, they were accosted by De la Rappinière, the lieutenant de prevôt, and the greatest joker, dinner-hunter, and knave of all Mans. He inquires, with astonishment, whether they were the whole of the troop, and learns that there were others, but they had been obliged to leave Tours in haste, on account of a quarrel between them and the fusiliers of the Intendant. In their flight, they had left some of their baggage behind; and as to the difficulty about their numbers, La Rancune humorously avers, that he once played a whole piece by himself: king, queen, ambassador, and all!

"Je parlais en fausset quand je ferais la Reine; je parlais du nez pour l'Ambassadeur, et me tournais vers ma couronne que je posais sur une chaise; et pour le Roi, je reprenais mon siége, ma couronne et ma gravité, et grossissais un peu ma voix."

They propose to act, in lieu of paying for their reckoning, and on the suggestion of De la Rappinière, take the coats of two gentlemen, who were playing at tennis in the tripot of the inn, without leave, to make up for their want of wardrobe. The theatre is a room at the top of the house: a dirty sheet rises for a curtain, and discovers Destin reclined on a mattras, a basket on his head for a crown, rubbing his eyes as if just awake, and declaiming the part of Herod. He did wonders, as did La Caverne, who played Mariamne and Salome, whilst La Rancune filled up the other parts of the play. They were all in fine train, when the two tennis players, in a rage at finding their coats so unceremoniously appropriated, burst in upon the audience, racket in hand, and all was fighting and confusion, of which La Rappinière, as prevôt, took occasion to make "une belle information." La Rappinière was attacked by a party of fellows with swords, on leaving the scene of action; but is rescued by Destin's prowess. La Rappinière took the four players home to supper, where they found Madame La Rappinière, who was so thin and dry, that she could not snuff a candle with her fingers without setting them on fire. Great difficulties arise about their supper; for the master of the house, who managed generally to dine *en ville* at the cost of other people, kept nothing at home but cabbages to make soup for his household. They at last retired to rest; but La Rappinière is roused in the night by the absence of his wife, who had taken the opportunity to eat until she was "dévoyée." He thinks she is in search for the handsome Destin, and he rises in a fury and wanders after her in the dark; when he encounters what he supposes to be the poignard of an assassin, but which candles shew to be the horns of a she-goat.

La Rancune, as his name imports, was one of those

"Misanthropes qui haïssent tout le monde et qui ne s'aiment pas eux-mêmes; et j'ai su beaucoup de personnes qu'on ne l'avoit jamais vu rire. Il avoit assez d'esprit, et faisait assez bien de méchans vers; d'ailleurs nullement homme d' honneur, malicieux comme un vieux singe et envieux comme un chien. Il trouvoit à rédire en tous ceux de sa profession. Bellerose étoit trop affecté, Mondori rude, Floridor trop froid, et ainsi des autres; et je crois qu'il eût aisément laissé conclure qu'il avait été le seul comédien sans défaut; et cependant il n' était plus souffert dans la troupe qu'à cause qu'il avait vieilli dans le métier. Au tems qu'on etoit réduit aux pièces de Hardi, il jouoit en fausset et sous les masques, les roles de nourrice. Depuis qu'on commença à mieux jouer la comédie, il étoit le surveillant du portier, jouoit les rôles de confidens, ambassadeurs et recors, quand il falloit accompagner un roi, prendre ou assassiner quelqu'un, ou donner bataille; il chantoit une méchante taille aux trios, du tems qu'on en chantoit, et se farinoit à la farce. Sur ces beaux talens-là, il avoit

fondé une vanité insupportable, laquelle étoit jointe à une raillerie continuelle, une médisance qui ne s'epuisoit point et une humeur querelleuse qui etoit pourtant soutenue par quelque valeur. Tout cela le faisait craindre à ses compagnons."

He boasts of having once saved Destin's life in an encounter with some thieves, in which, it afterwards appears, La Rappinière had been concerned. Destin is in despair, for some time; for the tailor had spoiled the best pair of the theatrical breeches, by mending a doublet with them, "par une faute de jugement, indigne d'un homme qui avait raccommodé de vieilles hardes toute sa vie." So that "avec tant de pourpoints et si peu de haut-de-chausses," Destin would have been obliged to keep to his room, had not La Rappinière managed to supply him with the clothes of a thief whom he had lately hanged (roué.)

An ingenious story follows, of the way in which La Rancune drove a bed-fellow of a merchant out of bed at the inn, in order to have it all to himself. But it is a little too *leste* for our readers. The troop was now joined by the remaining actors, consisting of L'Olive, Mademoiselle Angélique, daughter of La Caverne, and Mademoiselle De l'Etoile, the mistress of Destin; besides the three valets of the three actors, who intended, in time, to be *comédiens en chef*. The two actresses were immediately surrounded by a crowd of admirers, "galans à toute outrance," like all provincial swains. Angélique, who was of a lively temper, soon delivers herself of hers by a few kicks of the shin and boxes on the ear; but poor De l'Etoile, who was the softest creature in the world, was so sadly tormented, that her admirers would not let her go to bed, though sadly tired with her journey. Amongst the mob of worshippers was Ragotin, one of the most prominent characters in the the story. He was

"Un petit homme veuf, avocat de profession, qui avait une petite charge, dans une petite jurisdiction voisine. Depuis la mort de sa petite femme, il avoit ménacé les femmes de la ville de se remarier et le clergé de la province de se faire prêtre, et même de se faire prélat à beaux sermons comptans. C'était le plus grand petit fou qui ait couru les champs depuis Roland. Il avoit étudié toute sa vie; et quoique l'étude aille à la connaissance de la vérité, il étoit menteur comme un valet, prêsomptueux et opiniâtre comme un pédant, et assez mauvais poëte pour être étouffé, s'il y avoit de la police dans le royaume."

Ragotin entertains the company with a long story; and is so extravagantly elated by the applauses he receives, that he begins to take liberties with the two younger ladies; but is

soon obliged to desist by a rap on the knuckles from the gentle Angélique. He afterwards undergoes a good deal of practical pleasantry from the company, which is followed by a long discussion upon turning his tale into a play, in which absurd project (for it is utterly unfit) he is sustained by the malicious La Rancune. The latter flatters the poor little fellow into giving him a good supper; and makes him believe that he is a better poet than Corneille, and ought to devote himself to the stage! Ragotin gets gloriously drunk at such encouragement, and enthusiastically toasts the actresses; but cannot tell exactly which of the two is the object of his flame. After he had stammered at a decision for a good while, La Rancune cuts short his perplexity by assuring him that it is De l'Etoile, to which the little lawyer immediately assents. The former then hints, that he can procure him the love of De l'Etoile. In the meantime, Destin and De l'Etoile, and the other actresses, enter into the ladies' room, where Destin tells his own history.

Destin was of low birth, the son of one Garigues, who had scraped some money together in the service of a lady at Paris. He was so miserly, that on the birth of one of his children, he formed a project, that the mother should not only suckle her infant, but sustain herself and her husband by the same means; which hopeful plan ended in killing the child and nearly starving the parents. Destin was ill-treated at home, and at last was taken away by his grandfather, who brought him up and made him study under a savant at Paris, with the two sons of a seigneur du village. St. Far, the eldest, was stupid and brutal; the youngest, Verville, was amiable and studious. With the latter, Destin studied, and read romances; and went to college with both, more as a comrade than an attendant. The two young noblemen afterwards went to Italy, to fight with the Venetians against the Turks. Destin accompanied them; but falling ill, was compelled to stop at Rome. Walking, one day, in a public garden in that city, he saw two ladies rudely accosted by two men, who made off on Destin's going up to their assistance. One of the ladies, Madame de la Boissière, is elderly; the other, Léonore, beautiful as an angel. With the latter, he, of course, falls desperately in love. Despairing of seeing her, he is about to follow his patrons to the war, when his host invites him to the house of one of his friends. There he unexpectedly meets the two ladies, and, like Roderick Random in the presence of Narcissa, plays the fool most mightily before Léonore. Being unable to see her again, he takes a fancy to visit the garden where he first saw her. He is attacked and dangerously wounded. During his sickness, he is visited by Léonore and her mother, who discover, from some loose papers, the secret of his birth and passion. He learns

from his host, that the mother had been clandestinely married to a French nobleman, who had been obliged to go back to France. In the meantime, his two patrons return from the wars, and naturally become very anxious to see a lady so beautiful as Destin describes Léonore to be. On finding him slow to accede to their proposal, the brutal St. Far rudely visits the ladies, without leave; and for the purpose of injuring Destin, tells them that he is his valet. The two ladies, from that time, look coldly upon him; but he finds an opportunity to declare his passion to Léonore, who favourably receives him. He afterwards acquires honor in the war, and returns to live at Paris with his two patrons. Here Verville falls in love with Mademoiselle de Saldagne, and is assisted by Destin in an intrigue to get her out of the hands of her brother, De Saldagne. After much trouble, Mademoiselle de Saldagne takes refuge with Verville from the fury of her brother, who turns out to be the man from whom he had rescued Léonore and her mother at Rome. St. Far falls in love with another sister of Saldagne, and plots with the latter against Destin. In two or three encounters which follow, Destin has the misfortune to wound both; and, in despair at this accident, sets off for Italy to return to the wars. In his journey, he finds Léonore and her mother at Nevers. The latter had been robbed by her servants, and left by her husband, who had been obliged to fly to Holland. Destin offers her his services. The mother regains her health, and he carries them both to Paris, where they wished to go. During an excursion on the water, they are attacked by Saldagne; but Léonore is rescued from him. They afterwards proceed to Holland in search of the father of Léonore; but without success; and Mademoiselle de la Boissière dies of grief. Destin being afterwards robbed, by Dela Rappinière, is forced to enter into a company of players; whom he knows through La Rancune, an accidental acquaintance. Léonore follows his example, and assumes the name of De l'Etoile.

Destin tells his tale at different times. In the interval, an attack has been made upon a country *curé*, and his daughter, by some persons in disguise; they turn out to be Saldagne and his servants, who had mistaken them for Destin and De l'Etoile, for whom Saldagne is in search. After their return to the inn at Mans, where the players are lodged, and whilst Destin is going on with his story in the evening, they are interrupted by some church-music from the church-organist, and one of the chorister boys. This is an absurd device of Ragotin's to serenade De l'Etoile. The musicians are interrupted by "dix ou douze chiens, qui suivirent une chienne de mauvaise vie," and begin to fall foul of the musicians, and Ragotin, through the instrumentality of La Rancune, is dreadfully ridi-

culed by the players for his foolish gallantry. The players continue to play with great success, and poor Ragotin, finding it impossible to detach himself from their society, commits a thousand follies. A Norman quack had arrived at the inn with his wife, with whom La Rancune, though a perfect "âme damnée," falls in love, but has a rival in Roquebrune, an old gasconading poet who attends the troop. La Rappinière conceives a passion for De l'Etoile, on seeing her play Chiméne, in the *Cid*. La Rappinière, Ragotin, and the poet, all make La Rancune their confidant, who flatters each with hopes, and borrows money of the last, to buy better clothes for his own designs upon the quack's lady. The players set off to play at a wedding in a neighbouring château, in company with Ragotin; who, after a long struggle, falls from his horse. This tumble is described with great drollery. As they are about to play, La Caverne and Angélique are found to be missing. After some time, the former enters, in great disorder and distress, and tells the company that her daughter has been carried off by some men in disguise, as she was rehearsing. She suspects Léandre, Destin's valet, who had disappeared. Destin and others immediately ride off in pursuit, and the former is dreadfully frightened by a phantom which had sprung behind him upon his horse. This phantom afterwards turns out to be an idiot. La Rancune and L' Olive follow on foot, and Ragotin, moved by the reproaches of De l'Etoile, follows them the next day. Ragotin gravely opens a grand design, as they are upon their journey.

"Chemin faisant, Ragotin découvrit aux comédiens le dessein qu'il avoit de faire la comédie avec eux, leur protestant qu' encore qu'il fût assuré à être bientôt le meilleur comédien de France, il ne prétendoit tirer aucun profit de son métier, qu'il vouloit le faire seulement par curiosité et pour faire voir qu'il étoit né à toutcequ'il vouloit entreprendre. La Rancune et l'Olive le fortifierent dans sa noble envie; et, à force de le louer et de lui donner courage, le mirent en si belle humeur, qu'il se prit à réciter de dessus son mulet des vers de Pyrame et Thisbé, du poëte Théophile. Quelques paysans, qui accompagnoient une charrette chargé, et qui faisoient le même chemin, crurent qu'il préchoit la parole de Dieu, le voyant déclamer là comme un forcené. Tandis qu'il récita, ils eurent toujours la tête nue, et le respecterent comme un prédicateur de grands chemins."

Destin arrives at a village where he finds Léandre wounded, but apparelled in the attire of a gentleman. Léandre states that he knows nothing of the rape of Angélique, and that he himself had been in pursuit of the ravishers, who had wounded him. He then informs Destin, in reply to his inquiries as to the change in his apparel, that he is not a valet, but of a good

family, and having fallen in love with Angélique, had disguised himself as a valet to have opportunities of being near her. La Rancune and his two companions come up with Destin. The next day, a large party arrive at the inn where they are staying, who treat Destin with wonderful civility, Madame Bouvillon, one of the new comers, and a very gross specimen of womankind, makes a violent attempt upon Destin's virtue; but he is rescued from the peril by the lucky arrival of Ragotin, the Mar-all of the romance, to announce that Angélique has returned. She relates that her ravishers, after having proceeded a great way, discovered that she was not the object of their search, and left her to find her way back, which she fortunately does. Here Destin meets his old patron Verville, who informs him that Saldagne had just got into his possession, in a neighbouring château, a lady, whom Destin suspects to be De l'Etoile. Saldagne is about to carry her off to his estate in Brittany. Destin and Verville contrive to get this lady out of the hands of Saldagne's servants, as they are carrying her off, by making them drunk; and she turns out to be De l'Etoile, as Destin had suspected. She relates that his (Destin's other valet had been prevailed upon to set off after him, by false stories of his being wounded. As he is conducting her to the person to whom he is betraying her, he is met by Saldagne, who takes her away. It afterwards appears that this valet had been gained by La Rappinière, whose passion for De l'Etoile had become ungovernable, and who was waiting for her near the inn where they were now assembled. One of Madame Bouvillon's party, who is a judge of the parliament of Rennes, at the instance of Destin, threatens the villainous La Rappinière, and the latter desists from all further designs against De l'Etoile. They all return to Mans, to continue their occupations, and, during their journey back, Ragotin meets with a number of ludicrous misfortunes.

A great courtier had arrived at Mans, from court, for the chace.

"En ce tems-là la ville du Mans se trouva pleine de chasseurs, que le bruit de cette grande fête y attira, la plupart avec leurs femmes, qui furent ravies de voir des dames de la cour, pour en pouvoir parler le reste de leurs jours auprès de leur feu. Ce n'est pas une petite ambition aux provinciaux, que de pouvoir dire quelquefois qu'ils ont vu, en un tel lieu et en tel tems, des gens de la cour, dont ils prononcent toujours le nom tout sec; comme par exemple: *Je perdis mon argent contre Roquelaure. Créqui a tant gagné. Coaquin court le cerf en Touraine.* Et si on leur laisse quelquefois entamer un discours de politique ou de guerre, ils ne déparlent pas (si j'ose ainsi dire) tant qu'ils aient épuisé la matière autant qu'ils en sont capables."

They play *Dom Japhet*, and, at the theatre, Ragotin meets with bad luck. Ragotin, as we have seen already, and, indeed, as his name imports *(ragot)*, was very little.

" Il (Ragotin) vint tard à la comédie ; et pour la punition de ses péchés, il se plaça derrière un gentilhomme provincial, homme à large échine, et couvert d'une grosse cassaque, qui grossissait beaucoup sa figure. Il étoit d'une taille si haute, au dessus des plus grandes, qu'encore qu'il fût assis, Ragotin, qui n'étoit séparé de lui que d'un rang de sieges, crût qu'il etoit debout, et lui cria incessamment qu'il s'assît comme les autres, ne pouvant croire qu'un homme assis ne dût pas avoir sa tête au niveau de toutes celles de la compagnie. Ce gentilhomme, qui se nommait la Baguenodière, ignora longtems que Ragotin parlait à lui. Enfin, Ragotin l'appella monsieur à la plume verte ; et comme véritablement il en avoit une bien touffue, bien sale, et peu fine, il tourna la tête, et vit le petit impatient, qui lui dit assez rudement qu'il s'assît. La Baguenodière en fut si peu ému, qu'il se tourna vers le théâtre comme si de rien n'eût été. Ragotin lui cria encore qu'il s'assît ; il tourna encore la tête devers lui, le regarda, et se retourna vers le théâtre. Ragotin recria ; la Baguenodière tourna la tête pour la troisième fois, pour la troisième fois regarda son homme, et pour la troisième fois se tourna vers le théâtre. Tant que dura la comédie, Ragotin lui cria de même force qu'il s'assît ; et la Baguenodière le regarda toujours d'un même flegme, capable de faire enrager tout le genre humain. On eût pu comparer la Baguenodière à un grand dogue, et Ragotin à un roquet qui aboie après lui, sans que le dogue en fasse autre chose que d'aller pisser contre une muraille. Enfin tout le monde prit garde ce qui se passoit entre le plus grand homme et le plus petit de la compagnie, et tout le monde commença d'en rire, dans le tems que Ragotin commença d'en jurer d'impatience sans que la Baguenodière fît autre chose que de le regarder froidement."

This adventure ends in a dispute between la Baguenodière and part of the audience who were laughing at both. La Rancune had been pestered by Ragotin to put him into the good graces of De l'Étoile, and, to get rid of his importunities, advises him to apply to the quack, whom he avers to be a conjuror.

The romance here abruptly breaks off; it is supposed that Scarron intended to go on with it. Many attempts have been made to continue it, and amongst them is one written by one Offray, supposed to be a fictitious name; but infinitely inferior to the work of Scarron. In it, the players finding the good people of Mans becoming tired of their performances, determine to take their leave. Léandre communicates to them that he had received intelligence of his father being on his death-bed, out of mere mortification at his son's turning actor, and he leaves them, to see his father before his death. Ragotin

then desires La Rancune to announce to the actors, who had assembled in convention to take leave of Léandre, that he had a desire to join them. This project is warmly debated; but the actors ultimately assent, on the suggestion of La Rancune, that they could make use of him to amuse themselves. He is, accordingly, introduced to them in form, and makes his inaugural address.

" Illustres personnages, auguste sénat du Parnasse, l'on dit en commun proverbe, que les mauvaises compagnies corrompent les bonnes mœurs; et par un contraire, les bonnes dissipent les mauvaises et rendent les personnes semblables à ceux qui les composent. Je me trouve si destitué de vertus, que je désire m'associer à votre illustre troupe pour en apprendre et pour m'y façonner; car vous êtes les interprètes des Muses, les échos vivans de leurs chers nourrissons, et vos mérites sont si connus à toute la France, que l'on vous admire jusques audelà des pôles. Pour vous, Mesdemoiselles, vous charmez tous ceux qui vous considerent, et l'on ne sauroit ouïr l'harmonie de vos belles voix, sans être en admiration; aussi beaux anges en chair et en os, tous les plus doctes poëtes ont rempli leurs vers de vos louanges; les Alexandres et les Césars n'ont jamais égalé la valeur de Monsieur le Destin et des autres héros de cette illustre troupe. Il ne faut donc pas vous étonner si je désire avec tant de passion d'en encroître le nombre, ce qui vous sera facile, si vous me faites l'honneur de m'y recevoir, vous protestant au reste, de ne vous être point à charge, ni prétendre de participer aux émolumens du Théâtre, mais seulement vous être très humble et très obéissant serviteur."

The troop depart for Alençon with Ragotin; and, on the road, La Rancune commits a robbery. They are very well received at Alençon. In the mean time Saldagne, enraged at the loss of De l'Etoile, commences a fresh pursuit, and traces the players to Alençon; and, in a violent attempt to carry her off from a ball room, is killed by the inhabitants, who were great favourers of the actors. They continue to play at Alençon with great success; but Ragotin is not permitted to go on to the stage, to his great annoyance. Fatigued by his importunities, La Rancune takes him on to the stage, and exposes him to the audience, as a pigmy; singing, at the same time, the following ridiculous doggerel.

Mon père m'a donné mari
Qu'est-ce que d'un homme si petit?
Il n'est pas plus grand qu'un fourmi.
Hé! qu'est-ce? qu'est-ce? qu'est-ce? qu'est-ce?
Qu'est-ce que d'un homme,
S'il n'est, s'il n'est homme?
Qu'est-ce que d'un homme si petit?

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La Rancune afterwards cruelly disabuses him about his love for De l'Etoile, whom he declares to be engaged to Destin. Leándre and Angélique, and Destin and De l'Etoile, are afterwards married. The last match was a thunderclap to poor Ragotin.

" Le pauvre petit homme entra en la plus profonde mélancolie que l'on puisse imaginer, laquelle le précipita dans un furieux désespoir. Il devint si troublé, que passant devant la grande église de Notre-Dame, un jour de fête que l'on carillonnoit, il tomba dans l'erreur de la plupart des gens du vulgaire, qui croyent que les cloches disent tout ce qu'ils s'imaginent. Il s'arrêta pour les écouter, et il se persuada facilement qu'elles disaient: *Ragotin, ce matin, a tant bu de pots de vin, qu'il branle, qu'il branle.* Il entra en une si furieuse colère contre le campanier, qu'il cria tout haut: Tu as menti, je n'ai pas bu aujourd'hui extraordinairement. Je ne me serois pas fâché si tu leur fasois dire: *Le matin de Destin a ravi à Ragotin, L'Etoile, l'Etoile;* car j'aurais eu la consolation de voir les choses inaminées témoigner avoir du ressentiment de ma douleur; mais de m'appeller ivrogne! Ah! tu la payeras; et aussitôt il enfonça son chapeau et entra dans l'église par une des portes où il y a un degré en avis, par lequel il monta à l'orgue. Quand il vit que cette montée n'alloit pas au clocher, il la suivit jusques au plus haut ou il trouva une porte fort basse, par laquelle il entra et suivit sous le toit des chapelles, sous lequel il faut que ceux qui y passent se baissent, mais lui y trouve un plancher fort élevé. Il chemina jusques au bout, oú il trouva une porte qui va au clocher, oú il monta. Quand il fut au lieu où les cloches sont pendues, il trouva le campanier, qui carillonnoit toujours, et qui ne regardoit point derrière lui. Alors il se mit à lui crier des injures; l'appellant insolent, impertinent, sot, brutal, maroufle, &c. mais le bruit des cloches l'empêchoit de l'entendre. Ragotin s'imagina qu'il le méprisoit, ce qui le fit impatienter, et s'approcher de lui, et à même tems lui bailler un grand coup de poing sur le dos. Le campanier se sentant frappé, se tourna et voyant Ragotin, lui dit: Eh! petit escargot, que diable t'a mené ici pour me frapper? Ragotin se met en devoir de lui en dire le sujet, et de lui faire des plaintes; mais le campanier, qui n'entendoit point de raillerie, sans le vouloir écouter, le prit par un bras et à même tems lui bailla un coup de pied au cul, qui le fit culbuter le long d'un petit degré de bois, jusques sur le plancher, d'où l'on sonne les cloches à branle. Il tomba si rudement, la tête la première, qu'il donna du visage contre une des boîtes par où l'on passe les cordes, et se mit tout-en sang. Il pesta comme un petit démon, et descendit promptement, il passa au travers de l'église, d'où il alla trouver le lieutenant-criminel, pour se plaindre à lui de l'excès que le campanier avoit commis en sa personne. Ce magistrat, le voyant ainsi sanglant, crut facilement ce qu'il disait; mais après en avoir appris le sujet, il ne put s'empêcher de rire et connut bien que le petit homme avoit le cerveau mal timbré. Pourtant, pour le contenter, il lui dit qu'il feroit justice, et envoya un laquais dire au companier qu'il le vînt trouver: quand il fut venu, il

lui demanda pourquoi il faisait injurier cet honnête homme par ses cloches? à quoi il lui répondit qu'il ne le connoissoit point et qu'il carillonnait à son ordinaire: *Orléans, Beaugency, Notre Dame de Cléry, Vendôme, Vendôme:* mais qu'ayant été frappé de lui et injurié, il l'avoit poussé, et qu'ayant rencontré le haut de l'escalier, il en étoit tombé. Le lieutenant-criminel lui dit: Une autre fois, soyez plus avisé; et à Ragotin, Soyez plus sage, et ne croyez pas votre imagination touchant le son des cloches. Ragotin d'en retourna a la maison, où il ne se vanta pas de son accident."

He continues plunged in despair, writes his own epitaph, and resolves to get rid of his sorrows and his life together.

"Il songea au moyen qu'il pourrait tenir pour sortir du monde. Il prit un pistolet et y mit deux balles pour s'en donner dans la tête; mais il jugea que cela ferait trop de bruit. Ensuite il mit la pointe de son épée contre sa poitrine, dont la piqûre lui fit mal, ce qui l'empêcha de l'enfoncer. Enfin il descendit à l'écurie, cependant que les valets dejéunoient. Il prit des cordes qui étoient attachées au bât d'un cheval de voiture et en accommoda une au ratelier et la mit autour de son col; mais quand il voulut se laisser aller, il n'en eut pas le courage et attendit que quelqu'un entrât. Il arriva un cavalier étranger. Alors il se laissa aller, tenant toujours un pied sur le bord de la crêche; pourtant s'il y fut demeuré long-tems, il se serait enfin étrangleé. Le valet de table qui étoit descendu pour prendre le cheval du cavalier, voyant Ragotin ainsi pendu, le crut mort, et cria si fort, que tous ceux du logis descendirent. Ou lui ôta la corde du col et on le fit revenir, ce qui fut assez facile."

He afterwards quits the troop to return to Mans, and is accidentally drowned in his journey.

There is another continuation of this novel by the Abbé Preschac, containing various adventures of Ragotin, and the rest of the personages; but it is hardly of sufficient merit to be noticed here. There is also a third sequel, by an anonymous writer.

The whole work contains various detached stories, like those in *Gil Blas* or *Don Quixote*. The most amusing of them is the history of *La Capricieuse Amante*, by Offray.

It is impossible to afford our readers any notion of the humour of this romance, in the sketch we have given. Tom Jones's adventures at Upton, or the earlier ones of Roderick Random, approach nearest in the breadth and coarseness with which they are told. There is the same minuteness, the same insensibility to delicacy, the same hankering after disgusting details; with this difference, Scarron shews some notion of the metaphysic of love, whilst the heroes of Smollett and Fielding are mere sensualists. Scarron, moreover, has some faith in the honesty of mankind. His characters are not all *mauvais sujets*.

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Their actions do not encourage misanthropy and disgust, like those of Smollett. Scarron, however, has none of the grave buffoonery with which Fielding attacks the more important absurdities. He ridicules mistakes in taste and breeding; but he never attacks any serious and popular fallacy. We have in him none of the delicious wit with which Fielding shews up the errors of the austere moralists; nothing like his illustration of the follies of the stoic, from the character of the sheriff's officer, "the noble bumtrap, who rises greatly superior to the weaknesses of humanity," or of the emptiness of the Shaftesburian Rule of right and Beauty of virtue, from the hapless posture of Square behind the treacherous curtain. The great defect in the *Roman Comique* is the want of a hero or heroine to support the main interest. It is one of the first laws of romance-writing to select some one personage to be the *point d'appui* of all the adventures. The reader identifies himself with *one;* he assumes his feelings, and conceives all the pain and pleasure of each actor. If each adventure have its own hero, or if the same hero be dropped and taken up again from time to time, the interest becomes weakened. Besides, it is nearly impossible to wind up the story in any way that can satisfy the reader. The continuation by Offray ends with marriages in due course; but La Rancune and Ragotin are very awkwardly got rid of. Poor Ragotin meets a cruel and undeserved fate. He is absurd and vain, but he is not hateful; and we feel it very hard upon the reader that he should have to put up with his death, after having received so much amusement from his blunders and follies. He might have been sent back to Mans, to resume his old pursuit of *avocat*, or to continue to play with the players. Such a destiny would have been still unsatisfactory. He deserved well, and so, to get rid of the difficulty of providing for him, he is *killed off*. Strap, Partridge, and Sancho find suitable ends. The first rises even into a kind of dignity, by marrying the sensible, learned, and excellent Miss Williams. Romances are like epic poems, they require a main action and a main character; the first to support the memory, the second to sustain the interest.

Scarron was of respectable origin, and was born at Paris, in 1610. His mother died when he was young, and, on his father's second marriage, the step-mother took a mortal aversion to her son-in-law, and drove him from his father's roof. He assumed the clerical habit and travelled into Italy, where he passed some years in easy gaiety. He afterwards returned to France, and became one of the most distinguished members of the brilliant society which assembled round Ninon de l'Enclos. It was in the society of this distinguished woman that the character of Scarron, for unbridled gaiety and facile morals, is sup-

posed to have been formed. It was said, we believe only by the enemies of Ninon and her friends, that the constitution of Scarron was shattered by the excesses in which he indulged. His nerves were destroyed; sciatica and rheumatism seized upon him, and were followed by a complication of distempers, that baffled the skill of his physicians. The access of these disorders was quickened by a frolic in which he was engaged at the Carnival, when he disguised himself as a savage, and, being hunted by the mob, was compelled to conceal himself in a marsh. He gives an account of the dreadful state he was in, the levity of which at once astonishes and appals. He visited various baths in France to alleviate his sufferings, but without relief. His father's death added to his wretchedness, by placing him in a position of great embarrassment; for he and his own sisters became involved in a suit with his step-mother and her children, in which the latter succeeded. The most important affairs never drove away Scarron's love of ridicule; for he had the folly to submit his *factum* to the tribunal in burlesque verses. To involve him more deeply, his sisters now insisted upon residing with him at Paris, and were a source of great annoyance. He used to say, "L'une aimait le vin et l'autre les hommes." The queen and Cardinal Richelieu, of the latter of whom he was a great admirer, granted him pensions. He soon afterwards obtained a canonry at Mans, where he wrote the *Roman Comique*, and laid the scene of so many of its adventures. He subsequently returned to Paris, where he was introduced to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards so celebrated as Madame de Maintenon. She was then at the age of fourteen and living with her mother, in a very necessitous condition, in a house opposite to that in which dwelt Scarron. Two years afterwards he married her, by which step he lost his canonry in name; but he contrived to retain it by his interest with Mazarin, who bestowed it upon the valet of his friend, the celebrated Ménage. This valet gravely took the tonsure, and administered the benefice for Scarron; a proceeding by which, under the *ancien regime*, the revenues of the church were frequently turned aside into the pockets of the laity. Scarron had flattered himself with hopes of a pension from Cardinal Mazarin, in which he was disappointed. On that occasion, he suppressed an eulogy which he had written upon him, and, in turn, wrote a biting satire. His house now was not only the resort of the wits of the day, but became the rendezvous of all the malcontents, who, under the ridiculous name of the *Fronde*, became so formidable to that minister.

The main occupation of Scarron, from this time, was the composition of verses in the highest strain of burlesque. He

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died in 1660, in a state of great pain, but gay and lively to the last, after having written the following epitaph for himself:—

" Celui qu'ici maintenant dort
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.

Passant, ne fais ici de bruit:
Garde bien que tu ne l'éveille;
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille."

It is a singular fact, that the three most disorderly and extravagant wits that the world ever saw, belonged to the order of priesthood;—Rabelais, Scarron, and Sterne.

ART. V.—*Castara.*

Carmina non prius
Audita, musarum sacerdos
Virginibus.

The Second Edition, corrected and augmented. London, printed by B. A. and T. F. for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his Shop, neare Furnival's Inne Gate, in Holburne. 1635.

William Habington, the author of the volume of poems published under the above title, was born in the year 1605. He was of a Roman Catholic family. His father, Thomas Habington, being implicated in Babbington's conspiracy, was, on that account, subjected to an imprisonment of six years' duration in the Tower. He was subsequently condemned to death for concealing two popish priests in his house, Garnet and Alcerne; the former of whom was afterwards executed for high treason. Thomas Habington, however, through the intercession of Lord Monteagle, his brother in law, succeeded in obtaining a pardon. His wife, Mary Habington, was, it is said, the author of the celebrated warning letter received by Lord Monteagle the day before that appointed for carrying into execution the gunpowder plot. The poet's family appears to have been deeply involved in the intrigues of the time: Edward Habington, his uncle, was also engaged in Babbington's affair,

but, less fortunate, or more guilty, than his brother Thomas, he was condemned to death, and executed.

The author, whose poems we are about to consider, was educated at St. Omers, and at Paris. He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, the lady whom he has celebrated under the name of Castara, and died on the 30th November, 1654. His poems were first published in 1634, divided into three heads, the *Mistress*, the *Wife*, and the *Holy-man;* the second including a series of funeral elegies, which, in fact, form a distinct part. Each part is preceded by a prose character. Habington's poems went through a second and a third edition in 1635 and 1640, are included in Chalmers's edition of the poets, and, in 1812, were published by Mr. Elton in a separate volume, containing nearly four hundred pages. From these different editions it might reasonably be inferred that his productions possessed some merit. Habington's poetry is thus characterized by Mr. Elton: "The amatory poetry of Habington is that of a man who regards woman as a highly intellectual being: not as the mere slave and instrument of sensual pleasures: and the correctness of his mind, in this particular, is equally apparent in his prose and verse. There are writers of the present day, who, if they could be supposed capable of any touches of moral compunction, might start at a passage in the preface to Castara: 'Of such heathens our times afford us an unpitied multitude; who can give no other testimony of twenty years' employment than some loose copies of lust happily expressed. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with the breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets.' In Habington we have no burning glances, or murmuring blisses, or blasphemous exclamations of delirious rapture: still less is the lady insulted by vaunts of a general and systematic sensuality. She is neither complimented by the assurance of dividing the thoughts of her lover with the vulgar pleasure of the glass, nor told that between kisses and bumpers life glides pleasantly away. Instead of this we have the delicacy of sentiment, with which our grandmothers were pleased to be addressed, and to which our daughters may lend their ear without risk of mental contamination. * * * His figures, and illustrations, are almost always new and uncommon, and denote a lively and pregnant imagination. They are not always free from conceit, but they frequently strike by their elegant appositeness no less than by their familiar beauty." Without referring to the sad estate of Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, to whom, we presume, the editor alludes, or the poetical blasphemy which he so earnestly reprobates, we must confess that we have the misfortune to differ very much from him in this matter. We do not think

these poems, by any means, worthy of revival; all that the author merits is, that a small selection should be made from them, and this justice we shall do him.

Habington belongs to the metaphysical school, to which we have before had occasion to allude; the school of wit and not of feeling. We do not wish to proscribe this school altogether, inferior as it is in truth and dignity to the other. But wit is a rarer quality than feeling, and the attempt to be witty is also accompanied with more pretence than to be pathetic. For this reason a failure in the former is less favourably regarded than in the latter; there is nothing, indeed, which the world is less disposed to forgive than abortive efforts at wit. Habington never once endeavours to express any thing like genuine feeling; his sole aim is to be ingenious and witty, to write something clever in the manner and spirit of the times. The model was bad enough, and he had not sufficient judgment, or independence, to select a better: still, if he had succeeded, he might deserve some credit for having accomplished all that he intended. But he has, in fact, failed even in this. He is, it is true, incessantly toiling and straining after wit, but it is of too subtle a quality to be caught by such efforts; if it come not a volunteer, it comes not at all: and, in the poetry of Habington, it is not. He brings into contact strange and remote ideas, but they almost always want the grace of appositeness, a defect which frequently occurs in the poets of witty love and witty grief, who attempted to amaze their generation, but then many of them have something to compensate for such a defect; they are not always extravagant without being witty, nor fanciful without feeling. Habington, on the contrary, is not only a man of a passionless heart but of a barren fancy. This, at least, is our opinion, and, we think, proofs enough will appear in support of its accuracy in this short article, although we shall select not only the best pieces, but, according to our usual custom, all that is really worthy of being presented to our readers, and a few examples only of extravagant conceits and a vitiated taste.

The poems are introduced by a prose composition, entitled 'the Author,' which, as it contains something characteristic of the writer, and is composed in a style at once pithy and imaginative, we shall quote entire, before the commencement of our poetical extracts.

"The press hath gathered into one, what fancy had scattered into many loose papers. To write this, love stole some hours from business, and my more serious study. For though poetry may challenge, if not priority, yet equality, with the best sciences, both for antiquity and worth; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give myself entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much air, and (if

without offence to our next transmarine neighbour) wantons too much according to the French garb. And when it is wholly employed in the soft strains of love, his soul, who entertains it, loseth much of that strength which should confirm him man. The nerves of judgment are weakened most by its dalliance; and when woman (I mean only as she is externally fair) is the supreme object of wit, we soon degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancy declines into a mad superstition, when it adores that idol which is not secure from age and sickness. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pitied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty years' employment, than some loose copies of lust happily expressed. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets: to which, as I believe, they can never have any just claim, so shall I not dare, by this essay, to lay any title, since more sweat and oil he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition. For how unhappy soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the theme is worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heat; nor was my invention ever sinister from the straight way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rock, it may safely contemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruinated, before that be demolished. Thus was the foundation laid. And though my eye, in its survey, was satisfied, even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The alabaster, ivory, porphyry, jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a half pleasure, since they stood there only to make sport for ruin. But when my soul grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion, I found that oratory was dumb when it began to speak of her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargy, that dulled too much the faculties of the mind, only fit to busy themselves in discoursing her perfections: wisdom I encountered there, that could not spend itself since it affected silence, attentive only to instructions, as if all her senses had been contracted into hearing; innocency, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtle witted of her sex would have termed it ignorance: wit, which seated itself most in the apprehension, and if not enforced by good manners, would scarce have gained the name of affability: Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieged city, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her prince. In a word, all those virtues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorned her. But I shall be censured, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet rhetoric. However such I fancied her, for to say she is, or was such, were to play the merchant, and boast too much the value of a jewel I possess, but have no mind to part with. And though I appear to strive against the stream of best wits, in erecting the self same altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once ad-

venture to do well, without a precedent. Nor if any rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these poems, will I excuse myself (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevailed, and clear judgments advised. This only I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envy of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and virtue is, without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when princes alter customs even heavy to the subject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and affected no study beyond that which the chase or field allows, poetry had then been no scandal upon me, and the love of learning no suspicion of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticism, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of virtue looks fair without the adultery of art, so fame needs no aid from rumour to strengthen herself. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates itself into the favour of great men best; they partake of my modesty; if satire, to win applause with the envious multitude, they express my content; which maliceth none the fruition of that, they esteem happy. And if not too indulgent to what is my own: I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be contemned."

There is great simplicity, and modesty, in this self introduction of the anthor; and, in his estimation of his own powers, he comes very near the truth. His poetry is generally very inferior to his prose, as, we think, will be admitted on comparing the quotation just made with the succeeding extracts. The lines addressed to the Honorable Mr. W. E. are written with some degree of strength, and are freer from the author's usual faults than most of his pieces.

" He who is good is happy. Let the loud
Artillery of heaven break through a cloud
And dart its thunder at him, he'll remain
Unmov'd, and nobler comfort entertain
In welcoming th' approach of death, than vice
E'er found in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
Where we are left to satisfy the rage
Of threat'ning death: pomp, beauty, wealth, and all
Our friendships, shrinking from the funeral.
The thought of this begets that brave disdain
With which thou view'st the world, and makes those vain

Treasures of fancy, serious fools so court,
And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
What should we covet here? Why interpose
A cloud 'twixt us and heaven? kind nature chose
Man's soul th' exchequer where she'd hoard her wealth,
And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
Of our own vanity, we're left so poor,
The creature merely sensual knows more.
The learned halcyon, by her wisdom, finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds
Are silenc'd by a calm, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts possess'd,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestow
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the sensitive
Part of the world in it's first strength doth live.
Folly! what dost thou in thy power contain
Deserves our study? merchants plough the main
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more
By avarice, in the possession poor.
And yet that idol wealth we all admit
Into the soul's great temple; busy wit
Invents new orgies, fancy frames new rites
To show its superstition, anxious nights
Are watch'd to win its favour: while the beast
Content with nature's courtesy doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soul, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
(Whom fortune hath exempted from the herd
Of vulgar men, whom virtue hath preferr'd
Far higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweet a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade
Of humble quiet, my ambition paid
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name,
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for virtuous love.
Yet wish I thee, guided by the better stars
To purchase unsafe honour in the wars
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.

Yet know, what busy path so e'er you tread
To greatness, you must sleep among the dead."

There is nothing original in Habington; all, therefore, to be expected from him is, that he should express ordinary thoughts in a poetical manner. The following lines, on the insatiable craving of mankind for things not within their possession, are distinguished by nothing original in thought, but they are written with some force.

" Possession makes us poor. Should we obtain
All those bright jems, for which i' th' wealthy main
The tann'd slave dives; or in one boundless chest
Imprison all the treasures of the west,
We still should want. Our better part's immense,
Not, like th' inferior, limited by sense.
Rich with a little, mutual love can lift
Us to a greatness, whither chance nor thrift
E'er rais'd her servants. For, though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content."

The poem " To Castara, departing upon the approach of night," furnishes an example of the manner in which Habington combines poetical imagery with extravagant ideas.

" What should we fear, Castara? The cool air,
That's fall'n in love, and wantons in thy hair,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steal
A nectar'd kiss, the wind dares not reveal
The pleasure I possess. The wind conspires
To our bless'd interview, and in our fires
Bathes like a salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor think of night's approach. The world's great eye,
Though breaking nature's law, will us supply
With his still flaming lamp: and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetual day.
But should he set, what rebel night dares rise,
To be subdu'd i' th' vict'ry of the eyes?

The address to Winter is striking: it is, however, rather a description of the effect, than a personification of that season, and is disfigured by hyperbole and conceit.

" Why dost thou look so pale, decrepit man?
Why do thy cheeks curl like the ocean,

Into such furrows ? Why dost thou appear
So shaking like an ague to the year ?
The sun is gone. But yet Castara stays,
And will add stature to thy pigmy days,
Warm moisture to thy veins ; her smile can bring
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy palsy then, and on thy head
Wear flow'ry chaplets, as a bridegroom led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth ;
And the approaching sun, when she shall find
A spring without him, fall, since useless, blind."

Cowper's personification of Winter is of a different kind ; it is a much more minute and impressive allegory.

" O winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair, with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way."

But the best thing in the volume is a poem addressed " To his noblest friend, J. C. Esq." ; it is fervid, noble, and natural.

" I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence ; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow :
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen ; and by rote can tell
Those German towns, even puzzle me to spell.
The cross, or prosperous fate, of princes they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay ;

And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy, did old Machiavel.
O busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France! Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,
And neighbour thee, dear friend? Who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy;
And, by the aid of leisure, so controul
What-e'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade
(Thy head upon some flow'ry pillow laid,
Kind nature's housewifery) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to enthral
The world to his great master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: Honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
Endangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bend us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
O' th' town make us to think, where now we are
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbered not."

The description of Castara is very innocent, and rather poetical.

"Like the violet which, alone,
Prospers in some happy shade,

My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent:
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where 'oft, honour, splits her mast:
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly:

All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me."

The stanzas to Castara, upon an embrace, are pretty, and much more harmonious than the greater portion of Habington's Poems.

" 'Bout the husband oak, the vine
Thus wreaths to kiss his leafy face;
Their streams thus rivers join,
And lose themselves in the embrace:
But trees want sense when they enfold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.

Thus turtles bill, and groan
Their loves into each other's ear:
Two flames thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to Heaven they rear:
But birds want soul, though not desire,
And flames material soon expire.

If not profane, we'll say,
When angels close, their joys are such;
For we no love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch:
Let's close, Castara, then, since thus
We pattern angels, and they us."

Habington's want of judgment is conspicuous in the poem next quoted. He alternates between the good and the bad: rises finely in the first stanza, drops his wing in the second, rises again in the third, and falls to the dust in the last. It is, however, strongly characteristic of the writers of the times; they were not content with saying a few good things on a subject; they must say every thing that could be said, and imagine every contingency that might happen. The piece alluded to is entitled, " Against them who lay unchastity to the sex of women."

" They meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are:
They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star:
Who ever dare
Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

Go, cure your fevers; and you'll say
The dog-days scorch not all the year:
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones see,
And grant all gold's not alchymy.

What madman, 'cause the glow-worm's flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire;
Shall the sex, free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere frail;
Thy virtue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevail,
And every woman's faith be thine:
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone."

But Habington abounds with extravagant conceits, and execrable bad taste. Castara is not the only one whose presence restrains the elements, brings warmth to the spring, and calms "the torrid south." The Countess of Carlisle has a poetical endowment of similar properties. The sun himself derives his light from her, and the frozen Baltic melts at her approach.

In the lines upon Castara's recovery, he says, If she had died,

"I, without a groan,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood, a statue, till the general doom
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tomb;
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each lover might this epitaph have read:
'Her earth lies here below; her soul's above:
This wonder speaks her virtue, and my love.'"

If Habington be without pathos, he has more than enough of bathos. In addressing William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, the poet says,

"Nor shall your day ere set, till the sun,
From the blind heaven, like a cinder fall."

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In a serious eulogium on a country life, addressed to a friend, he commences with the following draper-like line:—"I like the green plush which your meadows wear," and ends with an idea as extravagant as this is mean.

> "I retire
> To my Castara, and meet such a fire
> Of mutual love, that if the city were
> Infected, that would purify the air."

Again, in describing a feast, the poet imagines heaven raining showers of amber comfits, and clouds of "suckets" concealing the sky; so

> "That it was question'd whether heaven were
> Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner."

There are others of the same species, but these will suffice for specimens; for we do not find much variety in his far-fetched attempts at wit. His fancy might be pregnant, as Mr. Elton alleges, but it has produced very little fruit: he is perpetually using the same images; the phœnix, for example, supplies him with similes for all occasions, to paint the beauties of a mistress, or the delicacies of a feast. We have noticed its occurrence six times at least.

Habington was also the author of a play, called, *The Queen of Aragon*, which he presented to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the household to Charles the First, and he caused it to be acted at Court, and afterwards to be published without the author's consent. It was revived at the Restoration (the author being then dead) with a prologue and epilogue, written by the author of *Hudibras*. These are the only two pieces of a complimentary kind in all Butler's performances, and the compliments are not to the play or the author, but to the Duke and Duchess of York, before whom it was represented. The play, indeed, possesses little that can be praised, either in incident, character, or imagery. Habington also completed an historical work, begun by his father, *The History of Edward VI. King of England*, and was the author of *Observations on History*.

To conclude his poetical character; he was a middling poet of the worst school of poetry, possessed the coldness without the smoothness and polish of Waller, and sacrificed grace and feeling to the utterance of clever or strange things: his amatory poetry is without passion, his funeral elegies without grief, and his paraphrases of scripture without the warmth or elevation of the originals.

ART. VI.—*Another Traveller; or Cursory Remarks, and Tritical Observations, made upon a Journey through part of the Netherlands, in the latter end of the year* 1766, *by* Coriat, Junior, 3 *vols.* 12*mo. London, Printed for Joseph Johnson, and J. Payne, in Paternoster Row; and T. Cadell, in the Strand.* 1767.

In a previous volume, we called the attention of our readers to the *Crudities of Coryat;* we now lay before them the wanderings of his son, by adoption, *Tom Coriat, Junr.:* whether he was altogether a worthy son of such a sire, is a question we shall not try to answer; but that, in many of his labours, he has afforded us considerable amusement and instruction, is an acknowledgement, which it is at once our duty and our pleasure to make.

Perhaps it is not known to many of our readers, that Coriat, Junr., was Mr. Samuel Paterson, bookseller, and book-auctioneer, in London; a man, whose brief history well merits a place in any retrospective view of the literature of the last century. He was the son of a respectable woollen draper, in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and was born March 17th, 1728. He lost his father when he was only twelve years of age, and his guardian having involved his property in ruin, and, probably, on this account, finding his presence disagreeable, sent him to France, where he acquired a very extensive knowledge of foreign literature and books. When little more than twenty years of age, he resolved to turn this knowledge to account, by opening a shop, in the Strand, and engaging in the importation and sale of foreign books. His plan appeared to be a good one, and was at first successful; but, after a struggle of sixteen years, he was compelled, either by the misconduct of his agents abroad, or from other causes, to relinquish the business altogether. At his outset in life, he entered, also, into the matrimonial state with Miss Hamilton, a lady of respectable connexions, in North Britain, who had not then completed her eighteenth year, by whom he afterwards had a numerous family. While a bookseller, he published *Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's Poems, Dr. Pottingal's Dissertation,* and various other works.

Paterson now commenced the sale of books, by auction, and, for this purpose, opened rooms at Essex House. His new business soon afforded opportunities of exhibiting his wonderful knowledge of books. Indeed, previous to this period, bibliography was little known in England, though prosecuted with considerable vigour in Germany. Oldys, in the "*British Librarian,*" had exerted himself to introduce, and promote, the science among his countrymen, but his efforts were unsuccessful,

and bibliography seemed to remain in a state of hopeless torpor. Paterson was destined to revive it, and to open a new field for the exercise of bibliographical talent. Before his time, we had not a catalogue of a library which deserved the name: in the course of his professional career, he executed many catalogues, some of which, in the opinion of good judges, have never been excelled. In 1757, an accident, of rather a curious description, led him to prepare a catalogue of the valuable MSS. of Sir Julius Cæsar, knt., judge of the admiralty to Queen Elizabeth; and chancellor, and under-treasurer of exchequer, to James the First, and Charles the First. These MSS. had fallen into the hands of persons ignorant of their worth, by whom they were about to be sold as waste paper, to a cheesemonger, for £10, when several of them happened to be shewn to Paterson. He instantly discovered their value, and digested a masterly catalogue of the whole, into several thousand singular and interesting articles, and the consequence was, that, at the sale by auction, they produced £356. The celebrated Lord Orford, and other noblemen, were among the purchasers.

Paterson's next catalogue of any importance, was his "*Bibliotheca Anglica Curiosa*, 1771." On the continent, bibliographers prepared their catalogues on the rule that human knowledge was divided into a certain number of branches, and that books ought to be classed in the same way; but, after adopting no fewer than sixteen divisions, they were obliged to place, under the head "*Miscellanies*," a larger collection of works than was comprehended in any other division. Paterson saw the absurdity of this rule, and avoided it. Hence, his catalogues always exhibited a circumstantial and judicious classification, and, in this respect, some of them are still regarded as models. This observation is more particularly applicable to the *Bibliotheca Fleetwoodiana*, *Beauclerkiana*, *Croftsiana*, *Pinelliana*, and to his catalogues of the Strange, Fagel, and Tyssen libraries. To these catalogues, subsequent bibliographers have been much indebted, but, with the exception of Mr. Dibdin, who has slightly noticed Paterson's merits, they have pilfered from him without acknowledgement.

Paterson's extensive knowledge of books enabled him to perceive, that, in many instances, they were rare or scarce only in a relative sense, and that many which were valuable, from their scarcity, in England, were rather common in other countries. He thought, therefore, that an importation and sale of such works might produce some profit to himself, and prove highly beneficial to the literature of his country, and he resolved to undertake a journey to the continent, and attempt the purchase of books of this description. He set out, in 1766; brought back to England an admirable collection of books, of

which he prepared an excellent catalogue, under the title of "*Bibliotheca Universalis Selecta ;*" and, in 1786, he sold the whole by auction, but, unfortunately, at a very considerable loss to himself. It is in the preface to this catalogue, that our worthy auctioneer speaks of his own labours, and of their unprofitable results, with a firmness which deserved a better fate. "I have laboured," he says, "many years in this track (arranging and cataloguing libraries,) with little benefit to myself, beyond the satisfaction arising from the consideration of its utility ; (myself having been always of the least consequence to myself,) but, if the diligent student has been served, and the curious enquirer gratified, the labour is amply rewarded." The "Cursory Remarks," of which we are to give an account, were the fruits of this journey; and, connected with the traveller's pursuits, an anecdote remains to be told, which, we doubt not, will prove interesting to our readers. His fellow traveller, who was a bookseller, in London, relied so much on his skill and integrity, that he lent him a thousand pounds, to be expended in additional purchases of books, trusting to the produce of the sale for repayment ; but this event proving unfortunate, his generous friend never claimed the return of the loan. We regret, we cannot insert the name of this worthy bibliopole. It merits immortality.

Although Paterson's labours brought small accessions to his means of subsistence, they greatly increased his reputation among men of letters. The Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquess of Lansdowne, among others, heard of his fame, and requested him to arrange his valuable library ; to compile a detailed catalogue of his books and MSS.; and, for these purposes, to accept of the office of his librarian, with a liberal salary. The request was instantly complied with, and Paterson seemed, at last, to be secure of a comfortable income, and of an employment quite congenial to his wishes ; but he had enjoyed the office only a few years, when an unhappy misunderstanding betwixt him and his noble patron, led to his dismissal. Perhaps, he gave way too much to his passion for reading, and his employer might thus find the work assigned him proceeding too slowly for his purposes ; but, whatever was the cause of Paterson's dismissal, it reduced him once more to needy circumstances, and left him no other resource, than that of cataloguing, and selling the libraries of others ; a pursuit which, in his hands, and with his habits, and the infirmities of increasing years, was productive of little profit.

In the midst of all his employments, he found time to write various works. In addition to the "Cursory Remarks," we may mention "*Joineriana*," 2 vols. 12mo. 1772 ; "*The Templar*," a periodical paper, 1773 ; and "*Speculations on Law and Lawyers*,"

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1778. It is understood, that this last work was occasioned by the hardships he suffered from his guardian's unprincipled conduct, and from his obtaining little or no redress in a suit at law; and we may rest assured, that the bitterness of his reproaches would not be mitigated by the additional distresses which his imprudent speculations, and the wants of a numerous family, could not fail to bring upon him. But it was chiefly for his unrivalled talent in compiling catalogues, that Paterson was celebrated; and our readers may have some notion of the value of his labours in this department, when we inform them, that these labours tended greatly to promote the advancement of British bibliography; and that, even at this day, when we can boast of some bright names in this much-loved and much-studied science, the name of Paterson occupies a conspicuous place among those of its most successful cultivators.

Like many of the events of his life, the cause of Paterson's death was of a wayward kind. He stumbled in the dark, over a small dog-kennel, left by mistake at the bottom of a stair-case, and wounded his leg. The wound soon mortified, and on the 29th November, 1802, Paterson breathed his last.

Turn we now to the three tiny volumes of our bibliopolist; not very appropriately, perhaps, called a book of travels, but, assuredly, not inaptly described (see p. 150,) as "a book of wanderings, rather intersected with whimsical digressions, and seasonable reflections." Indeed, as travels, we are in conscience bound to say, that we cannot reckon them very praiseworthy; they do not, in fact, contain above a half dozen descriptions. Nor, as a series of anecdotes, will they stand the test; the number of these not being great, and honest Paterson not being the very best narrator of a story, we have met with. Again, as containing reflections on life and manners, we are constrained to admit, that, in various places, we found these jejune and common-place; in others, sophistical; in some, extravagant. But these are all the deductions we feel ourselves compelled to make from our critical approbation of the volumes. Accordingly, we are now entitled to reverse the picture, and to state, that the few descriptions to be found in the work, are clearly and neatly given; that the anecdotes, interspersed throughout, are often entertaining, and told in a lively manner; and that the reflections of the author are always liberal, sometimes striking, and not unfrequently new. Perhaps, there is an affectation of excursiveness, which savours somewhat of Shandean imitation; but the reader is good-naturedly warned at the outset, that the author intends "to proceed in his own way," vol. i. p. 33. Perhaps, too, he is apt to think and talk of himself, and of his own feelings, with greater frequency and fondness than might be wished; but, after perusing the following candid apology, what

reader would be cruel enough to decry the egotism of worthy Sam. "My greatest misfortune is this cursed egotism, which I find myself insensibly running into! 'I said, I did, and I went'—how shall I get rid of it? for the soul of me, I can't tell! it hurts myself—how then must it affect my readers? yet you'll all allow, 'tis very difficult for a man to tell a story about himself, and yet to leave himself out of the question." Ibid. p. 35. A fastidious critic might censure the style as sententious, flippant, abrupt; we, on the contrary, are pleased with it, as quite in keeping with the light-hearted reflections, the short disjointed sketches, and fanciful tripping anecdotes, which are scattered through the volumes. In short, as our readers may perceive, Paterson is a favourite with us; and though we do not pretend to overlook his faults, or to regard him as a tourist of the most enlarged mind, yet we do think him, to the extent of his abilities, "indifferent honest," and, what is almost as good, "a whimsical traveller, who set out with a disposition of being pleased." 'Tis true, he has not the humour and pathos of Sterne, or the keenness of observation of Smollet, or of Moore, but he is not devoid of a sprinkling of all these qualifications; and, besides, he has a larger stock of candour and good nature, than distinguished all the celebrated writers whom we have just named.

But our readers may wish, by this time, to judge for themselves, and we willingly proceed to our extracts. Our first shall be cap. ix., vol. i. which appears to us, to be a good specimen of the author's peculiar manner both of thinking and writing. It follows his account of a fine old church, in the town of Ghistel, in Flanders, dedicated to St. Godeliva.

"'By Saint Godeliva!—who shall henceforth be the divinity that I will deprecate, as often as I undertake the cause of injured innocence, and defenceless beauty.

"'By Saint Godeliva! said I, 'tis monstrous, cruel, unnatural!—nor will I admit of any argument in defence of so unfeeling, so inhuman a practice!'

"This was spoken to that modest and well-deserving gentleman, Doctor M'V. as we were coming out of the convent of the devout sisters of our lady of the conception.

"Among other debts of obligation which I owe to the good doctor, I shall not readily forget his kindness, in introducing me to the company of some of the nuns of that holy sisterhood; and in particular to my fair countrywoman, sister Grace Fox, who, though born and bred a protestant of the church of England, had been soothed, or tempted, or some how or other constrained to take the habit of that order.

"Indeed, 'tis a most bewitching habit—enough to make any girl enamoured with a cloister, who was but sensible of her own charms, (as most are, who have any; and many fancy, who have none) and

conceited how well she would become it. 'Tis of fine white woollen cloth, spotless as the lambkin's fleece, from whence it is derived, and symbolical of its native purity—the thin, transparent, black veil adown the face, contrasts the red and white—which, from its gentle waving, still opens new beauties, still conceals what may be better imagined—the most loosely-attired coquet cannot display the thousandth part of them.

" But turn thine eyes from it, thou fair observer!—too easily enticed by false appearance, susceptible alike of good and evil—for, take my word, there's magic in the web of it! The moment thou puttest it on, thy beauty's storehouse, the pride of heaven, thyself, and all mankind, will become a piteous charnel!—thy fair opening blossoms will wither, thy roses fade, thy lilies shrink from their whiteness!—thy silken locks for ever be concealed—thy crystal orbs cease to emit their wonted fires!—thy fragrant breath, which late out-vied the morning's freshness, be thenceforth spent in broken and causeless sighs!—thine eyes will be directed to turn inwards, there to behold the spotless chamber of thy soul!—wretched conceit!—alas! that thou mightest well do, hadst thou no eyes at all!—who then shall mark thy witching airs, thy easy steps, thy graceful motions?—None but divinities shall hear thy oft melting speech—none but angels catch the enrapturing music of thy voice!

" What a pity it is, to see so many delicate young creatures shut up from society!—the very ends of their being blasted!—created to charm, to chear, to be admired—to love, and to be loved—to taste the riches of increase—to rejoice in their maker's bounty, not limited to them alone, but extended to their numerous offspring!

" What a perversion of scripture is here?—Virgins and lamps!—vessels of honour, and leafy trees!—which are the foolish virgins?—those who attended the bridegroom's coming, or those who went not till it was too late?—which are the most honourable, the full or the empty vessels!—which the goodliest tree, the leafy or the fruitful?

" Here, buried alive, they grow and wither in obscurity—they may not be touched, scarce looked upon, their fragrancy never once to be tasted!—their sweet breath serving only to bedew and perfume the hallowed walls, rendered such by immuring them.

" And so the conversion of my pretty countrywoman, it seems, was, in a great measure, owing to the present pious bishop of Bruges.

" His lordship had learnt, that her inclination was wavering, her faith unsteady, her means of support slender—here a fine opportunity presented itself of taking her soul into keeping, of fixing her faith, and, at the same time, of securing her body's maintenance—he paid down the price of her admission among the Conceptionists.

" To establish the wavering mind—to receive the stranger—to patronize the wretched, are certainly acts of great humanity, and becoming a bishop as much as any man whatsoever.—His lordship, no doubt, was happy in thinking that he had gained a soul—but I dare say he never once reflected, how many good subjects the king, my master, may have lost through his zeal, and heaven, perhaps, as many saints.

" Your pardon, my dear doctor, 'tis your want of consideration,

not mine—no man upon earth loves, honours, respects them more than myself—you consider them too partially—my affection for them is as unbounded as love itself—you only want to add to the number of the elect—I would wish to increase the inhabitants of Heaven.

"I know you are a papist, doctor, and from a fondness for your female relations, may wish to have two thirds of your sisters, aunts, and cousins, become nuns and saints—but I, upon sound protestant principles, cannot for the soul, or for the body of me, or both united, consider a woman, but as a woman."

After our readers have thus satisfied themselves, that Paterson's heart was in the right place, and disposed of his philosophy to their liking, we beg to offer to their notice, one of those opinions, which we regard as quite characteristic of the author, but of the soundness of which we entertain some doubts.

"The shops of booksellers should always be visited by the curious traveller; since they may be considered as the abstracts of the genius and learning of the country. A well-read, and at the same time a well-bred man, might in half an hour learn to dress his conversation by them; chusing such subjects as were most for his own information, and best suited to the humour of the people, and avoiding such as he apprehended might give offence. I am so clear in this conceit, though some may be disposed to laugh at it (and they have free leave so to do), that I do not know whether, in some situations, I would not pay the bookseller a visit, even before I had sent for the dresser.

"To strengthen this opinion, and to guard against the fleers of some of my merrily-disposed readers, give me leave to observe, that if I had been hoodwinked, and privately conveyed from London, not knowing whither I was going, and had been set down in Myn Heer Van Praet's shop, at Bruges, as soon as mine eyes had been uncovered, and that I could look about me, I should not have hesitated a moment to pronounce, that the religion of the country was popish, and the bulk of the inhabitants bigots. Upon a slight survey, I should have discovered, that the country was Flanders; and a little more reflection would have opened to me, that the secular clergy were profound canonists, and not a little enveloped in the rubbish of the schools; but that the regulars delighted mostly in monastical history, and the lives of saints and founders; that the learned laity were able civilians, but vague philosophers, the principles of Descartes being still the reigning ones, maugre all experiment; that, from the number of obsolete books of medicine, I should judge their physicians depended more upon reading than practice: that the politer sort amused themselves with the antiquities of their own country, and the genealogies of their own houses, (a voluminous body!) and, that their belles lettres were the last new books imported from France.

"Have I made it out?—if not, I must postpone it till another opportunity; for see, the waiter is come to tell us that supper is ready."

Our first extract related to a fair nun; we now present our readers with a sketch of a Carthusian monk: and if they admired, in any degree, the chivalry of our traveller towards his interesting countrywoman, Grace Fox, we opine, that they will receive with some satisfaction the following slight portrait of father M—— and his silent associates.

"For my part, had it been as many leagues, I should not have been tired of the agreeable company I found there; particularly of the unaffected politeness, and edifying conversation of my countryman, father M——,* prior of the English Carthusians, at Nieuport, a gentleman who appears to be blest with many of those rare talents which endear their possessors to society; insomuch, that lapsed humanity may well regret that the plain paths of virtue are so often thought to be diametrically opposite to the purposes of grace. His relations, and more intimate friends, must certainly have lamented the early surfeit which he took of life; and measuring life's prosperity by the false scale of human prudence, foresaw more glory to their hopes and their inheritance in heading an army, than in presiding over an handful of mute solitaries; we may, therefore, conclude, that several of them regarded him as one born to disappoint their most sanguine expectation, from the moment he exchanged the camp for the cloister.

"Doubtless, his calling was sure—nor could it be mistaken for a strong conceit of the will—or the after-weakness which often succeeds disgust and the rage of disappointment—for some of us, I fear, are too apt to place, indiscriminately, religious election to the score of the divine call. His, I am persuaded, was quite otherwise—if he says so.

"Well, be that as it may—I here give it under my hand, that as often as I find men called to a Christian temper, to love mercy, and walk humbly, that I shall not dispute the fitness of their call; and, if they chuse to walk in some particular habits, (wherever such distinctions are warranted) I shall be apt to say, that, from custom, one habit is as eligible as another, if they prefer solitude to the world; it may be that they have some private views of their own, as to their abstinences and other mortifications; I must own, I cannot see any great pleasure in them—but, it seems, some of them won't talk; I therefore conclude, they find more comfort in contemplation, than in speech—how they cross their arms, some will say, and what odd gestures they use!—so much the better—I admire attitudes, of all things—especially when they are graceful.

"The small remnant of the once flourishing Carthusian abbey of Shene, (I think they are of the foundation of Shene-abbey, but I cannot be positive) are now settled at Nieuport, where they have resided ever since the general wreck of monasteries in England, in the memorable days of our eighth Harry.

"This is the only English house of that order now remaining; and travellers of all nations who pass that way, but more especially

* Formerly a commander in the Spanish cavalry.

the English, expatiate much upon the sanctity of their lives, and their unbounded hospitality, under the direction of their present worthy prior ; their number is reduced to six, so that, in case of any unforeseen mortality among them, that order must be shortly extinct respecting our countrymen ; they will not easily find novices to enlist under their severe banner ; the rigid impositions of perpetual silence, (except to the prior for the time being) their fastings and watchings, their total abstinence from flesh, and the comfortable refreshment of linen, ill suit with the accepted rules of life. Notwithstanding those discouragements, it is not many years since an English gentleman of fortune, and of a protestant family, went over to them ; maugre his education in one of our celebrated universities.

" What shall we say to these extremes ?— nothing—but that man will be always found a contradiction to himself—still groping, darkling, in the midst of an imaginary blaze—still studying more and more to bewilder the maze of his existence—the sage of folly—the fool of his own wisdom !"

If we have succeeded according to our wishes in establishing the claims of our bibliopolistic friend to some portion of our readers' regard, we trust we have excited a wish to peruse more of his sketchy outlines of character and piquant reflections. Having, in the first place, as in duty bound, paid our respects to the church, by presenting his views of the clerical life, in both sexes, it is but fair that we now turn to another class of heaven's creatures ; and a specimen, exemplifying the peculiar manner of the author as completely as any we could select, is to be found in the following portrait of the landlord of Alost :

" And here it may not be improper to acquaint the reader with the true character of mine host. Do not imagine that De Heer Cooreman (for so he is called) is a mere publican,—such a one as is to be met with upon every road in England ;—one, bred a postboy, converted first into an ostler, and afterwards into a tapster ;—or, tired out with lazy servitude, now, under his late master's escutcheon, reposes his future care in the lap of his once-loved Dolly, smoking from morning till night, drinking more than he brews, seldom opening his mouth but to swear, and welcome his customers in and out ;—or one whose industry had enabled him to pick up his pence as a marker at a billiard-table ;—or whose parts had promoted him, from being a feeder at a cock-pit ;—or, lastly, from having been formerly the foremost in the Olympic field, and frequently playing booty on all sides, at last, confessing himself the rascal but of one, was set up in a first-rate inn, as the reward of his treachery.

" De Heer Cooreman had no such excellencies to boast ; he had been simply bred up at the university of Louvain, had Latin enough to break a thousand charms, had gone through his courses regularly, was as good a polemic as the best of them, and no mean philosopher. Mine host was, certainly, the most learned and highest

bred publican I ever knew, not excepting old King, at the Angel, at Oxford.

"You see, then, discerning reader, by those two instances which I have produced, that men's business are often the effect of accident, not choice. The enlightened mind must sometimes stoop, for bread, to such employment as the heart ill brooks. One man, without desert, shall have place and distinction; but strip him of the accident of his birth, or partial favour, and he may be found scarce worthy to bear a trencher; whilst another is fated to draw wine, who, notwithstanding, may have brains enough to make a bishop. De Heer Cooreman, I am persuaded, independent of the chapter of accidents, would have made a better figure in a higher station.

"Let no man, then, plume himself too much upon his lot in life—upon the accident of his good fortune. If he is happy, let him study to increase his own happiness, and that of others, by a course of humility. If he is simple, let him not offend his neighbours, but labour to conceal his weakness. But if he has understanding, no matter for his situation, he will, nevertheless, be grateful to heaven that he is not a fool."

Our extracts have hitherto been taken rather from the digressions than from the journal of the author, and our readers will not be surprised at this announcement, when we tell them, that the book is made up of digressions. We are anxious, however, to give them an opportunity of judging of his powers of description, and, therefore, we quote the first portion of narrative which occurs after his separation from the worthy landlord of Alost.

"So, having settled some few points with myself, such as are hinted at in the preceding chapter, and taken leave of our learned host at the Three Kings, with a promise never to pass his door in any future Flemish peregrination, we ordered the coachman to drive to the Abbey of Affligem, about half a league distant from Alost, in the way to Brussels, and about half a mile out of the main road.

"Here the eye of the curious passenger is, at once, charmed with the delightful situation, the elegant avenue, the universal grandeur! If a man, thought I, was ambitious of going to heaven like a gentleman, he need not wish to be transported thither from a more stately terrene mansion. To this palace of piety, princes might retire, after a surfeit of giddy greatness, and quietly lay down their ensigns of human pomp; sure marks of superior place, but not of more inward peace.

"There's the comfort, after all! The grand achievement is to be acquired without them; nor will it have place in any quartering of the laboured escutcheon. What have the *parties per pale*, the *parties per fesse*, and the *parties per bend*, of our ancestry to do here? where each is conscious that he has a serious *party per se* to act; the record whereof is incognizable to, and totally independent of, every court of

honour. 'For my part, no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved!'

"The door of Hospitality is ever open, and some of her ministers always upon the watch for the next comer. The modest stranger may spare himself the blush of timidity at this time: let him approach with respectful confidence; my life on't! he will not be rudely interrogated,—'What do you want?' before he is let in, but he will be first admitted; the pious brethren never doubting, but that some or other of them can administer to his wants, either in matter of beneficence, or courtesy.

"No such question will arise as—'What the devil has brought him hither?' Each has resolved it in his own mind: devotion might stimulate—necessity might urge—curiosity might prompt. It may be, to make an offering, to beg an alms, or to contemplate a passion-flower.

"For the love of truth! let us not misreport, neither, for our own sake, let us not be unmindful of benefits, from strangers especially; and if of a different communion, so much the more to be admired. It would be the height of ingratitude in me to pass by the kindnesses of Father Martin Stercks, the Hospitalarius of Affligem, in a work purposely calculated to blazon humanity and to depict men, not to villify establishments or bedaub sectaries; to laugh at those who fancy they are pursuing the old, or hoot at such as are persuaded they have discovered a new road to heaven.

"Having passed through two rooms, and being entered a third, the Hospitalarius, observing that my attention was wrapt in a picture of a holy family, addressed me, as it were, by accident,—'You are a Catholic, Sir,' said he, 'I take it for granted?' (*apparemment* was the word he made use of.)—'No, Father,' said I; 'in your sense I am not.' Hence followed a remarkable instance of his politeness, and another of his extensive charity, (such as should make bigots blush, and bridle the tongues of fools,) for, from that moment, he never opened his mouth upon the subject of religion; nor could his kindness, notwithstanding, have been more liberal, even though I had been a pope's nephew.

"Having gone through the several apartments which are commonly shewn to strangers, he afterwards conducted us to the church: but it would be an endless task to enumerate the treasures of churches in that country. An elaborate collector has long since filled the greatest part of four volumes in folio, with the trophies of churches in that province only.

"I rather chuse to pause for a moment at this undecorated marble, sacred to the memory of Antony Sanderus, a learned Flemish antiquary of the last century, who, after a life of much labour, falling into distress when most he wanted comfort, found a ready asylum among the pious Benedictines of Affligem, who received him with great kindness, treated him as a brother, made him bless his latter years, and, lastly, found room for his bones within the bosom of their sanctuary.

"Soon after, we were ushered into the prior's parlour to dinner,

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(the several principal officers of the abbey being there,) by all of whom we were received with much politeness. And here give me leave to observe, that if Mother-Church has appointed certain days of abstinence, they must be undutiful children indeed, and froward to their own cost, who disobey her commands; provided always, that in the absence of flesh, they can mortify so luxuriously upon such excellent fish and fruits as we found among the Benedictines."

One specimen more of the author's descriptive powers, which we have selected, because it is as applicable to the Dutch of the present day, as to their ancestors in 1766; and we hasten to say farewell to Mr. Paterson.

"The neatness of the Dutch cities, together with the regularity, thriftiness, industry, and cleanliness of the inhabitants, surpass description, and must be seen, in order to be thoroughly understood.

"The smallest filth in the streets would be deemed a nuisance, and a reproach to any one that would suffer it to lie at his door.

"Regularity, not only in affairs of business, but in the whole domestic conduct, is so essential to the happiness of a Dutchman, that any man would be thought ignorant of what he owes the public and himself, should he neglect it.

"Thriftiness they hold in high esteem—a man must be thrifty who would at all times serve himself, and, now and then, his neighbour. After all, say they, Thriftiness is a never-failing friend.

"To secure this desirable friend, who, they say, is only to be won by perseverance, industry becomes a part of their constitutional virtue. Hence, vagrants of all sorts are discountenanced; neither are beggars, upon any pretence, suffered to patrole the streets.

"Personal cleanliness is so well approved, that a sloven or a slut would want employment, hardly any master or mistress would harbour them; no matter how coarse their covering, but they must be whole and clean.

"On the contrary, dirt is the badge of some professions with us—you may guess at their calling by their beastliness—and, in our metropolis especially, there is an affectation among many of the lower sort, of appearing the offensive sloven and the filthy bunter, the loose companion, the blackguard, and the rascal. Hardly any body decries this humour in the mob—for why?—because it makes a part of our public diversion. Whereas, throughout the States' dominions, you will not meet with a dirty sailor, a dirty fisherman, a dirty waterman, a dirty porter, a dirty carman, or even a dirty chimney-sweeper."

We have now enabled our readers to judge whether we have overrated the good qualities of *Coriat, Junior*; and it is time, perhaps, that we make our bow and retire. Before doing so, however, we must transfer to our pages, for the benefit of future travellers, one piece of sound advice given by our honest friend; which is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as it

was verified by his own experience, and fulfilled to the utmost of his expectations. It is as follows :—

"And yet, if I mistake not, after this manner most of my countrymen travel: they set out with prejudices against the natives they are going to visit; they know their characters before-hand—a Frenchman, is a puppy; an Italian, a cheat; a German, a pedant; and a Dutchman, a brute—for this reason, they chuse to keep their own company, to be waited upon by their own servants, to journey in their own carriages, and to return home almost as wise as they set out."

Now then, most whimsical companion, we part. We have had a pleasant ramble together. Your humour we like—your benevolence we admire—and your liberality and sagacity please us: though, we dare say, there may be critics who do not think you overwise. In short, to use your own language—"After all, Mr. Coriat, you shall have our good word, we promise you; we like you in some things very well; and if you have failed in others, why, Lord help us! we've all our failings."

ART. VII.—*Poems, written by the Right Reverend* Dr. Richard Corbet, *late Bishop of Norwich. 1st edition,* 1647; *2nd edition,* 1648; *3rd edition,* 1672; 12*mo.*

Merry Old England! Why merry? Why old? In antiquity, as well as in merriment, we seem far inferior to our neighbours. Certainly, we possess not these accidents in any such degree as entitles us to the epithets as a distinction over other sadder and younger nations. Gaiety, lightheartness, high animal spirits, are not the characteristics of Englishmen now; and, as well as we can judge, never have been. The character of seriousness is engraven upon the chiefest part of our literature; and, in cases of great excellence, the rising of the spirit has not been especially shewn in compositions of wit and drollery, but in passages of wisdom, sublimity, and grandeur. The period in the annals of our literature most distinguished for wit and gaiety was a period of imitation; the style, the air, almost the matter, was imported; the exotic never took deep root. The grave and earnest fanaticism of the Puritanic age, which preceded the times of the witty courtiers of the Merry Monarch, took a far stronger hold of the intellectual soil of this country. Perhaps the tone of composition and the tenor of thought most characteristic of England, is that which may be best described by the epithet *biblical.* Throughout our national sentiment there breathes the zeal, the earnestness, the

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sublimity, the sternness, of the Jewish Scripture—the library of the peasant, the storehouse of the poet, the model of the man of taste, the authority of the divine, the guide of age, the terror of youth, the text-book of all. Gaiety and lightness of heart are not *protestant*. The gayest and most cheerful writer of our language is Chaucer. Popery, by divesting religion of the spiritual, and by converting its observances into mere ceremonies, relieves the mind from the contemplation of the future and the supernatural, and confines its circle of consideration to the mere things of this world. What is lost in greatness is gained in lightness. Let our remarks be understood as simply literary. We take not here into account the greater and vastly more important points of the comparison. As a question of mere literature, however, we feel convinced, that an examination into the history of our literature would prove the truth of our remark. If we were to draw a map of Europe, and distinguish its territory according to the gaiety or seriousness of its inhabitants, the same boundaries would pretty nearly serve for the divisions between Catholic and Protestant. It is true, that the religion may not be the cause. The adoption of either one or other faith may even be the mere effect of the very seriousness or gaiety to which we are pointing. But though we allow that a national character of earnestness and reflection would naturally lead to the rejection of popery and the cultivation of protestantism, yet there can be hardly any doubt that such powerful agents as these different faiths must create a very considerable reaction. Protestantism thus making the grave German and Englishman still more serious, and popery still further lightening the already unballasted bark of the Frenchman and Italian.

Some confirmation of our remark may be found even in the poems of Corbet and his time. The wits were all, like him, of the Arminian sect, the party most opposed to puritanism, and chiefly suspected of leaning towards popery. From the earliest period of the Reformation, we think, may be traced the progress of gravity in this country, which spread gradually over the character as the awful truths of religion became more inwardly felt, more constantly dwelt upon, more duly weighed. Up to the Restoration, its course was rapid and unchecked; by that event, a considerable reaction took place, which, however, silently retreated before the march of gospel truth. At the present moment, we believe, the religious world is more populous, more zealous, and more powerful, than it has ever been in England; and, in our opinion, it is also true, that the character of the country is less gay, more earnest, more serious, more attached to truth, less attached to the gladiatorial sport of words and ideas, in which gaiety delights, and in which much of wit consists.

A remarkable feature of the writings of the time of Corbet is the cheerfulness which reigns in nearly all the compositions, whether of laymen or divines, of the metropolis or the universities.* They who were, by office, the gravest characters of the realm, were incessantly interchanging effusions of wit, gaiety, and good-humour, eulogy or elegy, congratulation or satire. Wit overflowed from songs, sonnets, pamphlets, and sermons. The character of wit was universal about town, in the church, at Cambridge and Oxford; in all ranks, from the monarch to the clown. Corbet, successively Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, was an example of it, and seems to have been indebted for his elevation very much to the brilliancy of his fancy. Perhaps, these pòems do not give the best example of his powers. They were published after his death, and were never intended to be published at all. They are, however, in many instances, still witty, (for wit is a thing which does not keep, depending so much as it does upon living men and living manners,) and will still create amusement. They are, certainly, not such verses as a bishop would write now-a-days; neither is it probable, that a man given to the composition of such poems would ever grace the episcopal bench. Corbet's real character is, perhaps, more clearly seen, and to more advantage, from the scattered anecdotes of his life, and an extract or two from one of his sermons, than from his verse. For this reason, before we transfer to our pages such parts of his poems as still remain undestroyed by age and the changes of the times, we will, after mentioning the few particulars known of his biography, quote certain passages of and concerning him, collected by the industry of Mr. Gilchrist.†

Richard Corbet, successively bishop of Oxford and Norwich, was born in the village of Ewell, in Surrey, in the year 1582: he was the only son of Benet, or Benedicta, and Vincent Corbet. Of his father, who is highly praised by Ben Jonson

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* In *The Book of Sports*, by King James, 1618, it is declared to be his majesty's pleasure, "that after the end of divine service, our good people shall not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation; such as dauncing, either men or women; archerie, for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation; nor from having of May-games, Witson ales, and Morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles therein used; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decoring of it, according to their old custome." Let any one compare this with the present notions on the subject of profanation of the sabbath.

† In his very respectable edition of Corbet, 12mo., 1807. A limited number only was printed, and it is now become difficult to procure a copy.

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for various virtues, little seems to be known, beyond the fact of his being, either by taste or trade, a gardener.* He resided at Whitton, near Twickenham, where his son, the bishop, spent

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* An Epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son:
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather:
Dear Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life;
A life that knew nor noise nor strife:
But was, by sweet'ning so his will,
All order and composure still.
His mind as pure, and neatly kept
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend,
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly
To license ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight;
His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him, I profess, I won,
And more, much more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant:
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray, who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed:
For, truly, since he left to be,
I feel I'm rather dead than he.
Reader, whose life and name did e'er become
An epitaph, deserv'd a tomb:

his declining days. Richard Corbet received the rudiments of his education at Westminster, and was thence removed, in 1597-8, to Broadgate Hall, and, the year following, was admitted a student of Christ Church, Oxford. In 1605, he took the degree of Master of Arts.

The following early specimen of his humour, somewhat faded, it must be confessed, is preserved, in a collection of "Mery Passages and Jeastes," *Harl. MS.* No. 6395. 'Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster; Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those terms; 'Friend,' says Bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, but, prythee, tell him, from me, that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always *burnt*."

In 1612, upon the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, the University deputed Corbet, then one of the proctors, to pronounce a funeral oration, "who," to use the words of Antony Wood, "very oratorically speeched it in St. Marie's Church, before a numerous auditory." The oration still exists (in Latin), and is printed in Mr. Gilchrist's edition. On the 18th March, in the following year, he performed the same duty, in the Divinity School, on occasion of the interment of Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the library known by his name. We learn, from Heylyn, that about this time Corbet gave considerable offence, by openly opposing one of the doctrines of Calvin, which doctrines were espoused by Abbot, the then Archbishop of Canterbury. "Preaching the Passion sermon, at Christ Church (1613), he insisted on the article of Christ's descending into hell, and therein grated upon Calvin's manifest perverting of the true sense and meaning of it: for which, says Heylyn, he was so rattled up by the Repetitioner (Dr. Robert Abbot, brother to the archbishop) that if he had not been a man of a very great courage, it might have made him afraid of staying in the University. This, it was generally conceived, was not done without the archbishop setting on; but, the best was, adds Heylyn, that none sunk under the burthen of these oppressions, if (like the Camomil) they did not rise the higher for it.*

This observation was proved in the person of Corbet him-

Nor wants it here through penury, or sloth,
Who makes the one, so be it first, makes both.
Jonson's Underwoods.

* Heylyn's Life of Archbishop Laud, p. 68, fol. 1668.

self. He was either now, or soon after, dean of Christ Church, vicar of Cassington, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and prebendary of Bedminster secunda in the church of Sarum. He next obtained a chaplaincy to the king, which is supposed to be the object of the following characteristic letter to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

"May it please your Grace

"To consider my two great losses this week: one, in respect of his Majesty, to whom I was to preach; the other, in respect of my patron, whom I was to visit. If this be not the way to repair the latter of my losses, I fear I am in danger to be utterly undone. To press too near a great man is a meanness; to be put by, and to stand too far off, is the way to be forgotten: so Ecclesiasticus. In which mediocrity, could I hit it, would I live and die, my lord. I would neither press near, nor stand far off; choosing rather the name of an ill courtier, than a saucy scholar.

"I am your Grace's most humble servant,

"RICHARD CORBET."

"*Christ Church, this* 26 *Feb.*"

When James paid a visit to Oxford, in 1621, Corbet preached before him. The monarch presented him with a mark of his favour, in the shape of a ring, of which, during his sermon, the chaplain seems to have made an ostentatious display. The wits of the time did not lose so favourable an opportunity of holding up to ridicule a man from whom they had so often suffered in a similar way. The following is a specimen of their attacks upon him, transcribed from Antony Wood's papers in Ashmole's Museum.

"The king and the court,
Desirous of sport,
Six days at Woodstock did lie:
Thither went the doctors,
And satin-sleev'd proctors,
With the rest of the learned fry;

Whose faces did shine
With beer and with wine,
So fat, that it may be thought
University cheer,
With college strong beer,
Made them far better fed than taught.

A number beside,
With their wenches did ride,

(For scholars are always kind)
And still evermore,
While they rode before,
They were kissing their wenches behind.

A number on foot,
Without cloak or boot,
And yet with the court go they would;
Desirous to show
How far they could go
To do his high mightiness good.

The reverend dean,
With his band starch'd clean,
Did preach before the king;
A ring was his pride
To his bandstrings tied—
Was not this a pretty thing?

The ring, without doubt,
Was the thing put him out,
And made him forget what was next;
For every one there,
Will say, I dare swear,
He handled it more than his text."

It is again demanded in another poem (MS. Ashmole, A. 37.) if

He would provoke court wits to sing
The *second* part of bandstrings and the ring.

About the year 1625, Corbet married the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, of Flore, in Northamptonshire. He had, by this marriage, a daughter named Alice, and also a son, Vincent, to whom a very affectionate poem in this collection is addressed.

In 1629, Corbet was elected Bishop of Oxford. This bishoprick he held but a short time; for, in 1632, he was translated to the see of Norwich. In 1633, Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and was succeeded by Laud, who soon bestirred himself to reform the abuses of the church, and regulate its ceremonies, which, it was alleged, had been sadly neglected in the time of his Calvinistic predecessor. For this purpose, Laud issued certain orders and instructions to the several bishops, requiring a strict examination into the state of religion and its ceremonies, in their several dioceses. On his

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part, Corbet certified that he had suppressed the lectures of some factious men, and, particularly, that he had suspended one Bridges, curate of St. George's parish, Norwich. Among others, he had heard complaint of Mr. Ward, of Ipswich, for words in some sermon, for which he was called before the high commission. The words were, that he had told his congregation that "the Church of England was ready to ring changes on religion, and that the gospel stood on tiptoe to be gone." We may conclude, from the following friendly letter from Corbet, that Ward had made his peace.

"My worthy friend,

"I thank God for your conformity, and you for your acknowledgment: stand upright to the church wherein you live; be true of heart to her governors: think well of her significant ceremonies; and be you assured I shall never displace you of that room which I have given you in my affection; prove you a good tenant in my heart, and no minister in my diocese hath a better landlord. Farewell! God almighty bless you with your whole congregation.

"From your faithful friend to serve you in Christ Jesus,

"RICH. NORWICH."*

We also find a letter of the bishop's to the Walloon congregation, who rented from his see the chapel of the Virgin Mary in Norwich. Laud had disturbed the whole of these congregations, many of which were established in London, and spread over the country; and he probably instigated Corbet to the composition of the following threatening letter.

"To the minister and elders of the French church, in Norwich, these:

"Salutem in Christo.

"You have promised me from time to time to restore my stolen bell, and to glaze my lettice windows. After three years' consultation, (besides other pollution) I see nothing mended. Your discipline, I know, care not much for a consecrated place, and any other room in Norwich, that hath but breadth and length, may serve your turn as well as the chapel: wherefore I say unto you, without a miracle, *Lazare, prodi foras!* Depart, and hire some other place for your irregular meetings: you shall have time to provide for yourselves betwixt this and Whitsuntide. And that you may not think I mean to deal with you as Felix did by Paul, that is, make you afraid, to get money, I shall keep my word with you, which you did not with me, and, as near as I can, be like you in nothing.

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* Harl. MS. No. 464. fol. 13. See Gilchrist's Ed.

"Written by me, Richard Norwich, with mine own hand, Dec. 26, anno 1634."

The bishop was not, however, a persecutor; the Walloon company having undertaken to make the necessary repairs, they afterwards obtained a lease of the church for forty years.

Corbet, though a wit and a poet, and an ardent lover of enjoyment, was by no means an idle bishop Of his numerous sermons there are no remains, except some extracts from a very lively exhortation in behalf of the subscription for restoring St. Paul's Cathedral, which had remained in ruins from its second destruction by fire, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He himself gave four hundred pounds, and the sermon exhibits as much zeal in the project as his donation.

"Saint Paul's church! One word in the behalf of Saint Paul; he hath spoken many in ours: he hath raised our inward temples. Let us help to requite him in his outward. We admire commonly those things which are oldest and greatest: old monuments, and high buildings, do affect us above measure: and what is the reason? Because what is oldest cometh nearest God for antiquity, and what is greatest, comes nearest his works for spaciousness and magnitude: so that in honouring these we honour God, whom old and great do seem to imitate. Should I commend Paul's to you for the age, it were worth your thought and admiration. A thousand years, though it should fall now, were a pretty climacterical. See the bigness, and your eye never yet beheld such a goodly object. It's worth the reparation, though it were but for a land mark; but, beloved, it is a church, and consecrated to God. From Charles to Ethelbert she hath been the joy of princes. It was once dedicated to Diana (at least some part of it); but the idolatry lasted not long. And see a mystery in the change: Saint Paul confuting twice the idol, there in person, where the cry was, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' and here by proxy. Paul installed, where Diana is thrust out. It did magnify the creation, it was taken out of the darkness: light is not the clearer for it, but stronger and more wonderful: and it doth beautify this church, because it was taken from pollution. The stones are not the more durable, but the happier for it. It is worthy the standing for the age, the time since it was built, and for the structure, so stately an edifice is it: it is worthy to stand for a memorial of it from which it is redeemed, but chiefly for his house that dwells therein. We are bound to do it, for the service sake that is done in it. Are we not beholden to it, every man, either to the body, or the choir: for a walk or a warbling note: for a prayer or a thorough-path? Some way or other, there is a topic may make room for your benevolence.

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"It hath twice suffered martyrdom: and both by fire, in the time of Henry the Sixth and the third of Elizabeth.

"Saint Paul complained of stoning twice; his church of firing: stoning she wants, indeed, and a good stoning would repair her.

"Saint Faith holds her up, I confess. Oh, that works were sainted to keep her upright! The first way of building churches was by ways of benevolence; but then there needed no petition: men came on so fast, that they were commanded to be kept back; but repairing now needs petition. Benevolence was a fire once had need to be quenched; it is a spark now, and needs blowing on it: blow it hard, *and put it out.* Some petitions there are, for pulling down of such an aisle, or changing lead for thack: so far from reparation, that our suit is to demolish. If to deny this be persecution, if to repair churches be innovation, I'll be of that religion too.

"I remember a tale in Henry Steevens, in his *Apology for Herodotus*, or in some of the Colloquies of Erasmus, which would have us believe that times were so depraved in popery, that all œconomical discipline was lost by observing the œcumenical; that if an ingenious person would ask his father's blessing, he must get a dispensation, and have a licence from the bishop.

"Believe me, when I match this tale with another. Since Christmas I was sued to (and I have it under the hands of the minister and the whole parish,) that I would give way to the adorning of the church within and without, to build a stone wall about the church-yard, which till now had but a hedge. I took it for a flout at first, but it proved a suit indeed; they durst not mend a fault of forty years without a licence. Churchwardens, though they say it not, yet I doubt me most of them think it, that foul spirits in the Gospel said, 'O, thou bishop or chancellor, what! art thou come to torment us before the time, that all is come down to the ground?' The truth went out once in this phrase: 'Zelus domûs tuæ exedit ossa mea,' but now, vice versa, it is, 'Zelus meus exedit domum tuam.' I hope I gall none here.

"Should Christ say that to us now which he said once to the Jews, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up again,' we would quickly know his meaning not to be the material temple. Three years can scarce promove three feet.

"I am verily persuaded, were it not for the pulpit and the pews, (I do not now mean the altar and the font for the two sacraments, but for the pulpit and the stools, as you call them,) many churches had been down that stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to

them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on; we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions; I had almost said, bolsters and pillows: and for those we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them, who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or proclaim pride.

"In all other contributions, justice precedes charity. For the king, or for poor, as you are rated you must give and pay. It is not so with benevolence. Here charity rates herself; her gift is arbitrary, and her law is the conscience. He that stays till I persuade him, gives not all his own money: I give half that have procured it. He that comes persuaded gives his own; but takes off more than he brought, God paying use for nothing. But now comes your turn to speak, or God in you by your hands: for so he useth to speak many times by the hands of Moses and Aaron, and by the hands of Esay and Ezekiel, and by the hands of you his minor prophets. Now prosper, O Lord! the works of these hands! O prosper Thou our handy work! Amen."

Bishop Corbet died July, 1635, and was buried at Norwich. "He was," says Fuller, "of a courteous carriage, and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him." Several curious anecdotes are collected from MSS. by Headley and Gilchrist, which illustrate his character in our opinion, do honour to his memory, and form an amiable conclusion to this slight compilation of the few particulars known of this joyous and amiable man.

"After he was doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at the Cross at Abingdon; on a market-day, he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Cross, (which, by the way, was then the finest of England; I remember it when I was a freshman; it was admirable curious gothic architecture, and fine figures in the nitches; 'twas one of those built by king ....., for his queen.) The ballad-singer complained he had no custom—he could not put off his ballads. The jolly doctor puts off his gown, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.

"After the death of Dr. Goodwin, he was made Dean of Christ-Church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may find in his poems; and that with the then great favourite, the Duke of Bucks, his excellent wit ever 't was of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story; but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it, Dr. Corbet put a pretty

trick on him, to let him take a journey to London for it, when he had already the grant of it.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly fat doctor, and a very good house-keeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane, in wet weather, (it is an extraordinary deep dirty lane,) the coach fell, and Corbet said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.

"A.D. 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford; and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect.

"One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, said he, 'Bear off there! or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplain, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington, to keep my hand from slipping.' There was a man with a great venerable beard: said the bishop, 'You, behind the beard!'

"His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and be merry; then first he lays down his episcopal hood, 'There lays the doctor;' then he puts off his gown, 'There lays the bishop;' then 't was, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;'—'Here's to thee, Lushington.'"

> "If flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
> If learning void of pedantry can please;
> If much good humour, join'd to solid sense
> And mirth accompanied with innocence,
> Can give a poet a just right to fame,
> Then Corbet may immortal honours claim."

We must now turn to the chief object of the present article—viz. that of gathering from the bishop's dead and dying bundle of poetical leaves, the few sprouts that still retain the principles of vitality. The poems, like all the occasional productions of the time, are of a most miscellaneous description, and we shall take them as they come—elegy, satire, or song.

In the elegy on Dr. Ravis, Corbet's predecessor in the deanery of Christ-Church, and to whom he was, probably, indebted for early kindness, there are some curious and forcible lines, which give a lively picture of St. Paul's, then the great theatre of gossip and scandal.

> "When I past Paul's, and travell'd in that walk
> Where all our Britain-sinners swear and talk,

Old Harry-ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
And youth, whose cousenage is as old as theirs;
And then beheld the body of my lord
Trod under foot by vice that he abhorr'd;
It wounded me the Landlord of all times
Should let long lives and leases to their crimes,
And to *His* springing honour did afford
Scarce so much time as to the prophet's gourd.
Yet, since swift flights of virtue have apt ends,
Like breath of angels, which a blessing sends,
And vanisheth withal, whilst fouler deeds
Expect a tedious harvest for bad seeds;
I blame not fame and nature if they gave,
Where they could give no more, their last, a grave.
And wisely do thy grieved friends forbear
Bubbles and alabaster boys to rear
On thy religious dust: for men did know
Thy life, which such illusions cannot show:
For thou hast trod among those happy ones
Who trust not in their superscriptions,
Their hired epitaphs, and perjur'd stone,
Which oft belies the soul when she is gone;
And durst commit thy body, as it lies,
To tongues of living men, not unborn eyes.
What profits thee a sheet of lead? What good
If on thy corse a marble quarry stood?
Let those that fear their rising purchase vaults,
And raise them statues to excuse their faults."

A few lines "on the Lady Arabella," call to mind the unhappy history of that unfortunate branch of the unfortunate house of Stuart. Mr. Gilchrist has given a sketch of the events to which Corbet alludes, and we cannot do better than prefix it, to our quotation of the poem.

"The circumstances of the life of this accomplished and persecuted lady,

"From kings descended, and to kings allied,"

are familiar to every reader of biographical history. In *Lodge's Illustrations of British History*, are some letters which convey an exalted idea of her mental abilities; and the editor has proved, in opposition to the assertion of the authors of the *Biographia Britannica*, that she was far from deficient in personal beauty.

"She was the only child of Charles Stuart, fifth earl of Lennox,

(uncle to James the First, and great-grandson to Henry VII.) by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Cavendish, of Hardwick; was born about the year 1578, and brought up in privacy, under the care of her grandmother, the old Countess of Lennox, who had for many years resided in England. Her double relation to royalty was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth, and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her leaving a legitimate offspring. The former, therefore, prevented her from marrying Esme Stuart, her kinsman, and heir to the titles and estates of her family, and afterwards imprisoned her for listening to some overtures from the son of the Earl of Northumberland: the latter, by obliging her to reject many splendid offers of marriage, unwarily encouraged the hopes of inferior pretenders. Thus circumscribed, she renewed a childish connection with William Seymour, grandson to the Earl of Hertford, which was discovered, in 1609; when both parties were summoned to appear before the privy council, and received a severe reprimand. This mode of proceeding produced the very consequence which James meant to avoid: for the lady, sensible that her reputation had been wounded by this inquiry, was, in a manner, forced into a marriage; which becoming publicly known, in the course of the next spring, she was committed to close custody, in the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Mr. Seymour to the Tower. In this state of separation, however, they concerted means for an escape, which both effected on the same day, June 3rd, 1611; and Mr. Seymour got safely to Flanders: but the poor lady was re-taken in Calais road, and imprisoned in the Tower; where the sense of these undeserved oppressions operating too severely on her high spirit, she became a lunatic, and languished in that wretched state, augmented by the horrors of a prison, till her death, on the 27th September, 1615.

ON THE LADY ARABELLA.

How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
That I have past the guard, and 'scaped the Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor carcase hath.
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear;
That among saints, this amongst kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid."

In an elegy on Lord William Howard, Baron of Effingham, occur some good moral lines on the social duties.

" What did he? Acts of mercy, and refrain
Oppression in himself, and in his train?
Was his essential table full as free
As boasts and invitations use to be?

Where, if his russet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his satten-man would fill him wine?
Did he think perjury as lov'd a sin,
Himself forsworn, as if his slave had been?
Did he seek regular pleasures? Was he known
Just husband of one wife, and she his own?
Did he give freely, without pause or doubt,
And read petitions ere they were worn out?
Or should his well-deserving client ask,
Would he bestow a tilting, or a masque
To keep need virtuous? and that done, not fear
What lady damn'd him for his absence there?
Did he attend the court for no man's fall?
Wore he the ruin of no hospital?
And when he did his rich apparel don,
Put he no widow, nor an orphan on?
Did he love simple virtue for the thing?
The king for no respect but for the king?
But, above all, did his religion wait
Upon God's throne, or on the chair of state?
He that is guilty of no quæry here,
Outlasts his epitaph, outlives his heir."

Corbet's "Journey into France" is a well-known piece of drollery. It is the principal poem in the volume, (unless we except another journey, the *Iter Boreale,*) and for various reasons deserves to be quoted entire.

"I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe or dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence:
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much Like John Dory* in the song,
Upon a holy tide.

---

* This alludes to one of the most celebrated of the old English ballads. It was the favourite performance of the English minstrels, so lately as the reign of King Charles II., and Dryden alludes to it as to the most hacknied thing of the time.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,

I on an ambling nag did get,
I trust he is not paid for yet;
And spurr'd him on each side.

T'will turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.
Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 163.

It may be worth while to quote the words of this ballad, in which the taste of our ancestors so rejoiced. We would gladly hear the tune scraped by three blind fiddlers, in Aldersgate or Bishopsgate-street.

JOHN DORY.

As it fell on a holy-day,
And upon a holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him on thereat-a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France-a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance-a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merry men, and for me-a;
And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee-a.

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide-a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spie-a.
Who, ho! who, ho! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory-a.

And to Saint Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame,
The man that shews them snaffles:
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay.
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could, by his trade,
Gain so much coin as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff.
Yet they, poor fools, think, for their credit,
They may believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees, his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

They hoist their sails, both top and top,
The messeine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide-a.

The roaring cannons then were plide,
And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;
The braying trumpets loud they cride,
To courage both all and some-a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill, and the sword-a:
John Dory, at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.

XUM

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight downright:
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose;
Another's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The new bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' University;
And, for old clothes, the Frippery;
The house the Queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the King was kill'd:

The Bastille, and Saint Dennis-street,
The Shafflenist, like London-Fleet,
The arsenal, no toy.
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the King,
O, 'tis a hopeful boy.

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much:

For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one.
The Duke of Guise gave him a parrot,
And he had twenty cannons for it,
For his new galleon.

O that I ere might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is called the Indian Ruck!
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise, or Livine,
Or else I had ill luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand;
'Tis his humility.
And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must
Be enstyled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his style to add more words,
They'd better call him King of Birds
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath, besides, a pretty quirk,
Taught him by Nature, how to work
In iron with much ease.
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys:

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother;
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolv'd, and so think still,
As much the one as th' other.

The people, too, dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be:
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as e'er she lov'd his father,
And that's notoriously.

His queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French:
She's ne'er like to be mother;
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Now, why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate;
And suffer his pretty little queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate?

'T were charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own,
And why? It is no shame;
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who, men thought, did the same."

The next passage which we shall quote, is taken from *An Elegy upon the Lady Haddington, who died of the small-pox.* Corbet is happy in this species of composition; he is neither fulsome, dull, nor so conceited as his contemporaries, but, in nearly every instance, gives birth to a series of striking moral reflections, such as ought to arise in the mind of a man contemplating the ravage of death among the beautiful, the virtuous, and the wise. Corbet thus laments the loss of Lady Haddington. He dwells upon a point of her character which is not usually remarkably developed in the most amiable of her sex. It seems, she was a reprover of the vices of her times, and seems to have applied her window to a use that would have done honour to a Mrs. Candour or a Lady Sneerwell.

"Oh, what a want of her loose gallants have,
Since she hath chang'd her window for a grave,
From whence she us'd to dart out wit so fast,
And stick them in their coaches as they past!

Who now shall make well-colour'd vice look pale?
Or a curl'd meteor with her eyes exhale,
And talk him into nothing? Who shall dare
Tell barren brains they dwell in fertile hair?
Who now shall keep old countesses in awe,
And, by tart similes, repentance draw
From those whom preachers had given o'er? Even such
Whom sermons could not reach, her arrows touch.
Hereafter, fools shall prosper with applause,
And wise men smile, and no man ask the cause:
He of fourscore, three night-caps, and two hairs,
Shall marry her of twenty, and get heirs
Which shall be thought his own; and none shall say
But 'tis a wond'rous blessing, and he may."

The poet thus forcibly apostrophises the disease to which Lady Haddington fell a victim:

" Oh, thou deform'd unwoman-like disease,
That plough'st up flesh and blood, and there sow'st pease,
And leav'st such prints on beauty, that dost come
As clouted shon do on a floor of lome;
Thou, that of faces honeycombs dost make,
And of two breasts two cullenders, forsake
Thy deadly trade: thou now art rich; give o'er,
And let our curses call thee forth no more;
Or, if thou needs wilt magnify thy power,
Go where thou art invoked every hour,—
Amongst the gamesters, where they name thee thick
At the last main, or the last pocky-nick.
Get thee a lodging near thy client, dice,
There thou shalt practise on more than one vice.
There's wherewithal to entertain the pox;
There's more than reason, there's rhyme for 't,—the box.
Thou, who hast such superfluous store of game,
Why struck'st thou one whose ruin is thy shame?
O, thou hast murder'd where thou should'st have kiss'd;
And, where thy shaft was needful, there it miss'd.
Thou should'st have chosen out some homely face,
Where thy ill-favour'd kindness might add grace,
That men might say, 'How beauteous once was she!'
Or, 'What a piece, ere she was seiz'd by thee!'
Thou should'st have wrought on some such lady's mould
That ne'er did love her lord, nor ever could,
Until she were deform'd: thy tyranny
Were then within the rules of charity."

It might have been expected, that the Puritans would have formed the subject of many of Corbet's verses. We, however, find among the printed poems but two in honour of the starched ruff. We quote a few stanzas from *The Distracted Puritan.*

" Am I mad, O noble Festus!
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the college?
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets;
Come, hear me pray, nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazzled mine eyes
With the light of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

* * * * *

When I sack'd the Seven-hill'd City
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster;
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhors'd the whore of Babel
With a lance of inspirations;
I made her stink,
And spill her drink
In the cup of abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

* * * * *

I observ'd in Perkin's tables *
The black lines of damnation:
Those crooked veins
So struck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Chanaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop,
And all the high-commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets:
Come, hear me pray, nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets."

The *Iter Boreale* is the longest poem in the volume. It is a sort of imitation of Horace's *Journey to Brundisium*, and describes a tour of four university men,—two doctors, and two in the way to become so. Their adventures are not very remarkable; but, at the time, we have no doubt this poem would be highly relished. The places visited are not ill described; and the *Iter* would derive considerable interest from its mention of living and remarkable characters, at whose houses the equestrian Oxonians were entertained. There is little, however, to interest modern readers, and we shall make no extract from it. This, indeed, we may say of the remainder of the poems, which we shall treat in a similar manner. Enough has been given to convey a very sufficient idea of the talents

* It is said of Perkins, that "he would pronounce the word *damme* with such an emphasis (*Holy State*, p. 80, fol. 1652) as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after." This passage is of itself a sufficient illustration of the poet. His works were published in three volumes, folio, 1612. The first in the collection is, *A Golden Chaine, containing the Order of the Causes of Salvation and Damnation, &c., in the tables annexed.*

XUM

of the Bishop-poet, and, perhaps, all that would be intelligible or interesting to the general reader and mere lover of poetry, has been already transferred to our pages.

ART. VIII.—*The great Evil of Health Drinking; or, a Discourse wherein the original Evil and Mischief of drinking of Healths are discovered and detected, and the Practice opposed. With several remedies and antidotes against it, in order to prevent the sad consequences thereof.*

> *Prov.* xx. 1.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

London: printed for Jonathan Robinson, at the Golden Lion, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 168[illegible].

When a man of learning, eloquence, and general good sense sits down to write a book on the sin of health drinking, the most instructive lesson he is likely to teach, is the vanity of human reason. When so harmless a compliment can be legitimately proved worthy of the punishment of eternal damnation, we are very forcibly led to suspect, that the ingenuity of man will lead him to any conclusion in reasoning, to which the passion or the fashion of the hour may impel him. In moral disquisition, every thing depends upon the standard to which the reasoner refers for the value of his premises. If no standard be fixed, the conscientious inquirer comes to conclusions which to his mind conclude nothing; if a wrong standard be determined upon, the most rigid logic will lead to conclusions, the very absurdity and impracticability of which, fortunately, demonstrate the existence of error. It is curious to see, however, how far absurdity and impracticability will be tolerated before any doubt is infused of the correctness of the standard which has been looked up to. It is curious, too, to see how much this very absurdity and impracticability is corrected by a silent reference to conclusions derived from reasoning of another and independent kind, which prevents the dictates of perverse ingenuity from being brought at once to confusion and exposure by a reduction to practice. The Puritan, forming to himself a certain notion of the Deity, and also assuming a particular mode of divine government as alone pleasing to him, reasoned on these premises concerning the conduct of man. The consequence is seen in the habits, the manners, and the opinions of this class of men, who succeeded in establishing for them-

selves a code of morality as distinct from the common one as were the laws and constitution of Sparta different from those of the rest of Greece, and who, generally speaking, carried their extraordinary theory as rigidly into practice, as did the moral phenomena of Greece—the Lacedæmonians. Imagine an omnipresent and omniscient Deity, animated by the passions of wrath, jealousy, and revenge, watching, with an ever vigilant eye, the transgressions of a feeble and dejected race, whose whole life is devoted to eternal endeavours to wash themselves clean from an original state of impurity, that they may appease the anger excited in him by a first act of disobedience; and thus restore themselves to such a condition of existence as may be supposed to fit them to stand unabashed in the presence of the awful Being whose tremendous attributes they are ever calling to mind. When the shortness of the time between the cradle and the grave is considered, as compared with eternal life—when it is considered that nearly all the propensities of our nature are classed as so many defilements—when the paroxysms of anguish are considered, too, into which the doubts and misgivings which will creep at times into all minds, must throw the creature of such a creed—we may well conceive how the Puritan would look upon the most innocent actions of our lives. If it be at the same time understood, that the great King of Heaven, at whose frown the nations tremble, be opposed in all his designs, as they relate to mortals, by the Spirit of Evil, who is ever on the watch to sink us irredeemably in sin, we may then still more readily conceive to what motives and causes any of these innocent actions will be attributed. Can we shew that the recreation of a play is calculated to raise us in the estimation of the Deity, such as they describe him; not the benevolent and merciful Father of All, as depicted in the New Testament, but the terrible Jehovah of the Jews, who scatters his enemies with a breath, whose eye glances lightning, and whose voice shakes the earth with thunder? Are we likely to appease His wrath by a game at cards? Will not a dance or a merry party, or any other of the amusements of the world, savour of the original leaven of wickedness infused into us all at our births? What sinful trifling! what thoughtless impiety! for a being who may expect every instant to be summoned into the presence of the Deity of the Puritan, to neglect, for a moment of a short life of moments, the preparation of himself for that trial which determines his fate for all futurity! Apply the doctrine a little, and it will be found how many are the things we do which cannot be shewn to be a direct preparation for eternity. How many are the occupations which relate merely to this life—how many words are spoken which are not intended to ascend to heaven—how many thoughts pass

through the mind which are not formed to praise the Creator of all things. Conversation must be reduced to monosyllables—expressions of courtesy may be proved impious—and the ordinary forms of salutation shewn to be pregnant with eternal perdition.

In the little book, whose title we have just copied, we shall find a very curious example of the application of the doctrines of the Puritan to the common practice of prefacing a glass of wine by a wish for the health or prosperity of friends either absent or present. The same arguments, generally speaking, would apply with equal force against saluting an acquaintance with the idle question of "How d'ye do?" or the more profane welcome of "Good morning!" If, however, this volume had merely shewn, in a plain manner, the Evil of Health Drinking, we should have dispensed with any examination of it, and our readers would have been spared our diatribe against the effects of the New Light. But the author, in addition to great sincerity and earnestness of manner, is frequently distinguished by a fervid eloquence, which deserves, in part, to be resuscitated. He is likewise remarkably distinguished for a purity and precision of style, which we should be most happy to see imitated in these days of loose and incorrect composition. The book is obscure and forgotten; our extracts will not make it sought after; it will still gather dust on the same shelf with the "Unloveliness of Love-locks," while a few pages of it will be read with interest in a *Retrospective Review*, a description of work that may be compared to the fires of Grand Cairo, which are indebted for their brilliancy to the fragments and broken dust of the mummies, which, as wholes, time had consigned, ages gone by, to eternal oblivion, but which are now raked up in piecemeal to serve their last office of utility.

The preface to the work is composed of "a serious address to governors and governed," and contains, in brief, the pith of the argument.

"Consider, I pray you, if we know the use of time, which is our all to prepare us for an approaching eternity, and the use of plenty, the benefit and comfort of society, what the right enjoyment of friends is, and what our very bodies are ordained for; we would not throw away not a piece of a day upon such an exercise as drinking healths; no, not a moment in such a service. I can no better compare these cups, than to watering-pots that water the garden of vices, which come up so fast and thick.

"Suppose we had a sovereignty over our servants, the creatures, and might do what we pleased with them, we might use them, or throw them away; yet, certainly, we must give an account of ourselves to God before his judgment-seat, and of our actions, whether good or evil. Can any man reduce healthing drinking under that notion and

formality, to the order of good actions, by which God is glorified, ourselves and others bettered? I am sure we must in our eating and drinking, as by a divine law, in a positive way glorify God."

One of the arguments against "healthing," and the only one founded upon the common system of morality, is, that it leads to excessive drinking; it follows, of course, that divers parts of the essay are devoted to enforce the evils of drunkenness. This is the object of the following quaint passage, also from the preface.

"Upon these considerations, I do most humbly and earnestly address my supplications.

"To the men of honour and power, to them that put on scarlet by their office, and fare deliciously every day, and to them that, for the grandeur of their office, have the government of great corporations upon their shoulders, that they would refrain from, or restrain the luxuriant growth of immorality, which is fed by the waste of drink. If you would drain the channel, stop this humour of healthing, which is one of the liveliest springs of it. Some of old have well said, that majesty was begotten in wedlock between reverence and honour. It is not good for honour to be alone, when you sit in the state of your office. Let not reverence be forced to quit the room, while healths are drunk to your honour. Reverence takes it ill to be affronted by that boldness. Some countries forbad drinking wine to magistrates. But Nehemiah, who lived in great honour, and kept a noble house, had plentiful supplies of all sorts of wine.—Neh. 5. It is lawful for you to keep great houses, open tables, and to drink wines; but if you would have God to think upon you for good, make that great man your example: and in this also a greater than he, Ahasuerus, at whose feasts none did compel.—Esth. i. 8. And this being written before time in the Holy Scripture, is written for our learning: and whether drinking healths be not a moral compulsion, though not violent, is humbly submitted, and also attested, by Gasper Sanctius, upon that place: *Cum principium aut amicorum salus interponitur, nemo poterit non obtemperare.* [A lapide to the same sense, Aug. Serm. de Temp. hereafter quoted.] I do not, by this, tax or accuse, for I am a stranger to the great and sumptuous tables that are kept; but I do humbly beseech them that think it a necessary part of the grandeur of our metropolis, to consider how many companies, and meetings of vestrymen and others, they become examples and authorities to, and how impossible it is to restrain this extravagance (this is a very diminutive word) in the city youth, which are so commonly poisoned by these draughts, as long as they have the warrant of such examples. These have been the parting cups to many from all modesty and virtue, and 'tis notoriously known, to the great sorrow of many friends, where young men began their journey to a far country, where they are yet lost, and not found.—Luke 15."

The allegory in the following passage is lively and well

made out, and the anticipations of ridicule in the beginning are curious.

"I am not so fond of my own apprehensions and reasons, as to look for wonderful effects from them; nor so dull, as not to foresee what work some men may make of what I write: although I am sure, my antidotes and remedies are incomparably better than the moral disease of healthing, although it had never killed its thousands. I shall not marvel, if this discourse be tossed up and down in sport, or kicked up and down in anger and disdain: but I will still marvel why men, called Christians, will make void God's laws, and cast them behind their backs. I will still marvel, why men, endued with so noble and divine a faculty as reason is, and that reason so finely set in many, with a sparkling wit, that both shines and cuts, should practise that for which no good reason was ever produced or offered. And I will not only wonder, but I will lament, that men, capable of immortal glory and honour, do so debase themselves as to lay their honour in wet and dirt, to turn their throats into a sink, and their bellies into a common-sewer. Are not men fallen out with their Maker, that deface his image in themselves, and others, by intemperance? and are not satisfied with that defacement, but proceed to destroy it, by cutting off their own and others lives?

The bodies of men are small vessels, richly laden with a great treasure, an immortal soul, and many rich gifts and talents; they are put out in a sea of mercies, and favoured with a prosperous wind, and commanded to keep a straight course to the heavenly Canaan. But, to our great grief, and amazement, we see some, and hear of others very often, split, and sunk into the bottomless deep of eternity, and several disabled, and lie by to be careened. The account of these unvaluable losses is this in short: the owners and possessors of these vessels would not learn the spiritual art of this navigation; and whereas others, that safely arrive, do carefully observe the card and compass, obey commands, take the wind and season, prepare for storms and encounters, watch and pray; these extravagants observe no card, keep no compass, neglect the wind, cast off their commander, drink down their pilot into a deep and dead sleep, make frequent visits and invitations, treat and drink high and often. The plague of sin and vice did spread among them; they grew diseased; some loved their friends to death; and others quarrelled, fought, and killed their companions. When we see and hear such miscarriages as these, such doleful tidings and reports of destruction upon destruction, shall we not advise, warn, and importune those who have yet escaped the wreck, and those who have not yet put out to sea, to take heed that they perish not by the same means?"

The writer, with more justice than ordinary, and quite as much spirit, rails against those who shew their regard for their friends by compelling them to drink.

"Is not a health now become a signal of battle, in which many

lose their precious lives basely and inhumanly; others their senses, their clothes, their modesty; and they who escape with their lives, lose themselves for the time? Is not this the belt that makes the union of many in sin and wickedness too great and streight? And is not this the sword that makes the rupture and disunion almost incurable? Is not this sometimes the symbol, and the colours, the colours of a party? and sometimes the defiance, and the challenge? Is it not upon this, as upon a prophane sacrament, that men in effect vow and swear a confederacy, or an enmity? Is it not unsafe running into this dilemma? If you drink, you are gone; if you refuse, you are in danger of being sped. I am sure this cup is not the cup of blessing, it is not the cup of the Lord. It puts many a soul out of all preparation for death; but now who dares come within the lists, but he that is near his end, one way or other, be he never so unprepared for it? The old form, which became a proverb, *Aut bibe, aut abi*, 'Do as we do, or begone,' was safe and civil, in comparison with the forms of our young masters, who swear you shall drink, or swear they will run you through, they will see through you, they will pin you to the wall, or fasten you to the ground. These can sacrifice to your health, and send you to hell; damn themselves, and you too. It is dangerous to drink, and it is deadly to refuse. O the patience of God, and the provocations of this kind of murderers! Do they not believe, that if they are so bold with Death, Death will make much more bold with them? Is it a glory to them, that they have the ability to do so great a mischief? Was it to Alexander's honour to kill Clytus, that had saved his life, in a drunken frenzy? What! they would be Alexanders also! who, by being drunk, lost the glory which he had gotten when he was sober, and merited the title of madman, as well as Great, for his being a successful murderer or executioner. The still and private sot, that bibs by himself, that lives and dies almost every day; that lives a sot and dies an infidel; that presumes indeed there will be a resurrection out of his sleep, but so lives, as if there would be no judgment, nor resurrection from the dead to it; even this quiet bibber is a virtuous and sober man, compared with these growing Alexanders.

Surely, it is high time to make some enquiry into this disease which kills so fast, and to make what discovery we can. And, though we cannot reform, let us not, by a stupid or timorous silence, seem to allow, but rather reprove the enormity, discover the sin and danger which is not discerned, and justify the refusal of drinking healths. It is a ceremony deeply stained, and polluted with gross debauchery, and, at best, but an empty formality, and, in some, it is a common and crying sin. And if blood cry for vengeance, and a sudden premature destruction, by drinking men into diseases and the grave, be a secret murder, it concerns all that do, or do not, believe a judgment to come, to abstain from it; and all that can, to reform and forbid it. And if but some one or few shall receive any satisfaction and benefit by it, he that endeavoureth it shall never repent his pains, though he may be sure to be paid off by some with contempt and derision.

And, notwithstanding all manner of discouragements, I do, in observance of the many awaking calls of divine providence, apply myself to this subject; wishing, for the argument, and the patient reader's sake, that my reason were but equal to my antipathy against healthing, which is daily increased by my fervent love to the world, and by a sorrow for the many sins and bitter sorrows which begin with this kind of compliment. And I have but one request to the reader, that he will answer my affection to him with its like; and then we shall agree in affection, though my reason stand not right in his eye."

The argument of authority has, invariably, great weight with this class of writers. Our author does not neglect to appeal to the eloquent anathemas of St. Basil, and St. Ambrose, but seems, nevertheless, to attribute much greater importance to the fathers of his own time. The affectionate reverence with which he speaks of Mr. Bolton, is quite delightful.

"I do acknowledge, that I received my information of the judgment of the fathers, from holy and learned Mr. Robert Bolton, in his book called *Directions for comfortable walking with God.* And since I have been owner of the books themselves, I have examined the quotations, and made some further use of them."

* * * * *

"Should I not rather follow the directions of such a Noah, as Reverend Mr. Bolton was, than the modes of promiscuous company, that cannot pretend to follow any divine rule in these modes and formalities? Yea, whether I owe not a greater respect to the judgment and directions of such a father as Mr. Bolton was, than (suppose) to the freer conversation of younger divines, who never felt the agonies of conscience he did, nor saw the beauty of holiness which he saw? What though he be dead, and they living? he in his grave, and in heaven, and they at table, and present? Why are such directions read, but to be remembered and practised? And, according to the old rule, *Finge Catonem*, I have often thought, when I have seen some take a liberty, what would Mr. Bolton say to such things as these? Had I never had any stronger reason for my forbearance than this, 'Mr. Bolton reproved it,' my heart would have smitten me for a compliance."

He afterwards appeals to the example of the primitive Christians, and alludes to the Lord's Prayer. Christ, he says, paid a great price for our small beer.

"St. Basil calls the devil (the great master of idolatrous and prophane ceremonies,) the maker of the laws of drinking, in that pathetical sermon. Men could not be commonly cheated out of their senses and reason, but by a ceremonious mist, some goodly pretence. Several nations have had their several ways; and barbarous people

first began, and others followed. The form of invitation among us is a health. Our blessed Saviour, who paid a great price for the bread we eat, and our smallest beer, taught us to ask for our comforts, as they that pray to do the will of God on earth as it is in heaven; and his apostle taught us, that every creature is sanctified by the word of God, and prayer. But, instead of prayer, we have, 'Here is a health,' the form of prophaning of cups, and they are accordingly blessed. Such forms were unknown to the primitive Christians; but after that Christians waxed fat, and abused the blessing of plenty, they heard of it in a solemn manner from their teachers.

He cites a curious passage from St. Basil, which is, however, nothing to his purpose, as being levelled against drunkenness. The Saint describes the ancient preparation for the drinking combat.

"Very early they meditate, and provide for their drinking; they adorn their rooms with carpets and hangings, they exercise, or train up their servants for it; they shew all care and diligence to provide cups, and cooling vessels, bowls, and plate, setting them out as in a pomp and solemn feast-day, that the variety and fairness of the vessels may beget an appetite, and stir up admiration, and that by the commodiousness and change of cups they may drink the longer. They appoint overseers and officers, the governor of the feast, yeoman of the wine; and, after all, there is but an order in a disorderly and confused thing. And, as the greatness of earthly princes is augmented by their guards, so do they, by assigning offices to drunkenness, as to a certain queen; they endeavour to hide the turpitude of it, by the means of these officers. And over and above, there are added crowns, and flowers, and ointments, and a thousand sorts of fumes and smells, &c. Then the drinking going on, they contend to increase the madness, and ambitiously strive for drunkenness, as for a victory; of which law they have the devil for the author, and sin the reward of the victory, &c. When they are thought to have drunk well, they fall to drinking after the manner of beasts, that stoop down to drink out of a running spring: for there stands forth a young man, not drunk as yet, bearing upon his shoulder a vessel of cooled wine: standing in the midst, he distributes drunkenness through crooked pipes. This is a new way of measuring to every man an equal share, that there be no envy, nor grudging, nor fraud, nor cheat in drinking. Every one takes the pipe, or canal, that is set before him, and drinks, at one draught, as much as the vessel contains, out of the silver pipe."

The extract from St. Ambrose is also amusing and curious.

"You may see the ranks of divers cups, which you may imagine to be a battle set in array; golden and silver vessels set out, you

would think it a show. In the middle, there is a horn full of wine, *non epularis, sed prœliaris instrumentum buccinæ*; not to serve as a trumpet to call to a feast, but to sound a battle. First, they flourish and picqueer with smaller cups, as in a skirmish. But this is no show or appearance of sobriety, but the rule of drinking. For, as actors of tragedies do sensibly, and by degrees, raise their voice, until they have opened the passage for a lively voice, that afterwards they may make the place ring with the greater noise; so they do, at first, exercise themselves with prelusory cups, to provoke to a thirst, lest perchance they quench it, and, being satiated, they may afterwards drink no more. When they are warm, they call for greater cups: then the heat grows to a flame. Dry meat grows hot with thirst; and as the vessels begin to be low, they are filled up with purer or unmixed drink. Cups contend with meat, and betwixt whiles they are often doubled. Then the drinking being protracted, there are great strifes and contendings who shall excell (exceed) in drinking. *Nota gravis:* It is a disgrace, or a disparagement, to a man, if he excuse himself, or if a man think it would do well to temper the wine. And thus they do till they come to the second course or service. But as soon as the banquet is done, and you would think they must rise, then do they again renew their drink. And when they have done all, then they say they do but begin. Then the golden pots are carried, and the greater goblets, as so many instruments of war. And lest this be thought immoderate, and excessive, there is a measure made, and the strife is before a judge, and it is determined by a law. The Agonothetes, or master of these games and revels there, is Fury, the stipend is Debility, the reward of the victory is Fault, the event of the war is uncertain a great while. ——These are the only strifes that are inexcusable. If a man in war finds himself too weak, he turns his arms, and deserves a pardon; but here, if any man gives up, or turns his cup, he is urged to drink. If, where you strive for masteries, any man lift you up with his hand, you lose the garland, but you are free from suffering injury thereby: in your banquets, if a man take off his hand from the wine, it is poured into his mouth. All are drunk; the conquerors and conquered, do all lie down drunk, and very many asleep. Neither is it lawful to carry any of them to their grave, before he that feedeth them hath seen vengeance done to them all, that he may revenge his expense upon them. A most doleful spectacle to the eyes of Christians, a most miserable show, &c. *Ambrose de Helia et Jejunio*, cap. 13."

The following respectful enumeration of authorities, we apprehend, will come upon the reader with the pleasure of novelty, at any rate. Alas! how few of this noble army of martyrs live in the annals of fame.

"I will forbear to produce the sayings of Augustine in this place, referring him to some following heads; nor will I be large in quotations out of our modern divines, who have reproved this exor-

bitant humour of the times, as Reverend Mr. Bolton calls it. Read him if you please, Directions for walking with God, p. 200. What saith the most learned Mr. Thomas Gataker to it? Hear him. Also to let pass the brutish and swinish disposition of those that think there is no true welcome, nor good fellowship, as they term it, unless there be deep carousing of healths to the bride and bridegroom, and every idle fellow's mistress, till the whole company's wits be drowned in drink, that not religion only, but reason itself be wholly exiled, and the meeting itself be rather called a drunken match, than a marriage feast. This vehemence is not usual in that great man, but, it seems, the matter moved him. Epist. before Mr. Bradshaw's sermon, called the Marriage-feast.

"Read, if you would see and read, what is convincingly and persuasively written by that attractive and divine preacher, Dr. Robert Harris, in his *Drunkard's Cup*, folio, page 307, &c. The ingenious and reverend Mr. Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, gives examples of six or seven that soon died after their drinking healths, by means thereof; and prescribes, as the best means against ruining drunkenness, if great persons would first begin thorough reformation in their own families, banish the spirits of their butteries, abandon that foolish and vicious custom, as St. Ambrose and Basil call it, of drinking healths, and making that a sacrifice to God for the health of others, which is rather a sacrifice to the devil, and a bane of their own. In his sermon, called *Wo to Drunkards*, p. 537, and 553 of the Collection of his Sermons. That excellent expositor of the Canticles and Revelations, Mr. James Durham, of Glasgow, in Scotland, in his Exposition of the commandments, Com. 7, saith, That drinking of healths, and pledging, is one of the highest provocations in drunkenness, and dreadful perverting the end for which God hath given meat and drink, p. 390.

"That very judicious and zealous divine, Mr. Richard Garbut, (author of that full and excellent demonstration of the Resurrection, much and very deservedly commended) falls heavy upon the sin of drunkenness, and with a keen edge, in a homely, but, methinks, majestic northern dialect, strikes at healthing, to strike the cup out of his hand, and the sin out of his heart. The drunkard, devil-like, (O read and fear, fear and abhor, abhor with repentance) is a sinner, who cannot be content to be wicked alone, but he must needs tempt others to the same wickedness also. Do not healths, and whole ones, and putting the cup to the nose, and down the throat, or down the neck, look for it? And will you not do me right, &c.? One come from the dead, to awaken drunkards and whoremongers. The substance of some Sermons of his, p. 70, *et alibi.* I have heard that worthy Mr. John Geree hath written a tract on purpose against healthing."

He states and answers the argument of singularity and oddity in refusing to fall in with a common custom, exceedingly well.

"I do presume, this ceremony of healthing had no better inventor than the first deceiver and inventor of sin, and his teachable and

forward disciples joining with him: he that ordered the scene, made this prologue to it, for them that are so apt to learn and act. And, it is most likely to deceive, and take, because it hath the face of friendship, and the good looks of love and kindness; and he that dissents from it, looks like some odd peevish humourist, an unhewn piece of moroseness, that will not fall in, and close in the square of society, and, therefore, is fitter to live by himself, and to keep home, than to come abroad. And if the dissent breed an argument, the consentors clearly carry it by the poll; and they that oppose it are judged to wrangle against points of honour, civility, breeding, good manners, good nature, yea innocency, and the received custom of all sorts and qualities of well-tempered men, men of great virtue and accomplishments. How ridiculous doth that odd man look, that makes not one among them? as ridiculous as if he wore a high-crowned hat, lined, and faced with scruples, a deep ruff, and a fur-gown; as made up of scruples, formality and seriousness. This ceremony is so innocent, that what can be said against it? I say, if no more but this, it would raise presumption into a rational confidence, that it is not good, because so many, that I will not describe, are so forward, so constant, so open at it, so urgent, and so quarrelsome about it; and because others are so ready at a call, so apt to imitate, so conceited and apish at it: whereas, if it were but so innocent and virtuous, as some paint it out to be, men would be more averse from it, not so public in it, and soon grow weary of it.

"There are many divine rules given us, by our heavenly master, that are quite out of use in society and common converse; and we know, that men are slow to learn, and very bashful openly to profess, and shew what is truly good and pious. Healthing implies praying: if men were called upon to pray without drinking, how mute would healthers be? But now how forward to begin, how earnest to exhort and press others to it? The reason of this is so plain, it need not be produced. And whether it should be followed, because virtuous persons sometimes, and in some cases, use it, or laid aside, because bad men make an ill use of it, may deserve a resolution, since it is none of the virtues of virtuous men, who do rather submit in compliment, than commend, or approve of it."

He shews, that the truly pious should distinguish themselves from the rest of the world, even by their modes of performing the commonest offices of life.

"As we may, with admiration and praise, say, as our Saviour said upon another occasion, 'we have bread to eat, which the world knows not of:' so we ought to use such a way of eating and drinking together, at our ordinary tables, and common visits, as becomes those that have a table by ourselves, always in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and King of Kings. Our ordinary meat and drink to feed and refresh those bodies that are joined to the Lord, and to rise again in glory: and, therefore, as we live for a peculiar service, proper to saints and Christians, and die to rise to a superlative proper glory, so, certainly, we

should eat and drink in such a manner, not as those dogs do, that shall not eat of the childrens' bread. And, as we should be careful to wash the heart from all defilement, that which cometh out of us may not defile us, or others; so what we eat and drink should be in a sanctified manner, to a holy use. If this divinity be too strict, all I will say is, the glory of that distinction, which grace makes between us and heathens and infidels, is too great for us."

The main arguments of the book are very pleasantly condensed in the following conclusions, which are both amusing, and give a very good idea of the nature of the author's general style and reasoning, neither of which are of the vulgar sort.

" Hence, I conclude two things.

" 1. That no man is fit to drink a health, but he that, at the time, is fit to pray to the Holy God, the God of Heaven, by Jesus Christ.

" 2. No man is fit to pray, or to drink a health, but he that is truly serious, and considers what he doth.

" The reason of both is plain, because drinking a health, in the most innocent notion of it, doth intimate, or is attended with a prayer, or a good wish to them they drink to; and that prayer is, or should be, to the merciful God only, for one of the greatest outward mercies that mankind can desire or enjoy.

" If any man say, this carries the notion too high, for no man designs to interest or concern God at all in a health. (Truly it may be so, that it is furthest from the heart of many.) But how can you drink a health, and not interest God in it ? for if you wish well to the person whose health is drunk, and wish him so great a mercy as health is, in its lowest signification, you must wish it of God, for none can give or continue it but he; and if you do not seriously and heartily wish it of God, you do but delude, or mock, or hypocritically compliment your friend, whose welfare you pretend solemnly to wish; you wish him health, but do not intend therein to pray to God to give it. Here is now a trial of the great love of healthers ! But if you do heartily desire that mercy from God, how can you do it and not be serious ? and make it a piece of your devotion ? It is seriously to be prayed for, or not at all, for you ought not to dissemble in the matter. If it be a serious good wish or prayer, then, *Procùl hinc, procùl ite profani, sancta sanctis.* Healths are only to be drunk by holy and serious persons: and I think they will hardly be brought to it upon the premises, and what is yet to follow.

" First; either you must join drink and prayer, or separate them.

" 1. If you join drink and prayer, whether mental or oral, in a health, then, by whose institution do you drink and pray ? by God's ? or by man's ? by what man, or what kind of men ? Doth prayer sanctify that cup ? or doth the cup pollute the prayer ? or do you seem to pray for the drink's sake, and drink for your own pleasure, or another's health ? I grant, and I wish it were more common, that we

may pray and praise God as we drink: but, then, by what authority, or institution, do I drink that cup, to that end that it may be to the health of another person? or what kind of sign is it that I wish the health of another, when I drink? or what efficacy hath any drinking upon another's constitution? If it had any virtue at all to give, restore, or continue health, either naturally, or by institution, I would advise all physicians and apothecaries to forbear it, because it hinders them; and to advise against it, or to use it as the last remedy, when they have had as many fees as they desire, before they try it: but they know it hath no virtue to that end, but rather the contrary, as sometimes they find it to their profit. What help doth their drinking afford to their prayer? What, is it like water to a mill? Drink turns about the wheel of their affections to make them more ardent in their requests for health? Or, is it because they cannot wish well to others, but when they are pleasing their own sense and appetite? or, then their devotions are as violent as raptures, when they are transported, and in an elevation: what a kind of carnal fanaticism is this?

"2. Or, though you do join drink and prayer, yet their virtue is distinct and separate; prayer goes one way, and drink another. Indeed, I think they are better parted than joined; and, lest God be dishonoured by such kind of prayers, as the generality dishonour him and themselves, by such kind of drinking; it were plain dealing for them to speak the naked truth, and say, when they drink, Here is to myself: or, Here is to my own health, and drink no more than will consist with their health, and promote it, and not hinder their holy and fervent prayer for themselves and others. Moderate drinking doth promote their own, but can never promote another's, much less doth immoderate save either, but endanger one at least. When you pray, pray so that God may mercifully hear you; and when you drink, drink so that God may mercifully bless you. But away with these profane, uninstituted, carnal sacraments, lest the sin of drinking cry louder than your prayers. We have often seen how drinking hath drowned prayer, and carried away all sense of God and duty before it."

Our extracts have, however, we fear, extended to a length disproportionate to the importance of the book; we must, therefore, conclude, with the following very ingenious attempts at apologue on drinking, and the disgrace of drunkenness.

"'Tis the greatest disgrace a man can put upon himself or others. Why shall it not be reputed to be as great a dishonour to be laid by the heels by this sin, as to be put in the stocks, or a prison? Suppose a company of rude and impudent servants should combine to abuse their master, a person of noble birth, and great honour: to that end they should wheedle and gull him into a pleasant humour, make him very merry; and when they have levelled him down to a familiarity, they take his place, and play the master; they then put out one candle, and, anon, another, and then come the grooms and footmen, and paw upon him, and at last lay him under the table, or in a meaner

place. Thus, the divine reason is abused by the senses, and the inferiors being little better, or rather, in that, worse than brutes, make sport with their master. Again, imagine a noble person to have many graceful and useful servants under him, and if they be not true and officious to him, it is his fault, and not theirs; and this noble person being out of humour, he turns one out of his place, and then another, until he have left him none to help him: would it not be a very ignoble action? Would he not, when come to himself, repent, and do so no more? Is it not like this, when the noble reason and affections are depraved by lust, do serve his senses, and the members of his body, even those that were born with him, bred with him from the very cradle, went to school with him, lay in the same bed with him, and are as dear to him, when he is himself, as his very eyes, hands, and feet; but he doth cast them off, by the insinuation of wine; the eyes fail, the hands shake, the legs wave like reeds: *Neque pes, neque mens satis officium faciunt.* And though they are next day taken home again, yet, for ought he knew, they were quite gone, never to be seen till the resurrection. It is a high offence to our glorious Creator; it perverts the end of our redemption; it unmans the man, and is a contempt of death, the grave, and hell itself. If men had any reverence for their God, Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier; if any honour to their own nature; if any sense of mortality, and of the reference this mortal life hath to eternal life, they would never leave it thus, throw away their time thus. How curious are men of their own pictures, of their childrens' faces and shapes, of the monuments of their ancestors! how enraged at the violation of their daughters! And will you, with your own hands, by the ungrateful abuse of plenty, deprive, defile, swill, and prostitute yourselves: What, if you were stript by your own servants, of your own clothes, and they should put on you their liveries or frocks? would you brook it? Yet, a gentleman is a gentleman in the meanest garb; but you are not men, when you undress, or put off sobriety. In a word, it is a great sin: and what if the Lord find you so doing?"

Such is the treatise on the evil of health drinking, a book pregnant with a kind of instruction which the author never intended to convey, on the evil of attributing an imaginary importance to trifling and innocent actions, and of burthening a tender conscience with scruples and doubts, concerning the little devices of society, that serve no other end, and do no farther mischief, if it be mischief, than that of smoothing the intercourse of life, and by the interposition of a pliable and fluent body, as of oil, prevent the hinges of society from grating too harshly.

XUM

ART. IX.—*The Touchstone of Complexions. From the Latine of Leuine Lemnie. Englished by* Thomas Newton. *Imprinted at London, in Fleete Streete, by T. Marsh. Anno* 1576.

This is a curious little octavo black-lettered volume, which has accidentally worked its way into our possession; and having found it to contain much matter that is both useful and interesting, we have determined to introduce, for the gratification of our readers, a few extracts. We may conclude, from what we gather in its pages, that the author of the original in "Latine" was a Swiss; and, that the work was written many years before "Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius," favoured us with its translation. Its style, as will be seen, bears ample evidence of its having emanated from the olden school: it is sometimes diffuse, and vague, and abounds in expletives; sometimes terse and powerful. The mere subject is not deficient in skilful arrangement: but very little attention appears to have been paid to the order of the subject-matter, parts of which are frequently and needlessly repeated. This is a fault that would become a source of great irksomeness to readers of the present century, most of whom have had their minds so well exercised by the more general diffusion of information, as to view errors even less palpable somewhat hypercritically. The author, however, has been a man of no mean capacity. It is evident, that he has not merely been capable of laborious research, and of bringing the result of his labours to bear upon any given point which it might be his object to illustrate; there are passages also evidencing the nicest discrimination; others, which, for their originality, and boldness of conception, are fully entitled to be ranked as the offspring of genius. Amongst much that is new, there is also much which, from its self-evidence, must have been common-place at any time, and under any circumstances: but, anomalous as it may appear, even this excites its interest; and it does so for no other reason, probably, than because we see our most ordinary ideas and sensations arrayed in the costume of their primitive or earlier days. Another of the characteristics of this work, which it possesses in common with most of the black-letter tribe, is a manifest proneness to enforce every position by pressing into service all dogmas of the ancient writings that are capable either directly or indirectly of bearing on the point in question; and whether what they would so make evident is in itself worthy, or whether it derives importance from the adventitious aid only which it thus obtains, appears to have been matter of no

consideration. A redundancy of quoted wise saws, epigrams, proverbs, and axioms, always has a tendency to stifle discussion: it seems to exact of us, that we shall unhesitatingly subscribe to pre-conceived notions which custom appears to have arbitrarily set as the boundary of reason. This was the—we might almost say, avowed—object of the two great minds from which the *Essay on Man* emanated. And, perhaps, never were more powerful means combined for the purpose of effecting so prejudicial a result. Neither the philosophy of the one, however, nor the extraordinary epigrammatic terseness of the other, has been able to reconcile differences still dependant on reason, which will, though for awhile diverted, ever return to its legitimate source—discussion.

We proceed to our business of extracting; without troubling our readers with criticism on the detail of a book which can be in the possession of but a very few.

The text of this work appears to be "*nosce teipsum*," or

> "Learn what thy shoulders carry may;
> And what they cannot well up-stay."

Its object is, the preservation of health. It is not a treatise on distinct diseases: but it lays down a system, by which a disposition to generate disorder may be, at least *pro tem.*, avoided. Its plan is simple: beautiful, if we suppose it capable of being reduced to anything like general practice: but useful at all events. After it has shewn, in an excellent chapter, the primary necessity for having a healthy mind, on the principle of Pope's quoted line—from Juvenal's tenth satire, we believe—"virtue alone is happiness below," it proceeds to point out as the three elements of vitality—humour, heat, spirit.

> "Humour or vital moisture is the nourishment and matter of natural heat, whereupon it worketh, and by the benefit thereof is maintained and preserved. With this humour or vital moisture is natural heat fed and nourished, and from the same receiveth continual maintenance, and from it participateth vital power, whereby all creatures live, are nourished, increased, preserved, and procreated. Spirit is the seat and carrier of heat, by whose help and ministery, it is conveyed and sent by the conduites and passages of the arteries, to every several part of the body."

From the preponderance of one of these simple principles is deduced the crasis or temperament of our natures; and it is explained how we shall ascertain whether we be disposed to hot, cold, dry, or moist. In order, however, that none shall fail to acquire this personal knowledge, and, that the human soul

"may rise from individual to the whole," we have the compound temperaments set forth, in which it is presumed any one, *veluti in speculum*, may see pourtrayed his peculiar nature. The sanguineous temperament

"Is endued with heat and moisture, and is in his chief prime and force in the spring season: namely, peculiar and proper to lusty flourishing age, which commonly is of a sanguine and ruddy colour, which, nevertheless, wanteth not also the other natures. The phlegmatic being like unto water, is of a nature cold and moist, and taketh his increase in winter, and engendereth diseases like unto itself. The choleric, being of quality hot and dry, resembleth fire, and hath his most force in summer, which, although in sight and touching it appear moist; and of colour, yellowish, like maluesey; yet in operation, power, and effect, it is hot and of ardent nature. The melancholic, is not unlike to earth, cold and dry. It increaseth and taketh force in autumn. It is the drier and grosser part of blood and the druggy refuse thereof."

As an introduction to the temperaments, our author gives us an Utopian system, a sort of Polycletus *rule*, by which we are to measure our amount of divergence from perfection. The whole of this we cannot quote: but the following is too beautiful a picture of humanity to be passed over:

"In him there are, indeed, affections: but yet such as be natural and not discommendable, as love, and zealous affection to his wife, children, and such as he wisheth well unto, whom as he doth not fondly cocker and suffer to run at random, or to have the full scope of their own wanton wills; so again, is he not better, straight, rigourous, sprightful, wayward, nor stubborn, but so that in familiar communication and company with them, he useth a gentle mildness, seasoned with an earnest and reverend gravity, without much prattling and rattling, without biting scoffs, and upbraiding taunts, without all uncivil jesting, pleasantly conceited, and merry with honesty, not using therein any filthiness or ribaldry; and as he is most far from sullen, sterne severity, and stoical indolency; for who will not judge them void of all humanity, and without any sense of man's nature

Whom gentle speech and language sweet,
No more can mollify,
Then if they flint or marble were,
That grows in Marpesie.

Æneid. 4.

Likewise in manners and order of life, he is altogether unlike both to Democritus and also to Heraclitus, which two persons in nipping satire, were by the poet shaken up and set out in their colours: for

To giggling laughter given was
Democritus alway,
Contrarywise Heraclitus
To weeping night and day." *Juvenal, Sat.* 10.

Having furnished us with a moral *beau ideal*, he arrives at the personal. The following traits are a proof of a happy temperament; he must be a very discontented fellow, indeed, who is not in a good humour with himself, to whom such a description as this answers.

"His body is decently made and featly framed, containing an absolute construction and comely frame of all the parts together. The head not aslope cornered, but round and globeways fashioned; the hair of fair auburn or chesten colour; the forehead smooth, cheerful and unwrinkled, beautified with comely eyebrows, and greatly honoured with a pair of amiable eyes, not hollow, but delightfully standing out. The colour fresh, sweet, and pleasant. The cheeks and the balls thereof stained and dyed in a perfect hue of white and red, and that naturally, especially in the lusty years of adolescency. The port and state of the body bolt upright, the gate or going framed to comeliness, not nicely affected nor curiously counterfeited, as it were players and disguised masquers, who, by a kind of upstart and stately gate, hopeth the rather to win credit, estimation, and authority, and to be made more account of, among the common people. The tongue prompt and ready, distinctly and sensibly able to pronounce and deliver out his meaning in words of gallant utterance."

The following will serve as an exemplification of our author's system of complexions. It will be found amusing: and may remind our readers of Voltaire's "*Vies et Mœurs des Nations de l'Europe.*

"The Germans, and such as have their spirits moderately cold, are persons constant, stedfast, and faithful to deal withall; and every thing which they attempt is advisedly done, and earnestly, so that lightly they will not start from their once conceived opinion: but by reason of their coldness and faintness of heart, commonly, they are not very quick witted, nor of very precise judgment, neither yet crafty and deceitful, nor such as, by subtle driftes and wiliness, seek to supplant and undermine their enemy. But they that have moist spirits, like the Hollanders, either by the nature of the region, or quality of the air, where they dwell, are quick and ready conceivers of any thing, but not long retaining the same in memory, but forgetting as quickly, as they conceive speedily. And, therefore, they be oblivious, sleepy, unapt to learn arts and occupations, dull witted, and gross-headed: and as they have bodies burly, big, and moist, so is their memory ill and forgetful, which judgment is also to be given of those bodies which

be constituted in a vehement dryness; and hence it cometh, that old men, by means of their dryness, joined with coldness, are oblivious, and so are children likewise, by reason of their too much moistness.

"But if this moistness be, with measureable heat somewhat warmed, as it is in them which dwell in plain and open countries, where few trees grow, as in Zealand, where commonly, in winter, the people be grievously nipped with cold, and, in summer, scorched with parching heat, those countrymen (I say) as they have bodies big, strong, toiling, painful, and laborious, burly limbs, boisterous members, and rough skins; so, likewise, have they minds stubborn, churlish, testy, uncourteous, clubbish, and unmannerly: notwithstanding they be of judgment sharp, and of industrious forecast: for trade of merchandise very ready and skilful, and, in their dealings, right wary and circumspect. The rest of the low-country folks, being better stored with trees, overshading and defending them from winds, and which dwell in soiles of wholesomer air, wherein is lack neither of pleasant running rivers, or delightful springs of fresh water, to fructify the same, are of milder nature, and not so blunt as the others, but of them some be wiser, and fitter to achieve any weighty matter than other some be. So, the Flemings, for pithyness in their speech, and subtilty of invention, are very excellent.

"Brabanters setting aside all sternness, and severity, with their decent merry natures, and friendly courtesy, win the hearty good wills of men: yea, with a certain pleasant grace, facility of speech, and allurements of words, they ordinarily interlard their gravity.

"But if, as with the Italians, the breast and brain be endued with a spirit perfused with temperate moisture and heat, such as be of that special constitution are in their dealings watchful, sharp, industrious; in forecast, quickness of wit, industry of nature, excellency of learning, notable utterance, and flowing eloquence, surpassing other men. Finally, such persons will bear in memory a long time things past, and will not lightly suffer any grudge to grow out of remembrance. And if any wrong be done unto them, they will reserve the memory thereof after many years; yea, so desirous be they of revenge, that they will not forget a private grudge or offence even among themselves. Which affection I do ascribe unto heat, which doth so exceedingly exulcerate and distemper their minds with indignation, that humour and moisture is not able to allay, quench, and qualify it.

"Near approaching to them in quality are Englishmen; who being of heat more weak and less boiling (as the which is well intermeddled, overcome, and qualified by moistness), are of stature comely and proportionable, and of body lusty and well-complexioned. But to the studies of humanity, not so greatly given, and in exquisite arts not so well furnished. But if they hold on their course as they begin, I mean, to apply their minds to worthy and excellent matters, their dexterity for the attainment of any notable atchievance surpasseth, and their forwardness to any arts or mysteries is found to be right apt and inclinable. And because they have somewhat thick spirits, slenderly perfused with heat, they will stomach a matter vehemently,

and a long time lodge an inward grudge in their hearts, whereby it happeneth, that when their rage is up, they will not easily be pacified, neither can their high and haughty stomachs lightly be conquered, otherwise than by submission, and yielding to their mind and appetite. Scots, too, have great stomachs and angry.

"But if the spirit, through heat of the heart and quality of the air or region, be very hot, it likewise bringeth forth and causeth hot and quick motions, yet such as, by reason of their tenuity and thinness, by little and little will be cooled. And this is the cause that such as the Spaniards, when their blood is up, will rashly and unadvisedly attempt any thing, and not care for any perils, so they may bring to pass what their desire is to compass. Also, when they conceive in mind the doing of any thing, as they be at the beginning marvellous wilful and too heady with might and main to set forward their purpose, hardly admitting any counsel to the contrary: so again, their minds many times be wavering, unstedfast, and unquiet. But this country-born people, if they earnestly frame themselves to the attainment of any arts, (though the same be never so hard and curious) yet do they profit in the same wonderfully, and carry away great commendation.

"Frenchmen, and such as have thin spirits temperately hot, have sharp and ready wits, and prompt and flowing utterance, upon whom also these gifts of nature are bestowed, that for device and invention they be very sharp and ingenious; for brave setting out and beautifying of a matter, plentiful and copious: and such as for the explaining of their meanings and purposes, have talk and tongue at will. And as touching the inward inclination of their minds and manners, they be lively fellows, lusty, dapper, nimble, lacking no grace of pleasant gesture. Many of them, which have not been trained in learning and civility, are of disposition wavering, inconstant, captious, deceitful, falsehearted, desirous of alterations and tumults, bablative, and full of much vain tattling: in consultation and counsel so subtle and crafty, that whatsoever they once conceive in mind, or propose to do, without delay that do they judge best forthwith to be enterprised, and out of hand to be achieved: and whereunto soever they addict their minds, therein prove they right excellent."

After our author has particularised the various temperaments, we find him earnestly recommending his readers, first, to ascertain their prevailing principle, and, secondly, to regulate their diet and general course of life, so as to counteract it by every possible means. "For (says our author) as humours are easily changed one into another, and suffer mutual transmutation through moderate exercise, and such convenient meats and nourishments as to natural heat are cherishable: so, again, the ill and distempered state of body, through wholesome diet and order, is made lustier, and reformed into better." Treating in another place on this division of his subject, we find

a somewhat whimsical enforcement of an occasional necessity for "good bellycheere" and "right merrie company." We must not omit, however, that this recommendation was not intended for such as Prince Hal and his goodly companion,

> "Whose paunch and gullet with fat bore out
> A good foot and half of assize about."

"If he feel himself to be of nature somewhat sullen and stern, and given somewhat to be wayward, whining, testy, churlish, and untractable, then reason willeth such one to be reclaimed to an order and trade of life somewhat gentler and pleasanter, insomuch it shall not be ill for such a one to frequent dancing, singing, woman's flatteries, allurements, and embracings: provided always, that all the same be not otherwise done or meant, but in honesty and comeliness, within a reasonable measure, and also within the bounds of lawful wedlock."

We must confess this looks too much like a recommendation to "take a wife to mortify withal:" but we leave such points of difference to be adjusted between the ladies and friend Leuine's shade. To proceed:—

"My fashion is to advise and counsel melancholy folks and sullen-natured persons, to use banquetting and good cheer among honest and merry company. For thus, after Plato, writeth the poet:

> 'Even old Dan Cato's stomach oft,
> By wine was made to come aloft.'

I repeat, there is nothing so much banisheth fancies and sorrow out of a man's mind, as pleasant merry company, and moderate use of wine. And of this did that precise and stern-natured Zeno give a notable example: whose mind was so much estranged from all pleasant conceits and ordinary courtesies of common humanity, that he was never at all moved with any affections, no not such as be naturally incident and ingrafted in every man. And yet, when he was a little whetted with wine, he began to change his copy, and to be as merry and as boon a companion as who was best. And being, on a time, asked by one of his merry mates, how it happened, that he being otherwise so wonderfully severe and crabbed, yet at the wine was so pleasant and conceptuous: he merrily answered, that he was like to a kind of pulse called lupines; which kind of pulse, although they be naturally bitter, and by their bitterness of force to kill worms, yet the same being steeped and soaked in water, renounce and leave all bitterness, and become both sweet and pleasant.

> All secrets of the heart doth wine unfold;
> It warranteth our hopes as by indenture:

A man unarmed to fight it maketh bold :
From pensive cares and troubles manyfold,
It rids the mind : it arts doth teach with grace :
Whom hath not cups well fraught made eloquent ?
Whose tongue hath not, thereafter, trolled apace?
This pleasant juice to them such force hath lent.
What poor so pinch'd, that doth not quite forget
His rueful state, when wine and he have met?

HORACE."

We extract the following, from a chapter on memory, for the benefit of students.

" Now, the better to repress fumes and propulse vapours from the brain, it shall be excellent good after supper, to chew with the teeth (the mouth being shut) a few grains of coriander, first steeped in vinegar, wherein marjoram hath been decocted, and then thinly crusted, or covered over with sugar. It is scarce credible, what a special commodity this bringeth to the memory. No less virtuous and sovereign is the confection of quinces, called diacidonion, if a pretty quantity thereof be likewise taken after meat. For it disperseth fumes, and suffereth not vapours to strike upwards ; and the same effect, also, have certain grains of mastic swallowed. By experience and daily proof, it is found true, that agalochus, (commonly called lignum aloes) being either used in perfume, or smelled unto with the nose, hath a marvellous virtue to corroborate the brain, and refresh the senses : in so much, that being stamped, pulverized, and mingled with some cloves, and the bone of a raven's heart, and then all mixed with oil of nigelle, hath such sovereign virtue in strengthening and comforting the brain, that if the head of a cock be therewith anointed, he will crow continually, without any craving."

The virtue of an external application of oil, is a curious subject. Was the object of the ancient gymnasts in using oil, to produce increased suppleness of muscular action ? or did they merely aim at a cutaneous effect?

" Men in the olden time did not riotously abuse ointments and oils, to satisfy their effeminate delicateness, and nice wantonness ; but used them for purposes of health : for, orderly and duly used, they indense the body, that the air or winds should not batter and damnify it : or else ratify, that it be not stopped, and inwardly pestered, with abundance of fuliginous humours and oppilacions. So, Augustus Cæsar, demanding of Pollio, who was above an hundred years old, how he conserved himself in such perfect sound strength, was answered, by using, within, wine : without, oil. "

We end our extracts with the following beautiful, but, we fear,

too flattering picture of England in the author's time. In one point the picture is but just, and still remains so, viz. the courteous and benevolent way in which the English are in the habit of receiving strangers, "such as bear any countenance and estimation of learning."

"Not long ago, travelling into that flourishing island, England, partly to see the fashions of that wealthy country, with men of fame and worthiness, so bruited and renowned, and partly to visit William Lemnie, in whose company and well-doing I greatly rejoice, (as a father cannot but do) and take singular contentation inwardly; even at my first arrival at Dover, and so along my journey toward London, which I dispatched partly upon horseback, and partly by water, I saw and noted many things, able to ravish and allure any man in the world, with desire to travel, and see that so noble a country. For being brought by D. Lemnie, (a skilful physician, and well thought of there for his knowledge and experience) into the company of honourable and worshipful personages, every gentleman, and other worthy persons shewed unto me (being a stranger born, and one that never had been there before) all points of most friendly courtesy; and taking me first by the hand, lovingly embraced, and bade me right-heartily welcome.

"For, they be people very civil, and well affected to men well stricken in years, and to such as bear any countenance and estimation of learning, which thing, they that half suspect, and have not had the full trial of the manners and fashions of this country, will scarcely be persuaded to believe. Therefore, frankly to utter what I think of the incredible courtesy, and friendliness in speech, and affability used in this famous royalme, I must needs confess, it doth surmount, and carry away the prize and price of all others. And beside this, the neat cleanliness, the exquisite fineness, the pleasant and delightful furniture, in every point for households, wonderfully rejoiced me; their chambers and parlours, strewed over with sweet herbs, refreshed me, their nosegays finely intermingled with sundry sorts of fragrant flowers in their bed-chambers and private rooms, with comfortable smell cheered me up, and entirely delighted all my senses. And this do I think to be the cause, that Englishmen, living by such wholesome and exquisite meat, and in so wholesome and healthful air, be so fresh and clean coloured; their faces, eyes, and countenance carrying with it, and representing a portly grace and comeliness, giveth out evident tokens of an honest mind: in language very smooth and allective, but yet seasoned and tempered within the limits and bounds of moderation, not bombasted with any unseemly terms, or infarced with any cloying flatteries or allurements. At their tables, although they be very sumptuous, and love to have good fare, yet neither are they to overcharge themselves with excess of drink, neither thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drink in such measure as best pleaseth himself, which drink (being either ale or beer) most pleasant in taste, and wholesomely relished, they fetch not from foreign places, but have it amongst themselves brewed.

As touching their populous and great haunted cities, the fruitful-

ness of their ground and soil, their lively springs and mighty rivers, their great herds and flocks of cattle, their mysteries, and art of weaving and cloth-making, their skilfulness in shooting, it is needless here to discourse: seeing the multitude of merchants exercising the traffic and art of merchandize among them, and ambassadors also sent thither from foreign princes, are able abundantly to testify, that nothing needful and expedient for man's use and commodity, lacketh in that most noble island."

END OF VOL. XII. PART II.

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